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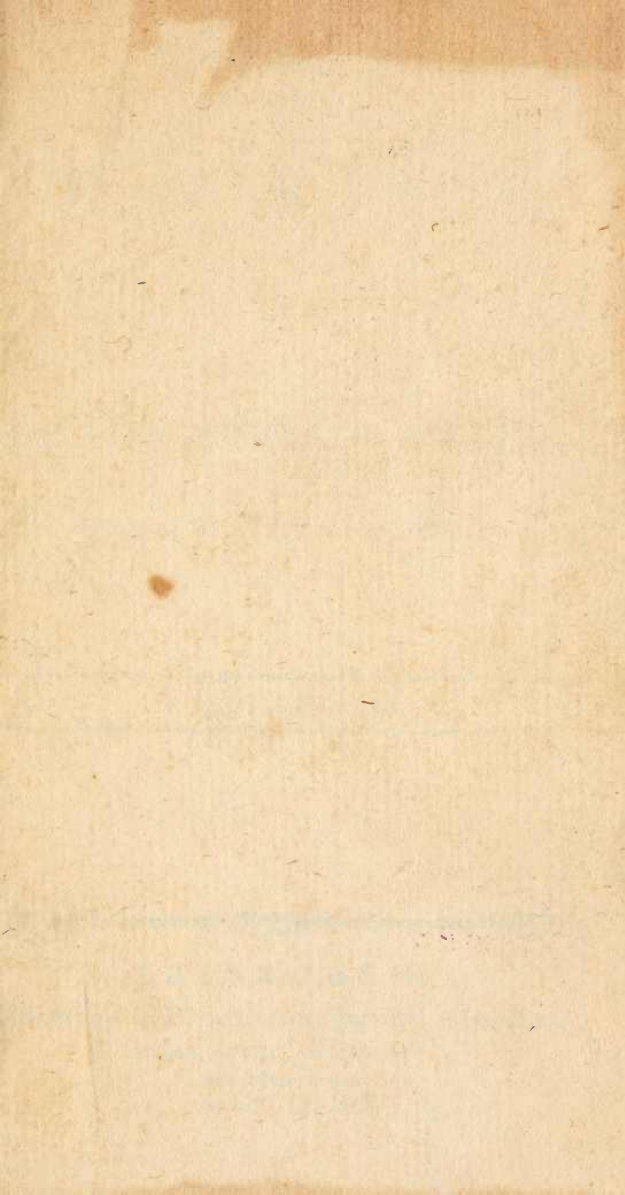
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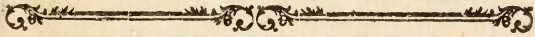
W O R K S

O F

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

V O L U M E IX.



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CONTENTS of VOL. IX.

	Page
A N essay on modern education	I
A letter to a very young lady on her marriage	II
A preface to Bp. Burnet's introduction, &c.	24
Polite conversation. In three dialogues	59
Directions to servants	176
The duty of servants at inns	217
On good manners and good breeding	251
Letters to and from Dr. Swift	
A criticism on these letters	258
Letter	
I. Mr. Pope's answer to Dr. Swift, offering him a sum of money to induce him to change his religion	273
II. To Dr. Swift. Retired from court some months before the Queen's death	277
III. From Dr. Swift at Dublin. How little he cares to think of England. Concern at the violence of party. Of the first volume of Mr. Pope's translation of Homer. His circumstances in Ireland	279
IV. Mr. Pope's love and memory of Dr. Swift. The calumnies and slanders upon him on account of religion, turned into railery	281
V. Dr. Swift's answer. His inquiry concerning Mr. P.'s principles. Poets generally	follow

C O N T E N T S.

Letter	Page
follow the court. Raillery on the subject of his enemies, and his religion. A Quaker pastoral, and a Newage pastoral, proposed as subjects for Mr. Gay	283
VI. Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope. An apology for his conduct and writings after the Queen's death. With an account of his principles in politics	286
VII. Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay	300
VIII. Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift, occasioned by the former. An account of his conduct and maxims in general	303
IX. From the Lord Bolingbroke ; a postscript to the foregoing letter ; with some account of his own sentiments and situation in private life	306
X. Dr. Swift's answer	310
XI. From Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift. An invitation to England	312
XII. From Dr. Swift. Of Gulliver's travels ; and his scheme of misanthropy. Concerning a lady at court. Character of Dr. Arbuthnot	314
XIII. To Dr. Swift. Character of some of his friends in England ; with further invitations	318
XIV. Dr. Swift's answer. Death of Lord Oxford's son. Something concerning Ph—s. More of his misanthropy	321
XV. Expectations of Dr. Swift's journey to England. Character of low enemies and detractors : with what temper they are to be borne. The amusements of his friends in England—Lord B.'s postscript on the same occasion	324
XVI. From Dr. Swift, preparing to leave England again	326
	XVII.

C O N T E N T S.

v

Letter	Page
XVII. Answer from Mr. Pope. The regret of his departure ; remembrance of the satisfaction past ; wishes for his welfare—	327
XVIII. Desires for his return, and settlement in England The various schemes of his other friends, and his own	329
XIX. From Mr Gay and Mr. Pope. An account of the reception of Gulliver's travels in England	331
XX. On the same subject from Mr. Pope. Advice against party-writing	334
XXI. From Dr. Swift. About Gulliver, and of a second journey to England	336
XXII. From the same. Concerning party, and dependency ; and of the project of a joint volume of miscellanies	338
XXIII. The answer. On the same subject	339
XXIV. On Dr. Swift's second departure for Ireland	341
XXV. From Dr. Swift. His reasons for departing	343
XXVI. From Dr. Swift. His remembrance of Mr. P.'s friendship ; with some consideration of his circumstances	345
XXVII. From Mr. Gay. Raillery. What employment was offered him at court, and why he refused it	347
XXVIII. Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay. On the refusal of that employment, and his quitting the court. Of the Beggar's opera	348
XXIX. From Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope. Of the Dunciad. Advice to the Dean in the manner of Montaigne.—Of courtiers, and of the Beggar's opera	351
XXX. Of a true Jonathan Gulliver in New-England. The Dunciad, and the treatise of the Bathos. Reflections on mortality	

Letter	Page
talitv and decay. What is desirable in the decline of life	3 5
XXXI. From Dr Swift Answer to the former. His situation in Ireland	356
XXXII. From the same. His own and Mr. Pope's temper	358
XXXIII. Lord Bolingbroke's life in the country. More about the Dunciad	360
XXXIV. From Dr. Swift. Advice how to publish the Dunciad. Concerning the Lord B. and Mr. Gay	362
XXXV. From Bath. The pleasure of being abused in company with worthy men	364
XXXVI. From Dr. Swift. His manner of living with a friend in the country. The death of Mr. Congreve. Character of an indolent friend	365

LETTER

A N

E S S A Y

O N

MODERN EDUCATION *.

FROM frequently reflecting upon the course and method of educating youth in this and a neighbouring kingdom, with the general success and consequence thereof, I am come to this determination, that education is always the worse in proportion to the wealth and grandeur of the parents : nor do I doubt in the least, that if the whole world were now under the dominion of one monarch, (provided I might be allowed to chuse where he should fix the seat of his empire) the only son and heir of that monarch would be the worst educated mortal that ever was born since the creation ; and I doubt the same proportion will hold through all degrees and titles, from an Emperor downwards to the common gentry.

* This Essay was printed in the *Intelligencer*, No 9.

I do not say, that this hath been always the case: for in better times it was directly otherwise; and a scholar may fill his Greek and Roman shelves with authors of the noblest birth as well as highest virtue. Nor do I tax all nations at present with this defect; for I know there are some to be excepted, and particularly Scotland, under all the disadvantages of its climate and soil, if that happiness be not rather owing even to those very disadvantages. What is then to be done, if this reflection must fix on two countries, which will be most ready to take offence, and which, of all others, it will be least prudent or safe to offend?

But there is one circumstance yet more dangerous and lamentable: for if, according to the *postulatum* already laid down, the higher quality any youth is of, he is in greater likelihood to be worse educated, it behoves me to dread, and keep far from the verge of *scandalum magnatum*.

Retracting therefore that hazardous *postulatum*, I shall venture no farther at present than to say, that perhaps some additional care in educating the sons of nobility and principal gentry, might not be ill employed. If this be not delivered with softness enough, I must for the future be silent.

In the mean time, let me ask only two questions which relate to England. I ask first, How it comes about, that, for above sixty years past, the chief conduct of affairs hath been generally placed in the hands of new men, with very few exceptions? The noblest blood of England having been shed in the grand rebellion, many great families became extinct, or were supported only by minors. When the King was restored, very few of those Lords remained, who began, or at least had improved, their education under the reigns of King James, or King Charles I.; of which Lords the two principal were the Marquis of Ormond, and the Earl of Southampton. The minors had, during the rebellion and usurpation

furpation, either received too much tincture of bad principles from those fanatic times, or coming to age at the restoration, fell into the vices of that dissolute reign.

I date from this æra the corrupt method of education among us, and the consequence thereof, the necessity the crown lay under of introducing new men into the chief conduct of public affairs, or to the office of what we now call prime ministers; men of art, knowledge, application, and insinuation; merely for want of a supply among the nobility. They were generally (though not always) of good birth, sometimes younger brothers, at other times such, who, although inheriting good estates, yet happened to be well educated, and provided with learning. Such under that King were, Hyde, Bridgeman, Clifford, Osborn, Godolphin, Ashley-Cooper, Few or none under the short reign of King James II. Under King William, Sommers, Montague. Churchill, Vernon, Boyle, and many others. Under the Queen, Harley, St. John, Harcourt, Trevor; who indeed were persons of the best private families, but unadorned with titles. So in the following reign, Mr. Robert Walpole was for many years prime minister, in which post he still happily continues: his brother Horace is ambassador-extraordinary to France. Mr. Addison and Mr. Craggs, without the least alliance to support them, have been secretaries of state.

If the facts have been thus for above sixty years past, (whereof I could with little farther recollection produce many more instances), I would ask again, How it hath happened, that in a nation plentifully abounding with nobility, so great share in the most competent parts of public management, hath been for so long a period chiefly intrusted to commoners, unless some omissions or defects, of the highest import, may be charged upon those to whom the care of educating our noble youth, had

been committed? For if there be any difference between human creatures in the point of natural parts, as we usually call them, it it should seem, that the advantage lies on the side of children born from noble and wealthy parents; the same traditional sloth and luxury, which render their body weak and effeminate, perhaps refining and giving a freer motion to the spirits, beyond what can be expected from the gross, robust issue of meaner mortals. Add to this the peculiar advantages which all young noblemen possess, by the privileges of their birth; such as a free access to courts, and a universal deference paid to their persons.

But as my Lord Bacon chargeth it for a fault on princes, that they are impatient to compass ends, without giving themselves the trouble of consulting or executing the means; so perhaps it may be the disposition of young nobles, either from the indulgence of parents, tutors, and governors, or their own inactivity, that they expect the accomplishments of a good education, without the least expence of time or study to acquire them.

What I said last, I am ready to retract; for the case is infinitely worse; and the very maxims set up to direct modern education, are enough to destroy all the seeds of knowledge, honour, wisdom, and virtue, among us. The current opinion prevails, that that the study of Greek and Latin is loss of time; that public schools, by mingling the sons of noblemen with those of the vulgar, engage the former in bad company; that whipping breaks the spirits of lads well born; that universities make young men pedants; that to dance, fence, speak French, and know how to behave yourself among great persons of both sexes, comprehends the whole duty of a gentleman.

I cannot but think this wise system of education hath been much cultivated among us by those wor-
thies

thies of the army, who, during the last war, returning from Flanders at the close of each campaign, became the dictators of behaviour, dress, and politeness, to all those youngsters who frequent chocolate-coffee-gaming-houses, drawing-rooms, operas, levees, and assemblies; where a colonel, by his pay, perquisites, and plunder, was qualified to outshine many peers in the realm; and by the influence of an exotic habit and demeanor, added to other foreign accomplishments, gave the law to the whole town, and was copied as the standard-pattern of whatever was refined in dress, equipage, conversation, or diversions.

I remember in those times an admired original of that vocation sitting in a coffeehouse near two gentlemen, whereof one was of the clergy, who were engaged in some discourse that favoured of learning. This officer thought fit to interpose, and professing to deliver the sentiments of his fraternity, as well as his own, (and probably he did so of too many among them), turned to the clergyman, and spoke in the following manner: “ * D——n me, Doctor, say what you will, the army is the only school for gentlemen. Do you think my Lord Marlborough beat the French with Greek and Latin? D——n me, a scholar, when he comes into good company, what is he but an ass? D——n me, I would be glad, by G—d, to see any of your scholars, with his nouns, and his verbs, and his philosophy, and trigonometry, what a figure he would make at a siege or blockade, or rencountering——— D——n me,” &c. After which he proceeded with a volley of military terms, less significant, sounding worse, and harder to be understood, than any that were ever coined by the commentators upon Aristotle. I would not here be thought to charge the soldiery with igno-

* See the poem called “ The Grand Question Debated,” in vol. 8.

rance and contempt of learning, without allowing exceptions, of which I have known many; but, however, the worst example, especially in a great majority, will certainly prevail.

I have heard, that the late Earl of Oxford, in the time of his ministry, never passed by White's chocolate house, (the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers, and noble cullies,) without bestowing a curse upon that famous academy, as the bane of half the English nobility. I have likewise been told another passage concerning that great minister, which because it gives a humorous idea of one principal ingredient in modern education, take as followeth. Le Sack, the famous French dancing-master, in great admiration, asked a friend, whether it were true, that Mr. Harley was an Earl and Lord Treasurer? and finding it confirmed, said, "Well, I wonder what the devil the Queen could see in him; for I attended him two years, and he was the greatest dunce that ever I taught."

Another hindrance to good education, and I think the greatest of any, is that pernicious custom in rich and noble families, of entertaining French tutors in their houses. These wretched pedagogues are enjoined by the father to take special care, that the boy shall be perfect in his French; by the mother, that Master must not walk till he is hot, nor be suffered to play with other boys, nor be wet in his feet, nor daub his cloaths, and to see the dancing-master attends constantly, and does his duty: she farther insists, that the child be not kept too long poring on his book, because he is subject to sore eyes, and of a weakly constitution.

By these methods the young gentlemen is in every article as fully accomplished at eight years old, as at eight and twenty, age adding only to the growth of his person and his vice; so that, if you should look at him in his boyhood through the magnifying end of a perspective, and in his manhood through

through the other, it would be impossible to spy any difference; the same airs, the same strut, the same cock of his hat, and the posture of his sword, (as far as the change of fashions will allow), the same understanding, the same compass of knowledge, with the very same absurdity, impudence, and impertinence of tongue.

He is taught from the nursery, that he must inherit a great estate, and hath no need to mind his book; which is a lesson he never forgets to the end of his life. His chief solace is to steal down, and play at span-farthing with the page, or young black-moor, or little favourite foot-boy; one of which is his principal confident and bosom friend.

There is one young Lord * in this town, who, by an unexampled piece of good fortune, was miraculously snatched out of the gulph of ignorance, confined to a public school for a due term of years, well whipped when he deserved it, clad no better than his comrades, and always their play-fellow on the same foot; had no precedence in the school, but what was given him by his merit, and lost it whenever he was negligent. It is well known how many mutinies were bred at this unprecedented treatment, what complaints among his relations, and other great ones of both sexes; that his stockings with silver clocks were ravished from him; that he wore his own hair; that his dress was undistinguished; that he was not fit to appear at a ball or assembly, nor suffered to go to either: and it was with the utmost difficulty that he became qualified for his present removal, where he may probably be farther persecuted, and possibly with success, if the firmness of a very worthy governor, and his own good dispositions, will not preserve him. I confess I cannot but wish he may go on in the way he began; because I have a curiosity to know, by so

* The author is supposed to mean the Lord Viscount Montcassel of Ireland.

singular an experiment, whether truth, honour, justice, temperance, courage, and good sense, acquired by a school and college education, may not produce a very tolerable lad, although he should happen to fail in one or two of these accomplishments, which in the general vogue are held so important to the finishing of a gentleman.

It is true, I have known an academical education to have been exploded in public assemblies; and have heard more than one or two persons of high rank declare, they could learn nothing more at Oxford and Cambridge, than to drink ale and smoke tobacco; wherein I firmly believed them; and could have added some hundred examples from my own observation in one of those universities; but they all were of young heirs, sent thither only for form; either from schools, where they were not suffered by their careful parents to stay above three months in the year; or from under the management of French family-tutors, who yet often attended them to their college, to prevent all possibility of their improvement. But I never yet knew any one person of quality, who followed his studies at the university, and carried away his just proportion of learning, that was not ready upon all occasions to celebrate and defend that course of education, and to prove a patron of learned men.

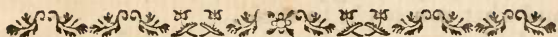
There is one circumstance in a learned education, which ought to have much weight, even with those who have no learning at all. The books read at school and colleges, are full of incitements to virtue, and discouragements from vice, drawn from the wisest reasons, the strongest motives, and the most influencing examples. Thus young minds are filled early with an inclination to good, and an abhorrence of evil; both which increase in them, according to the advances they make in literature: and although they may be, and too often are drawn, by the temptations of youth, and the opportunities of
a large

a large fortune, into some irregularities, when they come forward into the great world ; yet it is ever with reluctance and compunction of mind, because their bias to virtue still continues. They may stray sometimes out of infirmity or compliance ; but they will soon return to the right road, and keep it always in view. I speak only of those excesses which are too much the attendants of youth and warmer blood ; for as to the points of honour, truth, justice, and other noble gifts of the mind, wherein the temperature of the body hath no concern, they are seldom or ever known to be wild.

I have engaged myself very unwarily in too copious a subject for so short a paper. The present scope I would aim at, is, to prove that some proportion of human knowledge appears requisite to those who, by their birth or fortune, are called to the making of laws, and in a subordinate way to the executing of them ; and that such knowledge is not to be obtained without a miracle, under the frequent, corrupt, and sottish methods of educating those who are born to wealth or titles. For I would have it remembered, that I do by no means confine those remarks to young persons of noble birth ; the same errors running through all families where there is wealth enough to afford, that their sons (at least the eldest) may be good for nothing. Why should my son be a scholar, when it is not intended that he should live by his learning ? By this rule, if what is commonly said be true, that *money answers all things*, why should my son be honest, temperate, just, or charitable, since he hath no intention to depend upon any of these qualities for a maintenance ?

When all is done, perhaps, upon the whole, the matter is not so bad, as I would make it ; and God, who worketh good out of evil, acting only by the ordinary course and rule of nature, permits this continual circulation of human things for his own
unsearch-

unsearchable ends. The father grows rich by avarice, injustice, oppression; he is a tyrant in the neighbourhood over slaves and beggars, whom he calls his tenants. Why should he desire to have qualities infused into his son, which himself never possessed or knew, or found the want of in the acquisition of his wealth? The son, bred in sloth and idleness, becomes a spendthrift, a cully, a profligate, and goes out of the world a beggar, as his father came in. Thus the former is punished for his own sins, as well as for those of the latter. The dung-hill, having raised a huge mushroom of short duration, is now spread to enrich other mens lands. It is indeed of worse consequence, where noble families are gone to decay, because their titles and privileges outlive their estates; and politicians tell us, that nothing is more dangerous to the public, than a numerous nobility, without merit or fortune. But even here God hath likewise prescribed some remedy in the order of nature; so many great families coming to an end by the sloth, luxury, and abandoned lust, which enervated their breed thro' effucession, producing gradually a more effeminate race, wholly unfit for propagation.



A LETTER to a very YOUNG LADY on her MARRIAGE *.

MADAM,

THE hurry and impertinence of receiving and paying visits on account of your marriage being now over, you are beginning to enter upon a course of life, where you will want much advice to divert you from falling into many errors, fopperies, and follies, to which your sex is subject. I have always born an entire friendship to your father and mother; and the person they have chosen for your husband, hath been for some years past my particular favourite; I have long wished you might come together, because I hoped, that, from the goodness of your disposition, and by following the counsel of wise friends, you might in time make yourself worthy of him. Your parents were so far in the right, that they did not produce you much into the world; whereby you avoided many wrong steps, which others have taken, and have fewer ill impressions to be removed: but they failed, as it is generally the case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your mind; without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the friendship and esteem of a wise man, who soon grows weary of acting the lover, and treating his wife like a mistress, but wants a reasonable companion, and a true friend, through every stage of his life. It must be therefore your business to qualify yourself for those offices; wherein I will not

* This letter ought to be read by all new-married women; and will be read with pleasure and advantage by the most distinguished and most accomplished ladies. *Orrery.*

fail to be your director, as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

And beware of despising or neglecting my instructions; whereon will depend not only your making a good figure in the world, but your own real happiness, as well as that of the person who ought to be the dearest to you.

I must therefore desire you, in the first place, to be very slow in changing the modest behaviour of a virgin. It is usual in young wives, before they have been many weeks married, to assume a bold forward look, and manner of talking; as if they intended to signify in all companies, that they were no longer girls, and consequently that their whole demeanor, before they got a husband, was all but a countenance and constraint upon their nature: whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those ladies, who, after they were entered into that state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness.

I must likewise warn you strictly against the least degree of fondness to your husband before any witness whatsoever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceeding odious and disgustful to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it. The one is gross hypocrisy, and the other has too bad a name to mention. If there is any difference to be made, your husband is the lowest person in company, either at home or abroad; and every gentleman present has a better claim to all marks of civility and distinction from you. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours; which are so many in the four and twenty, that they will afford time to employ

employ a passion as exalted as any that was ever described in a French romance.

Upon this head I should likewise advise you to differ in practice from those ladies who affect abundance of uneasiness while their husbands are abroad; start with every knock at the door, and ring the bell incessantly for the servants to let in their master; will not eat a bit at dinner or supper, if the husband happens to stay out; and receive him at his return with such a medley of chiding and kindness, and catechising him where he has been, that a threw from Billingsgate would be a more easy and eligible companion.

Of the same leaven are those wives, who when their husbands are gone a journey, must have a letter every post upon pain of fits and hysterics; and a day must be fixed for their return home, without the least allowance for business, and sickness, or accidents, or weather. Upon which I can only say, that, in my observation, those ladies who are apt to make the greatest clutter on such occasions, would liberally have paid a messenger for bringing them news, that their husbands had broken their necks on the road.

You will perhaps be offended, when I advise you to abate a little of that violent passion for fine cloaths so predominant in your sex. It is a little hard, that ours, for whose sake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your council. I may venture to assure you, that we will make an abatement at any time of four pounds a yard in a brocade, if the ladies will but allow a suitable addition of care in the cleanliness and sweetness of their persons. For the satirical part of mankind will needs believe, that it is not impossible to be very fine and very filthy; and that the capacities of a lady are sometimes apt to fall short in cultivating cleanliness and finery together. I shall only add, upon so tender a subject, what a pleasant gentleman said concerning a silly

woman of quality, That nothing could make her supportable but cutting off her head ; for his ears were offended by her tongue, and his nose by her hair and teeth.

I am wholly at a loss how to advise you in the choice of company ; which, however, is a point of as great importance as any in your life. If your general acquaintance be among ladies, who are your equals or superiors, provided they have nothing of what is commonly called an ill reputation, you think you are safe ; and this, in the style of the world, will pass for good company : whereas, I am afraid, it will be hard for you to pick out one female acquaintance in this town, from whom you will not be in a manifest danger of contracting some foppery, affectation, vanity, folly, or vice. Your only safe way of conversing with them, is, by a firm resolution to proceed in your practice and behaviour directly contrary to whatever they shall say or do. And this I take to be a good general rule, with very few exceptions. For instance ; in the doctrines they usually deliver to young married women for managing their husbands : their several accounts of their own conduct in that particular, to recommend it to your imitation ; the reflections they make upon others of their sex for acting differently ; their directions, how to come off with victory upon any dispute or quarrel you may have with your husband ; the arts, by which you may discover and practise upon his weak side ; when to work by flattery and insinuation, when to melt him with tears, and when to engage with a high hand : in these, and a thousand other cases, it will be prudent to retain as many of their lectures in your memory as you can, and then determine to act in full opposition to them all.

I hope your husband will interpose his authority to limit you in the trade of visiting. Half a dozen fools are, in all conscience, as many as you should

should require : and it will be sufficient for you to see them twice a year ; for I think the fashion does not exact, that visits should be paid to friends.

I advise, that your company at home should consist of men, rather than women. To say the truth, I never yet knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own sex. I confess, when both are mixed and well chosen, and put their best qualities forward, there may be an intercourse of civility and goodwill ; which, with the addition of some degree of sense, can make conversation or any amusement agreeable. But a knot of ladies, got together by themselves, is a very school of impertinence and detraction, and it is well if those be the worst.

Let your men-acquaintance be of your husband's choice, and not recommended to you by any she-companions ; because they will certainly fix a coxcomb upon you, and it will cost you some time and pains before you can arrive at the knowledge of distinguishing such a one from a man of sense.

Never take a favourite waiting-maid into your cabinet-council. to entertain you with histories of those ladies whom she hath formerly served, of their diversions and their dresses ; to insinuate how great a fortune you brought, and how little you are allowed to squander ; to appeal to her from your husband, and to be determined by her judgment, because you are sure it will be always for you ; to receive and discard servants by her approbation or dislike ; to engage you, by her insinuations, in misunderstandings with your best friends, to represent all things in false colours, and to be the common emissary of scandal.

But the grand affair of your life will be, to gain and preserve the friendship and esteem of your husband. You are married to a man of good education and learning, of an excellent understanding and an exact taste. It is true, and it is happy for you,

that these qualities in him are adorned with great modesty, a most amiable sweetness of temper, and an unusual disposition to sobriety and virtue. But neither good-nature nor virtue will suffer him to esteem you against his judgement; and although he is not capable of using you ill, yet you will in time grow a thing indifferent, and perhaps contemptible; unless you can supply the loss of youth and beauty with more durable qualities. You have but a very few years to be young and handsome in the eyes of the world; and as few months to be so in the eyes of a husband who is not a fool; for I hope you do not still dream of charms and raptures, which marriage ever did, and ever will put a sudden end to. Besides, yours was a match of prudence and common good-liking, without any mixture of that ridiculous passion, which hath no being but in play-books and romances.

You must therefore use all endeavours to attain to some degree of those accomplishments, which your husband most values in other people, and for which he is most valued himself. You must improve your mind by closely pursuing such a method of study as I shall direct or approve of. You must get a collection of history and travels, which I will recommend to you, and spend some hours every day in reading them, and making extracts from them, if your memory be weak. You must invite persons of knowledge and understanding to an acquaintance with you, by whose conversation you may learn to correct your taste and judgment; and when you can bring yourself to comprehend and relish the good sense of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourself, and to become a reasonable and agreeable companion. This must produce in your husband a true rational love and esteem for you, which old age will not diminish. He will have a regard for your judgement and opinion in matters of the greatest weight; you will be able to entertain

entertain each other without a third person to relieve you by finding discourse. The endowments of your mind will even make your person more agreeable to him ; and when you are alone, your time will not lie heavy upon your hands for want of some trifling amusement.

As little respect as I have for the generality of your sex, it hath sometimes moved me with pity, to see the lady of the house forced to withdraw immediately after dinner ; and this in families where there is not much drinking ; as if it were an established maxim, That women are incapable of all conversation. In a room where both sexes meet, if the men are discoursing upon any general subject, the ladies never think it their business to partake in what passeth ; but, in a separate club, entertain each other with the price and choice of lace, and silk, and what dresses they liked or disapproved at the church or the playhouse. And when you are among yourselves, how naturally, after the first compliments, do you apply your hands to each others lappets, and ruffles, and mantuas ; as if the whole business of your lives, and the public concern of the world, depended upon the cut or colour of your dresses ? As divines say, that some people take more pains to be damned, than it would cost them to be saved ; so your sex employs more thought, memory, and application to be fools, than would serve to make them wise and useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human creatures, but a sort of species hardly a degree above a monkey ; who hath more diverting tricks than any of you, is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocade, and, for aught I know, would equally become them.

I would have you look upon finery as a necessary folly ; which all great ladies did whom I have

ever known. I do not desire you to be out of the fashion, but to be the last and least in it. I expect that your dress shall be one degree lower than your fortune can afford ; and, in your own heart, I would wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions which a finer petticoat can give you ; because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better natured, more virtuous or wise, than if it hung upon a peg.

If you are in company with men of learning, though they happen to discourse of arts and sciences out of your compass, yet you will gather more advantage by listening to them, than from all the nonsense and frippery of your own sex ; but if they be men of breeding as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation where you ought not to be a hearer, and in time have your part. If they talk of the manners and customs of the several kingdoms of Europe, of travels into remoter nations, of the state of their own country, or of the great men and actions of Greece and Rome ; if they give their judgement upon English and French writers, either in verse or prose, or of the nature and limits of virtue and vice ; it is a shame for an English lady not to relish such discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour, by reading and information, to have her share in those entertainments, rather than turn aside, as it is the usual custom, and consult with the woman who sits next her, about a new cargo of fans.

It is a little hard, that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own natural tongue, or be judge of the easiest books that are written in it ; as any one may find, who can have the patience to hear them, when they are disposed to mangle a play or a novel ; where the least word out of the common road is sure to disconcert them : and it is no wonder, when

when they are not so much as taught to spell in their childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole lives. I advise you therefore to read aloud, more or less, every day to your husband, if he will permit you, or to any other friend (but not a female one) who is able to set you right. And as for spelling, you may compass it in time, by making collections from the books you read.

I know very well, that those who are commonly called learned women, have lost all manner of credit by their impertinent talkativeness, and conceit of themselves. But there is an easy remedy for this ; if you once consider, that, after all the pains you may be at, you never can arrive, in point of learning, to the perfection of a schoolboy. The reading I would advise you to, is only for improvement of your own good sense, which will never fail of being mended by discretion. It is a wrong method, and ill choice of books, that makes those learned ladies just so much the worse for what they have read. And therefore it shall be my care to direct you better ; a task for which I take myself to be not ill qualified ; because I have spent more time, and have had more opportunities than many others, to observe and discover from what sources the various follies of women are derived.

Pray observe, how insignificant things are the common race of ladies, when they have passed their youth and beauty ; how contemptible they appear to the men, and yet more contemptible to the younger part of their own sex ; and have no relief but in passing their afternoons in visits, where they are never acceptable ; and their evening at cards among each other ; while the former part of the day is spent in spleen and envy, or in vain endeavours to repair, by art and dress, the ruins of time. Whereas I have known ladies at sixty, to whom all the polite part of the court and town paid
their

their addressees, without any farther view than that of enjoying the pleasure of their conversation.

I am ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man, which is not equally so in a woman. I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature. Nor do I know one vice or folly, which is not equally detestable in both. There is indeed one infirmity which is generally allowed you; I mean that of cowardice. Yet there should seem to be something very capricious, that when women profess their admiration for a colonel or a captain, on account of his valour, they should fancy it a very graceful becoming quality in themselves, to be afraid of their own shadows; to scream in a barge when the weather is calmest, or in a coach at the ring; to run from a cow at a hundred yards distance; to fall into fits at the sight of a spider, an earwig, or a frog. At least, if cowardice be a sign of cruelty, (as it is generally granted), I can hardly think it an accomplishment so desirable, as to be thought worth improving by affectation.

And as the same virtues equally become both sexes, so there is no quality whereby women endeavour to distinguish themselves from men, for which they are not just so much the worse, except that only of reservedness; which, however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but affectation or hypocrisy. For, as you cannot too much discountenance those of our sex who presume to take unbecoming liberty before you, so you ought to be wholly unconstrained in the company of deserving men, when you have had sufficient experience of their discretion.

There is never wanting in this town, a tribe of bold, swaggering, rattling ladies, whose talents pass among coxcombs for wit and humour; their excellency

cellency lies in rude choking expressions, and what they call "running a man down." If a gentleman in their company happens to have any blemish in his birth or person, if any misfortune hath befallen his family or himself, for which he is ashamed, they will be sure to give him broad hints of it without any provocation. I would recommend you to the acquaintance of a common prostitute, rather than to that of such termagants as these. I have often thought, that no man is obliged to suppose such creatures to be women, but to treat them like insolent rascals disguised in female habits, who ought to be stripped and kicked down stairs.

I will add one thing, though it be a little out of place; which is, to desire that you will learn to value and esteem your husband for those good qualities which he really possesseth, and not to fancy others in him which he certainly hath not. For although this latter is generally understood to be a mark of love, yet it is indeed nothing but affectation or ill judgement. It is true, he wants so very few accomplishments, that you are in no great danger of erring on this side; but my caution is occasioned by a lady of your acquaintance, married to a very valuable person, whom yet she is so unfortunate as to be always commending for those perfections to which he can least pretend.

I can give you no advice upon the article of expense: only I think you ought to be well informed, how much your husband's revenue amounts to; and be so good a computer, as to keep within it, in that part of the management which falls to your share; and not to put yourself in the number of those politic ladies, who think they gain a great point, when they have teased their husbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat, without once considering what long scores remain unpaid to the butcher.

I de-

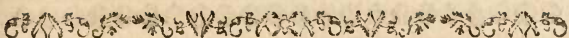
I desire you will keep this letter in your cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole conduct by it. And so God bless you, and make you a fair example to your sex, and a perpetual comfort to your husband, and your parents. I am, with great truth and affection,

MADAM,

Your most faithful friend,

and humble servant.





A PREFACE to the Right Reverend Dr.
BURNET Bishop of SARUM'S INTRO-
DUCTION to the third volume of the
HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION OF
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Written in the year 1712.

*Spargere voces
In vulgum ambiguas, et quærere conscius arma.*

To, the BOOKSELLER.

Mr. MORPHEW,

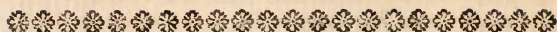
YOur care in putting an advertisement in the Ex-
aminer, hath been of very great use to me.
I now send you my preface to the Bishop of Sa-
rum's Introduction to his third volume; which I
desire you to print in such a form as, in the book-
seller's phrase, will make a sixpenny-touch; hoping
it will give such a public notice of my design, that
it may come into the hands of those who perhaps
look not into the Bishop's introduction *. I desire
you will prefix to this a passage out of Virgil, which
doth so perfectly agree with my present thoughts of
his Lordship, that I cannot express them better,
nor more truly, than those words do.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble servant.

* The Bishop's introduction is prefaced with a letter to his book-
seller, of which this letter is a burlesque.



A PREFACE to Bishop BURNET'S INTRODUCTION.

THIS way of publishing introductions to books that are, God knows when, to come out, is either wholly new, or so long unpractised, that my small reading cannot trace it. However, we are to suppose, that a person of his Lordship's great age and experience would hardly act such a piece of singularity, without some extraordinary motives. I cannot but observe, that his fellow-labourer, the author of the paper called 'The Englishman *', seems, in some of his late performances, to have almost transcribed the notions of the Bishop. These notions I take to have been dictated by the same masters, leaving to each writer that peculiar manner of expressing himself, which the poverty of our language forceth me to call their style. When the Guardian changed his title, and professed to engage in faction, I was sure the word was given; that grand preparations were making against next sessions; that all advantages would be taken of the little dissensions reported to be among those in power; and that the Guardian would soon be seconded by some other piquerers from the same camp. But I will confess my suspicions did not carry me so far as to conjecture, that this venerable champion would be in such mighty haste to come into the field, and serve in the quality of an *enfant perdu* †, armed only with a pocket-pistol, before his great blunderbuss could be got ready, his old

* Mr. Steele.

† *Enfant perdu*, one of the forlorn hope. The forlorn hope is a number of men selected for any desperate enterprise, or appointed for the first onset in a battle.

rusty breastplate scoured, and his cracked head-piece mended.

I was debating with myself, whether this hint of producing a small pamphlet, to give notice of a large folio, was not borrowed from the ceremonial in Spanish romances, where a dwarf is sent out upon the battlements, to signify to all passengers what a mighty giant there is in the castle, or whether the Bishop copied this proceeding from the *fanfaronnade* † of Monsieur Boffleurs, when the Earl of Portland and that General had an interview. Several men were appointed at certain periods to ride in great haste towards the English camp, and cry out, *Monseigneur vient, Monseigneur vient* *: then small parties advanced with the same speed, and the same cry: and this foppery held for many hours, until the Marechal himself arrived. So here the Bishop (as we find by his dedication to Mr. Churchill the bookseller) hath for a long time sent warning of his arrival by advertisements in gazettes; and now his introduction advanceth to tell us again, *Monseigneur vient*. In the mean time we must gape, and wait, and gaze, the Lord knows how long, and keep our spirits in some reasonable agitation, until his Lordship's real self shall think fit to appear in the habit of a folio.

I have seen the same sort of management at a puppet-show. Some puppets of little or no consequence appeared several times at the window, to allure the boys and the rabble: the trumpeter sounded often, and the door-keeper cried an hundred times, until he was hoarse, that they were "just going to begin;" yet, after all, we were forced sometimes to wait an hour before Punch himself in person made his entry.

But why this ceremony among old acquaintance?

† *Fanfaronnade*, vain ostentation.

* My Lord is coming, my Lord is coming.

The world and he have long known one another. Let him appoint his hour, and make his visit, without troubling us all day with a succession of messages from his lackeys and pages.

With submission, these little arts of getting off an edition, do ill become any author above the size of Marten the surgeon. My Lord tells us, that “many thousands of the two former parts of his history are in the kingdom;” and now he perpetually advertiseth in the gazette, that he intends to publish the third. This is exactly in the method and style of Marten; “The seventh edition (many thousands of the former editions having been sold off in a small time) of Mr. Marten’s book concerning secret diseases,” &c.

Doth his Lordship intend to publish his great volume by subscription, and is this introduction only by way of specimen? I was inclined to think so, because, in the prefixed letter to Mr. Churchill, which introduces this introduction, there are some dubious expressions. He says, “The advertisements he published were in order to move people to furnish him with materials, which might help him to finish his work with great advantage.” If he means half a guinea upon the subscription, and the other half at the delivery, why doth he not tell us so in plain terms?

I am wondering how it came to pass, that this diminutive letter to Mr. Churchill should understand the business of introducing better than the introduction itself; or why the bishop should not take it into his head to send the former into the world in some months before the latter; which would have been yet a greater improvement upon the solemnity of the procession.

Since I writ these lines, I have perused the whole pamphlet, (which I had only dipped in before), and found I have been hunting upon a wrong scent; for the author hath, in several parts of his piece, discovered

discovered the true motives which put him upon sending it abroad at this juncture. I shall therefore consider them as they come in my way.

My Lord begins his introduction with an account of the reasons why he was guilty of so many mistakes in the first volume of his History of the reformation. His excuses are just, rational, and extremely consistent. He says, "he wrote in haste;" which he confirms, by adding, "that it lay a year after he wrote it before it was put into the press." At the same time he mentions a passage extremely to the honour of that pious and excellent prelate Archbishop Sancroft, which demonstrates his Grace to have been a person of great sagacity, and almost a prophet. "Dr. Burnet, then a private divine, desired admittance to the Cotton library, but was prevented by the Archbishop *; who told Sir John Cotton, that the said Doctor was no friend to the prerogative of the crown, or to the constitution of the kingdom." This judgement was the more extraordinary, because the Doctor had not long before published a book in

* It is somewhat remarkable to see the progress of this story. In the first edition of this introduction, it should seem "he was PREVENTED by the Archbishop." &c. When the introduction was reprinted a year after with the history, it stands: "A GREAT PRELATE had been before hand, and possessed him [Sir John Cotton] against me.—That unless the Archbishop of Canterbury would recommend me.—he desired to be excused.—The Bishop of Worcester could not prevail on the Archbishop to INTERPOSE." This is somewhat less than PREVENTING; unless the Archbishop be meant by the GREAT PRELATE; which is not very probable. 1. Because, in the preface to this very third volume, p. 4. he says, it was by Archbishop Sancroft's order he had the free use of every thing that lay in the Lambeth library." 2. Because the author of *Speculum Sarisburianum*, p. 6. tells us, "His access to the library was owing SOLELY to the recommendation of Archbishop Sancroft, as I have been informed (says the author) by some of the family." 3. Because Bishop Burnet, in his history of his own times, says it was "DOLBEN, Bishop of Rochester, [at the instigation of the Duke of Lauderdale], that diverted Sir John Cotton from suffering him to search his library."

Scotland, with his name prefixed, which carries the regal prerogative higher than any writer of the age. However, the good Archbishop lived to see his opinion become universal in the kingdom.

The bishop goes on, for many pages, with an account of certain facts relating to the publishing his two former volumes of the reformation; the great success of that work, and the adversaries who appeared against it. These are matters out of the way of my reading; only I observe, that poor Mr. Henry Wharton, who hath deserved so well of the commonwealth of learning, and who gave himself the trouble of detecting some hundreds of the Bishop's mistakes, meets with very ill quarter from his Lordship. Upon which I cannot avoid mentioning a peculiar method which this prelate takes to revenge himself upon those who presume to differ from him in print. The bishop of Rochester * happened some years ago to be of this number. My Lord of Sarum, in his reply, ventured to tell the world, that the gentleman who had writ against him, meaning Dr. Atterbury, was one upon whom he had conferred great obligations; which was a very generous Christian contrivance of charging his adversary with ingratitude. But it seems the truth happened to be on the other side: which the Doctor made appear in such a manner, as would have silenced his Lordship for ever, if he had not been writing-proof. Poor Mr. Wharton in his grave, is charged with the same accusation, but with circumstances the most aggravating that malice and something else could invent; and which I will no more believe than five hundred passages in a certain book of travels *. See the character he gives of a divine and a scholar, who shortened his life in the service of God and the church. "Mr. Wharton

* Dr. Atterbury.

* Burnet's travels.

“ desired me to intercede with Tillotson for a pre-
 “ bend of Canterbury. I did so, but Wharton
 “ would not believe it; said, he would be reven-
 “ ged, and so writ against me. Soon after he was
 “ convinced I had spoke for him; said he was set
 “ on to do what he did: and if I would procure a-
 “ ny thing for him, he would discover every thing
 “ to me.” What a spirit of candor, charity, and
 good-nature, generosity, and truth, shines thro’
 this story, told of a most excellent and pious divine
 twenty years after his death, without one single
 voucher!

Come we now to the reasons which moved his
 Lordship to set about this work at this time. “ He
 “ could delay it no longer, because the reasons of
 “ engaging in it at first seemed to return upon him.”
 He was then frightened with “ the danger of a Po-
 “ pish successor in view, and the dreadful appre-
 “ hensions of the power of France.” England hath
 forgot these dangers, and yet is nearer to them than
 ever, and therefore he is resolved to awaken them
 with his third volume; but in the mean time sends
 this introduction to let them know they are asleep.
 He then goes on in describing the condition of the
 kingdom after such a manner as if destruction hung
 over us by a single hair; as if the Pope, the devil,
 the pretender, and France, were just at our doors.

When the Bishop published his history, there was
 a popish plot on foot: the Duke of York, a known
 Papist, was presumptive heir to the crown; the
 house of Commons would not hear of any expedient
 for securing their religion under a Popish
 prince, nor would the King, or Lords, consent to
 a bill of exclusion: the French King was in the
 height of his grandeur, and the vigour of his age.
 At this day the presumptive heir, with that whole
 illustrious family, are Protestants; the Popish pre-
 tender excluded for ever by several acts of parlia-
 ment; and every person in the smallest employment,

as well as the members of both houses, obliged to abjure him: the French king is at the lowest ebb of life; his armies have been conquered, and his towns won from him for ten years together; and his kingdom is in danger of being torn by divisions during a long minority. Are these cases parallel? or are we now in more danger of France and Popery, than we were thirty years ago? What can be the motive for advancing such false, such detestable assertions? What conclusions would his Lordship draw from such premises as these? If injurious appellations were of any advantage to a cause, (as the style of our adversaries would make us believe), what appellations would those deserve, who thus endeavour to sow the seeds of sedition, and are impatient to see the fruits! "But," saith he, "the deaf adder stoppeth her ears, let the charmer charm never so wisely." True, my Lord, there are indeed too many adders in this nation's bosom; adders in all shapes and in all habits, whom neither the Queen nor parliament can charm to loyalty, truth, religion, or honour.

Among other instances produced by him of the dismal condition we are in, he offers one which could not easily be guessed. It is this, "That the little factious pamphlets written about the end of King Charles II's reign lie dead in the shops, are looked on as waste paper, and turned to pasteboard." How many are there of his Lordship's writing, which could otherwise never have been of any real service to the public? Hath he indeed so mean an opinion of our taste to send us at this time of day into all the corners of Holburn, Duck-lane, and Moorfields, in quest after the factious trash published in those days by Julian Johnson, Hickeringill, Dr. Oates, and himself?

His Lordship taking it for a *postulatum*, that the Queen and ministry, both houses of parliament, and a vast majority of the landed gentlemen throughout England,

England, are running headlong into Popery, lay-
 eth hold on the occasion to describe “ the cruelties
 “ in Queen Mary’s reign ; an inquisition setting up
 “ faggots in Smithfield, and executions all over the
 “ kingdom. Here is that that,” says he, “ which
 “ those that look towards a Popish successor, must
 “ look for.” And he insinuates through his whole
 pamphlet, that all who are not of his party, look
 towards a Popish successor. These he divides into
 two parts, the Tory laity, and the Tory clergy.
 He tells the former, “ although they have no reli-
 “ gion at all, but resolve to change with every wind
 “ and tide : yet they ought to have compassion on
 “ their countrymen and kindred.” Then he ap-
 plies himself to the Tory clergy ; assures them, that
 “ the fires revived in Smithfield, and all over the
 “ nation, will have no amiable view, but least of
 “ all to them, who, if they have any principles at
 “ all, must be turned out of their livings, leave
 “ their families, be hunted from place to place into
 “ parts beyond the seas, and meet with that con-
 “ tempt with which they treated foreigners, who
 “ took sanctuary among us.”

This requires a recapitulation, with some re-
 marks. First, I do affirm, that in every hundred
 of professed Atheists, Deists, and Socinians, in the
 kingdom, ninety-nine at least are stanch, thorough-
 paced Whigs, entirely agreeing with his Lordship
 in politics and discipline : and therefore will venture
 all the fires of hell, rather than singe one hair of
 their beards in Smithfield. Secondly, I do likewise
 affirm, that those whom we usually understand by
 the appellation of Tory, or high-church clergy,
 were the greatest sticklers against the exorbitant pro-
 ceedings of King James II. the best writers against
 Popery. and the most exemplary sufferers for the
 established religion. Thirdly, I do pronounce it
 to be a most false and infamous scandal upon the
 nation in general, and on the clergy in particular,

to reproach them for treating foreigners with haughtiness and contempt. The French Hugonots are many thousand witnesses to the contrary; and I wish they deserved the thousandth part of the good treatment they have received.

Lastly, I observe, that the author of a paper called, *The Englishman*, hath run into the same cant, gravely advising the whole body of the clergy not to bring in Popery: because that will put them under a necessity of parting with their wives, or losing their livings.

The bulk of the kingdom, both clergy and laity, happen to differ extremely from this prelate in many principles, both of politics and religion. Now, I ask, whether, if any man of them had signed his name to a system of Atheism, or Popery, he could have argued with them otherwise than he doth? or if I should write a grave letter to his Lordship with the same advice, taking it for granted that he was half an Atheist and half a Papist, and conjuring him by all he held dear to have compassion upon all those who believed a God; “not to revive the
“ fires in Smithfield; that he must either forfeit
“ his bishopric, or not marry a fourth wife;” I ask, whether he would not think I intended him the highest injury and affront?

But as to the Tory laity, he gives them up in a lump for abandoned Atheists: They are a set of men so “impiously corrupted in the point of religion, that no scene of cruelty can fright them
“ from leaping into it, [Popery], and perhaps act-
“ in such a part in it as may be assigned them.” He therefore despairs of influencing them by any topics drawn from religion or compassion; and advances the consideration of interest, as the only powerful argument to persuade them against Popery.

What he offers upon this head is so very amazing, from a christian, a clergyman, and a prelate of the church of England, that I must in my
own

own imagination strip him of those three capacities, and put him among the number of that set of men he mentions in the paragraph before ; or else it will be impossible to shape out an answer.

His Lordship, in order to dissuade the Tories, from their design of bringing in Popery, tells them, “ how valuable a part of the whole soil of England, “ the abbey-lands, the estates of the bishops, of “ the cathedrals, and the tithes. are ; ” how difficult such a resumption would be to many families : “ yet all these must be thrown up ; for sacrilege in “ the church of Rome is a mortal sin.” I desire it may be observed, what a jumble here is made of ecclesiastical revenues, as if they were all upon the same foot, were alienated with equal justice, and the clergy had no more reason to complain of one than the other : whereas the four branches mentioned by him are of very different consideration. If I might venture to guess the opinion of the clergy upon this matter, I believe they could wish, that some small part of the abbey-lands had been applied to the augmentation of poor bishoprics ; and a very few acres to serve for glebes in those parishes where there are none ; after which I think they would not repine that the laity should possess the rest. If the estates of some bishops and cathedrals were exorbitant before the reformation, I believe the present clergy's wishes reach no further, than that some reasonable temper had been used, instead of paring them to the quick. But as to the tithes, without examining whether they be of divine institution, I conceive there is hardly one of that sacred order in England, and very few even among the laity who love the church, who will not allow the misapplying those revenues to secular persons to have been at first a most flagrant act of injustice and oppression ; altho', at the same time, God forbid they should be restored any other way than by gradual purchase, by the consent of those who are now
the

the lawful possessors, or by the piety and generosity of such worthy spirits as this nation sometimes produceth. The Bishop knows very well, that the application of tithes to the maintenance of monasteries was a scandalous usurpation, even in Popish times; that the monks usually sent out some of their fraternity to supply the cures; and that when the monasteries were granted away by Henry VIII. the parishes were left destitute, or very meanly provided, of any maintenance for a pastor. So that in many places the whole ecclesiastical dues, even to mortuaries, Easter-offerings, and the like, are in lay-hands, and the incumbent lieth wholly at the mercy of his patron for his daily bread. By these means there are several hundred parishes in England under twenty pounds a-year, and many under ten. I take his Lordship's bishopric to be worth near 2500 l. annual income; and I will engage at half a year's warning to find him above an hundred beneficed clergymen, who have not so much among them all to support themselves and their families: most of them orthodox, of good life and conversation; as loath to see the fires kindled in Smithfield as his Lordship; and at least as ready to face them under a Popish persecution. But nothing is so hard for those who abound in riches, as to conceive how others can be in want. How can the neighbouring vicar feel cold or hunger, while my Lord is seated by a good fire, in the warmest room of his palace, with a dozen dishes before him? I remember one other prelate much of the same stamp, who when his clergy would mention their wishes that some act of parliament might be thought of for the good of the church, would say, "Gentlemen, we are very well as we are; if they would let us alone, we should ask no more."

Sacrilege (says my Lord) in the church of Rome is a mortal sin: and is it only so in the church of Rome? or is it but a venial sin in the church of England?

England? Our litany calls fornication a deadly sin; and I would appeal to his Lordship for fifty years past, whether he thought that or sacrilege the deadliest? To make light of such a sin at the same moment that he is frightening us from an idolatrous religion, should seem not very consistent. "Thou that sayest that a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege?"

To smoothe the way for the return of Popery in Queen Mary's time, the grantees were confirmed by the Pope in the possession of the abbey lands. But the Bishop tells us, "that this confirmation was fraudulent and invalid." I shall believe it to be so, although I happen to read it in his Lordship's history. But he adds, that "although the confirmation had been good, the priests would have got their land again by these two methods. *First*, The statute of Mortmain was repealed for twenty years; in which time no doubt they reckoned they would recover the best part of what they had lost: besides that engaging the clergy to renew no leases, was a thing entirely in their own power; and this in forty years time would raise their revenues to be about ten times their present value." These two expedients for increasing the revenues of the church he represents as pernicious designs, fit only to be practised in times of Popery, and such as the laity ought never to consent to: from whence, and from what he said before about tithes, his Lordship hath freely declared his opinion, that the clergy are rich enough, and that the least addition to their subsistence would be a step towards Popery. Now, it happens, that the two only methods which could ever be thought on with any probability of success, towards some reasonable augmentation of ecclesiastical revenues, are here rejected by a bishop as a means for introducing Popery, and the nation publicly warned against them:

whereas

whereas the continuance of the statute of Mortmain in full force, after the church had been so terribly stripped, appeared to her Majesty and the kingdom a very unnecessary hardship; upon which account it was at several times relaxed by the legislature. Now, as the relaxation of that statute is manifestly one of the reasons which gives the Bishop those terrible apprehensions of Popery coming on us; so I conceive another ground of his fears is the remission of the first-fruits and tenths. But where the inclination to Popery lay, whether in her Majesty who proposed this benefaction, the parliament which confirmed, or the clergy who accepted it, his Lordship hath not thought fit to determine.

The other Popish expedient for augmenting church-revenues is, “engaging the clergy to renew
“no leases.” Several of the most eminent clergymen have assured me, that nothing has been more wished for by good men than a law to prevent (at least) bishops from setting leases for lives. I could name ten bishopricks in England, whose revenues, one with another, do not amount to 600 l a-year for each: and if his Lordship’s, for instance, would be above ten times the value when the lives are expired, I should think the overplus would not be ill disposed towards an augmentation of such as are now shamefully poor. But I do assert, that such an expedient was not always thought Popish and dangerous by this Right Reverend historian. I have had the honour formerly to converse with him; and he hath told me several years ago, that he lamented extremely the power which bishops had of letting leases for lives; whereby, as he said, they were utterly deprived of raising their revenues, whatever alterations might happen in the value of money by length of time. I think the reproach of betraying private conversation will not upon this account be laid to my charge. Neither

do I believe he would have changed his opinion upon any score, but to take up another more agreeable to the maxims of his party, "That the least addition of property to the church is one step towards Popery."

The Bishop goes on with much earnestness and prolixity to prove, that the Pope's confirmation of the church-lands to those who held them by King Henry's donation, was null and fraudulent; which is a point that, I believe, no Protestant in England would give three-pence to have his choice, whether it should be true or false. It might indeed serve as a passage in his history, among a thousand other instances, to detect the knavery of the court of Rome. But I ask, where could be the use of it in this introduction? or why all this haste in publishing it at this juncture; and so out of all method, apart, and before the work itself? He gives his reasons in very plain terms. We are now, it seems, "in more danger of Popery, than towards the end of King Charles II.'s reign. That set of men (the Tories) is so impiously corrupted in the point of religion, that no scene of cruelty can frighten them from leaping into it, and perhaps from acting such a part in it as may be assigned them." He doubts whether the high-church clergy have any principles; and therefore will be ready to turn off their wives, and look on the fires kindled in Smithfield as an amiable view. These are the facts he all along takes for granted, and argues accordingly. Therefore, in despair of dissuading the nobility and gentry of the land from introducing Popery by any motives of honour, religion, alliance, or mercy, he assures them, "that the Pope hath not duly confirmed their tithes to the church-lands in their possession;" which therefore must be infallibly restored as soon as that religion is established among us.

Thus, in his Lordship's opinion, there is nothing wanting to make the majority of the kingdom, both for number, quality, and possession, immediately embrace Popery, except a "firm bull from the "Pope" to secure the abbey and other church lands, and tithes, to the present proprietors and their heirs. If this only difficulty could now be adjusted, the pretender would be restored next session, the two houses reconciled to the church of Rome, against Easter term, and the fires lighted in Smithfield by Midsummer. Such horrible calumnies against a nation, are not the less injurious to decency, good-nature, truth, honour, and religion, because they may be vented with safety; and I will appeal to any reader of common understanding, whether this be not the most natural and necessary deduction from the passages I have cited and referred to.

Yet all this is but friendly dealing, in comparison with what he affords the clergy upon the same article. He supposes that whole reverend body, who differ from him in principles of church or state, so far from disliking Popery upon the above-mentioned motives of perjury, quitting their wives, or burning their relations, that the hopes of enjoying the abbey-lands would soon bear down all such considerations, and be an effectual incitement to their perversion: and so he goes gravely on, as with the only argument which he thinks can have any force, to assure them, that "the parochial priests in Roman-Catholic countries are much poorer than in
"ours; the several orders of regulars, and the
"magnificence of their church, devouring all their
"treasure; and, by consequence, their hopes are
"vain of expecting to be richer after the introduc-
"tion of Popery."

But, after all, his Lordship despairs that even this argument will have any force with our abominable clergy; because, to use his own words, "they
"are

“ are an insensible and degenerate race, who are
 “ thinking of nothing but their present advan-
 “ tages ; and, so that they may now support a lu-
 “ xurious and brutal course of irregular and vo-
 “ luptuous practices, they are easily hired to be-
 “ tray their religion, to sell their country, and
 “ give up that liberty, and those properties, which
 “ are the present felicities and glories of this nation.”

He seems to reckon all these evils as matters fully determined on, and therefore falls into the last usual form of despair, by threatening the authors of these miseries with “ lasting infamy, and the
 “ curses of posterity upon perfidious betrayers of
 “ their trust.”

Let me turn this paragraph into vulgar language, for the use of the poor ; and strictly adhere to the sense of the words. I believe it may be faithfully translated in the following manner. “ The bulk
 “ of the clergy, and one third of the bishops, are
 “ stupid sons of whores, who think of nothing but
 “ getting money as soon as they can : if they may
 “ but procure enough to supply them in gluttony,
 “ drunkenness, and whoring, they are ready to
 “ turn traitors to God and their country, and
 “ make their fellow-subjects slaves.” The rest of the period, about threatening infamy, and the curses of posterity, upon such dogs and villains, may stand as it doth in the Bishop's own phrase ; and so make the paragraph all of a piece.

I will engage, on the other side, to paraphrase all the rogues and rascals in the Englishman, so as to bring them up exactly to his Lordship's style. But, for my own part, I much prefer the plain Billingsgate way of calling names, because it expresseth our meaning full as well, and would save abundance of time which is lost by circumlocution : so, for instance, John Dunton, who is retained on the same side with the Bishop, calls my Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke traitors, whoremongers, and

Jacobites ; which three words cost our Right Reverend author thrice as many lines to define them ; and I hope his Lordship doth not think there is any difference, in point of morality, whether a man calls me traitor in one word, or says I am one “ hired to betray my religion, and sell my country.”

I am not surpris'd to see the Bishop mention with contempt all convocations of the clergy ; for Toland, Aſgil, Monmouth, Colins, Tindal, and others of the fraternity, talk the very same language. His Lordship confesseth he is not inclined “ to expect much from the assemblies of clergy-
“ men.” There lies the misfortune : for if he and some more of his order would correct their inclinations, a great deal of good might be expected from such assemblies ; as much as they are now cramped by that submission which a corrupt clergy brought upon their innocent successors. He “ will
“ not deny, that his copiousness in these matters
“ is, in his own opinion, one of the meanest parts
“ of his new work.” I will agree with him, unless he happens to be more copious in any thing else. However, it is not easy to conceive, why he should be so copious upon a subject he so much despiseth, unless it were to gratify his talent of railing at the clergy ; in the number of whom he disdains to be reckoned, because he is a bishop ; for it is a style I observe some prelates have fallen into of late years, to talk of clergymen as if themselves were not of the number. You will read in many of their speeches at Dr. Sacheverel's trial, expressions to this or the like effect : “ My Lords,
“ if clergymen be suffered,” &c. wherein they seem to have reason : and I am pretty confident, that a great majority of the clergy were heartily inclined to disown any relation they had to the managers in lawn. However, it was a confounding argument against Presbytery, that those prelates who are most suspected to lean that way, treated
their

their inferior brethren with haughtiness, rigour, and contempt : although, to say the truth, nothing better could be hoped for ; because I believe it may pass for an universal rule, that in every diocese governed by bishops of the Whig species, the clergy (especially the poorer sort) are under double discipline ; and the laity left to themselves. The opinion of Sir Thomas Moore, which he produceth to prove the ill consequences or insignificancy of convocations, advanceth no such thing ; but says, “ If the clergy assembled often, and might act as “ other assemblies of clergy in Christendom, much “ good might have come ;” but the misfortune lay “ in their long disuse, and that in his own, and a “ good part of his father’s time, they never came “ together, except at the command of the prince.”

I suppose his Lordship thinks there is some original impediment in the study of divinity, or secret incapacity in a gown and cassock without lawn, which disqualifies all inferior clergymen from debating upon subjects of doctrine or discipline in the church. It is a famous saying of his, That “ he “ looks upon every layman to be an honest man, “ until he is by experience convinced to the contrary ; and on every clergyman as a knave, until he finds him to be an honest man.” What opinion then must we have of a lower house of convocation, where, I am confident, he will hardly find three persons that ever convinced him of their honesty, or will ever be at the pains to do it ? Nay, I am afraid they would think such a conviction might be no very advantageous bargain, to gain the character of an honest man with his Lordship, and lose it with the rest of the world.

In the *mous concordate* that was made between Francis I. of France and Pope Leo X. the Bishop tells us, that “ the King and Pope came to a bargain, by which they divided the liberties of the “ Gallican church between them, and indeed quite

“ inflaved it.” He intends, in the third part of his history, which he is going to publish, “ to open this whole matter to the world.” In the mean time he mentions some ill consequences to the Gallican church from that *concordate*, which are worthy to be observed. “ The church of France became a slave; and this change in their constitution put an end, not only to national, but even to provincial synods, in that kingdom. The assemblies of the clergy there meet now only to give subsidies, &c.” And he says, “ Our nation may see by that proceeding, what it is to deliver up the essential liberties of a free constitution to a court.”

All I can gather from this matter is, that our King Henry made a much better bargain than his cotemporary Francis, who divided the liberties of the church between himself and the Pope, while the King of England seized them all to himself. But how comes he to number the want of synods in the Gallican church among the grievances of that *concordate*, and as a mark of their slavery, since he reckons all convocations of the clergy in England to be useless and dangerous? Or what difference, in point of liberty, was there between the Gallican church under Francis, and the English under Harry? For the latter was as much a Papist as the former, unless in the point of obedience to the see of Rome; and in every quality of a good man, or a good prince, (except personal courage, wherein both were equal), the French monarch had the advantage, by as many degrees as is possible for one man to have over another.

Henry VIII. had no manner of intention to change religion in his kingdom, He continued to persecute and burn Protestants, after he had cast off the Pope's supremacy; and I suppose his seizure of ecclesiastical revenues (which Francis never attempted) cannot be reckoned as a mark of the

church's

church's liberty. By the quotation the Bishop sets down to shew the slavery of the French church, he represents it as a grievance, that "Bishops are not now elected there as formerly, but wholly appointed by the prince; and that those made by the court have been ordinarily the chief advancers of schisms, heresies, and oppressions of the church." He cites another passage from a Greek writer, and plainly insinuates, that it is justly applicable to her Majesty's reign; "Princes chuse such men to that charge (of a bishop), who may be their slaves, and in all things obsequious to what they prescribe, and may lie at their feet, and have not so much as a thought contrary to their commands."

These are very singular passages for his Lordship to set down, in order to shew the dismal consequences of the French *concordate*, by the slavery of the Gallican church compared with the freedom of ours. I shall not enter into a long dispute, better it were for religion, that bishops should be chosen by the clergy, or the people, or both together. I believe our author would give his vote for the second, (which however would not have been of much advantage to himself, and some others that I could name): but I ask, whether bishops are any more elected in England than in France? and the want of synods are in his own opinion, rather a blessing than a grievance; unless he will affirm, that more good can be expected from a Popish synod than an English convocation. Did the French clergy ever receive a greater blow to their liberties, than the submission made to Henry VIII. or so great a one as the seizure of their lands; the reformation owed nothing to the good intentions of King Henry. He was only an instrument of it (as the logicians speak) by accident; nor doth he appear, throughout his whole reign, to have had any other views than those of gratifying

gratifying his insatiable love of power, cruelty, oppression, and other irregular appetites. But this kingdom, as well as many other parts of Europe, was at that time generally weary of the corruptions and impositions of the Roman court and church, and disposed to receive those doctrines which Luther and his followers had universally spread. Cranmer the Archbishop, Cromwell, and others of the court, did secretly embrace the reformation; and the King's abrogating the Pope's supremacy, made the people in general run into the new doctrine with greater freedom, because they hoped to be supported in it by the authority and example of their Prince; who disappointed them so far, that he made no other step, than rejecting the Pope's supremacy, as a clog upon his own power and passions; but retained every corruption besides, and became a cruel persecutor, as well of those who denied his own supremacy, as of all others who professed any Protestant doctrine. Neither hath any thing disgusted me more, in reading the histories of those times, than to see one of the worst princes of any age or country celebrated as an instrument in that glorious work of the reformation.

The Bishop, having gone over all the matters that properly fall within his introduction, proceeds to expostulate with several sorts of people. First, with Protestants who are no Christians; such as, Atheists, Deists, Freethinkers, and the like enemies to Christianity: but these he treats with the tenderness of a friend, because they are all of them of sound Whig principles in church and state. However, to do him justice, he lightly toucheth some old topics for the truth of the gospel; and concludes, by "wishing that the Freethinkers would consider well, if" (*Angl.* whether) "they think it is possible to bring a nation on to be without any religion at all; and what the consequences

sequences of that may prove:" and, in case they allow the negative, he gives it clearly for Christianity.

Secondly, He applieth himself (if I take his meaning right) to Christian Papists, " who have a taste of liberty;" and desires them to " compare the absurdity of their own religion with the reasonableness of the reformed;" against which, as good luck would have it, I have nothing to object.

Thirdly, He is somewhat rough against his own party, " who having tasted the sweets of Protestant liberty, can look back so tamely on Popery, coming on them;" it looks as if they were bewitched, or that the devil were in them, to be so negligent. " It is not enough, that they resolve not to turn Papists themselves; they ought to awaken all about them, even the most ignorant and stupid, to apprehend their danger, and to exert themselves, with their utmost industry, to guard against it, and to resist it. If, after all their endeavours to prevent it, the corruption of the age, and the art and power of our enemies, prove too hard for us; then, and not until then, we must submit to the will of God, and be silent; and prepare ourselves for all the extremities of suffering and of misery;" with a great deal more of the same strain.

With due submission to the profound sagacity of this prelate, who can smell Popery at five hundred miles distance, better than Fanaticism just under his nose, I take leave to tell him, that this reproof to his friends for want of zeal and clamour against Popery, slavery, and the Pretender, is what they have not deserved. Are the pamphlets and papers daily published by the sublime authors of his party, full of any thing else? Are not the Queen, the ministers, the majority of Lords and commons, loudly taxed in print with this charge against them at full length! Is it not the perpetual echo of every Whig coffee-

coffee-house and club? Have they not quartered Popery and the Pretender upon the peace and treaty of commerce; upon the possessing, and quitting, and keeping, and demolishing of Dunkirk? Have they not clamoured, because the Pretender continued in France, and because he left it? Have they not reported, that the town swarmed with many thousand Papists; when, upon search, there were never found so few of that religion in it before? If a clergyman preacheth obedience to the higher powers, is he not immediately traduced as a Papist? Can mortal man do more? To deal plainly, my Lord, your friends are not strong enough yet to make an insurrection; and it is unreasonable to expect one from them, until their neighbours be ready.

My Lord, I have a little seriousness at heart upon this point, where your Lordship affects to shew so much. When you can prove, that one single word hath ever dropt from any minister of state, in public or private, in favour of the pretender, or his cause; when you can make it appear, that, in the course of this administration, since the Queen thought fit to change her servants, there hath one step been made towards weakening the Hanover title, or giving the least countenance to any other whatsoever; then, and not until then, go dry your chaff and stubble, give fire to the zeal of your faction, and reproach them with lukewarmness.

Fourthly, The Bishop applies himself to the Tories in general; taking it for granted, after his charitable manner, that they are all ready prepared to introduce Popery. He puts an excuse into their mouths, by which they would endeavour to justify their change of religion. “Popery is not what it
 “was before the reformation; things are now
 “much mended, and further corrections might
 “be expected, if we would enter into a treaty with
 “them. In particular, they see the error of pro-
 “ceeding

“ceeding feverely with heretics; so that there is
 “no reason to apprehend the returns of such cru-
 “elties as were practised an age and a half ago.”

This, he assures us, is a plea offered by the Tories in defence of themselves, for going about at this juncture to establish the Popish religion among us. What argument doth he bring to prove the fact itself?

Quibus indicis, quo teste, probavit?
Nil horum: verbosa et grandis epistola venit.

Nothing but this tedious introduction, wherein he supposeth it all along as a thing granted. That there might be a perfect union in the whole Christian church, is a blessing which every good man wisheth, but no reasonable man can hope. That the more polite Roman Catholics have, in several places, given up some of their superstitious fopperies, particularly concerning legends, relics, and the like, is what no body denies. But the material points in difference between us and them, are universally retained and asserted in all their controversial writings. And if his Lordship really thinks, that every man who differs from him, under the name of a Tory, in some church and state opinions, is ready to believe transubstantiation, purgatory, the infallibility of Pope or councils, to worship saints and angels, and the like; I can only pray God to enlighten his understanding, or graft in his heart the first principles of charity; a virtue which some people ought not by any means wholly to renounce, “because it covereth a multitude of
 “sins.”

Fifthly, The Bishop applies himself to his own party in both houses of parliament, whom he exhorts to “guard their religion and liberty against
 “all danger, at what distance soever it may appear.
 “If they are absent and remiss on critical occa-
 “sions;”

“ fions ;” that is to say, if they do not attend close next sessions to vote, upon all occasions whatever, against the proceedings of the Queen and her ministry ; “ or if any views of advantage to themselves prevail on them ;” in other words, if any of them vote for the bill of commerce, in hopes of a place or a pension, a title or a garter, God “ may “ work a deliverance for us another way ;” (that is to say, by inviting the Dutch) : “ but they and “ their families,” *i. e.* those who are negligent or revolvers, “ shall perish.” By which is meant, they shall be hanged, as well as the present ministry, and their abettors, as soon as we recover our power, “ because they let in idolatry, superstition, “ and tyranny ;” because they stood by, and suffered the peace to be made, the bill of commerce to pass, and Dunkirk to lie undemolished longer than we expected, without raising a rebellion.

His last application is to the Tory clergy, a parcel of “ blind, ignorant, dumb, sleeping, greedy, “ drunken dogs.” A pretty artful Episcopal method is this, of calling his brethren as many injurious names as he pleaseth. It is but quoting a text of scripture, where the characters of evil men are described, and the thing is done ; and, at the same time, the appearances of piety and devotion preserved. I would engage, with the help of a good concordance, and the liberty of perverting holy writ, to find out as many injurious appellations, as the Englishman throws out in any of his politic papers, and apply them to those persons “ who call “ good evil, and evil good ;” to those who cry without cause, “ Every man to his tent, O Israel !” and to those who “ curse the Queen in their “ hearts !”

These decent words, he tells us, make up a “ lively description of such pastors as will not study controversy, nor know the depths of Satan.” He means, I suppose, the controversy between us

and the Papists ; for as to the Freethinkers and Dissenters of every denomination, they are some of the best friends to the cause. Now, I have been told, there is a body of that kind of controversy published by the London divines, which is not to be matched in the world. I believe likewise there is a good number of the clergy at present thoroughly versed in that study. After which I cannot but give my judgement, that it would be a very idle thing for pastors in general to busy themselves much in disputes against Popery ; it being a dry, heavy employment of the mind at best, especially when, God be thanked, there is so little occasion for it in the generality of parishes throughout the kingdom, and must be daily less and less by the just severity of the laws, and the utter aversion of our people from that idolatrous superstition.

If I might be so bold to name those who have the honour to be of his Lordship's party, I would venture to tell him, that pastors have much more occasion to study controversies against the several classes of Freethinkers and Dissenters ; the former (I beg his Lordships pardon for saying so) being a little worse than Papists, and both of them more dangerous at present to our constitution both in church and state. Not that I think Presbytery so corrupt a system of Christian religion as Popery ; I believe it is not above one third as bad ; but I think the Presbyterians, and their clans of other fanatics, of Freethinkers and Atheists that dangle after them, are as well inclined to pull down the present establishment of monarchy and religion, as any set of Papists in Christendom : and therefore that our danger, as things now stand, is infinitely greater from our Protestant enemies : because they are much more able to ruin us, and full as willing. There is no doubt but Presbytery and a commonwealth are less formidable evils than Popery, slavery, and the pretender : for if the fanatics were in

Vol. IX. E power,

power, I should be in more apprehension of being starved than burned. But there are probably in England forty Dissenters of all kinds, including their brethren the Freethinkers, for one Papist; and allowing one Papist to be as terrible as three Dissenters, it will appear by arithmetic, that we are thirteen times and one third more in danger of being ruined by the latter than the former.

The other qualification necessary for all pastors, if they will not be blind, ignorant, greedy, drunken dogs, &c. is "to know the depths of Satan." This is harder than the former; that a poor gentleman ought not to be parson, vicar, or curate of a parish, except he be cunninger than the devil. I am afraid it will be difficult to remedy this defect, for one manifest reason, because whoever had only half the cunning of the devil, would never take up with a vicarage of ten pounds a year, *to live on at his ease*, as my Lord expresseth it; but seek out for some better livelihood. His Lordship is of a nation very much distinguished for that quality of cunning (although they have a great many better), and I think he was never accused for wanting his share. However, upon a trial of skill, I would venture to lay six to four on the devil's side, who must be allowed to be at least the older practitioner. Telling truth shames him, and resistance makes him fly; but to attempt outwitting him, is to fight him at his own weapons, and consequently no cunning at all. Another thing I would observe, is, that a man may be in the depths of Satan, without knowing them all; and such a man may be so far in Satan's depths, as to be out of his own. One of the depths of Satan is, to counterfeit an angel of light. Another, I believe, is, to stir up the people against their governors, by false suggestions of danger. A third is, to be a prompter to false brethren, and to send wolves about in sheep's cloathing. Sometimes he sends Jesuits about England in the habit and

and cant of fanatics ; at other times he hath fanatic missionaries in the habits of ———. I shall mention but one more of Satan's depths, for I confess I know not the hundredth part of them ; and that is, to employ his emissaries in crying out against remote imaginary dangers, by which we may be taken off from defending ourselves against those which are really just at our elbows.

But his Lordship draws towards a conclusion, and bids us, “ look about, to consider the danger “ we are in, before it is too late ;” for he assures us, we are already “ going into some of the worst “ parts of Popery.” Like the man who was so much in haste for his new coat, that he put it on the wrong side out. “ Auricular confession, “ priestly absolution, and the sacrifice of the mass,” have made great progress in England, and no body hath observed it ; several other Popish points “ are “ carried higher with us than by the priests themselves :” and somebody, it seems, had the “ impudence to propose an union with the Gallican “ church.” I have indeed heard, that Mr. Leslie published a discourse to that purpose, which I have never seen ; nor do I perceive the evil in proposing an union between any two churches in Christendom. Without doubt, Mr. Leslie is most unhappily misled in his politics ; but if he be the author of the late tract against Popery *, he hath given the world such a proof of his soundness in religion, as many a bishop ought to be proud of. I never saw the gentleman in my life. I know he is the son of a great and excellent prelate, who upon several accounts, was one of the most extraordinary men of his age. Mr. Leslie hath written many useful discourses upon several subjects ; and hath so well deserved of the Christian religion, and the church of England in particular, that to

* The case stated.

accuse him of "impudence for proposing an union" in two very different faiths, is a style which I hope few will imitate. I detest Mr. Leslie's political principles as much as his Lordship can do for his heart; but I verily believe he acts from a mistaken conscience, and therefore I distinguish between the principles and the person. However, it is some mortification to me, when I see an avowed nonjuror contribute more to the confounding of Popery, than could ever be done by a hundred thousand such introductions as this.

His Lordship ends with discovering a small ray of comfort. "God be thanked, there are many
 " among us that stand upon the watch-tower, and
 " that give faithful warning; that stand in the
 " breach, and make themselves a wall for their
 " church and country; that cry to God day and
 " night, and lie in the dust mourning before him,
 " to avert those judgements that seem to hasten to-
 " wards us. They search into the mystery of ini-
 " quity that is working among us, and acquaint
 " themselves with that mass of corruption that is
 " in Popery." He prays, "that the number of
 " these may increase, and that he may be of that
 " number, ready either to die in peace, or to seal
 " that doctrine he hath been preaching above fifty
 " years with his blood." This being his last para-
 graph, I have made bold to transcribe the most
 important parts of it. His design is to end after
 the manner of orators, with leaving the strongest
 impression possible upon the minds of his hearers.
 A great breach is made, "the mystery of Popish
 " iniquity is working among us;" may God avert
 those "judgements that are hastening towards us!"
 I am an old man, "a preacher above fifty years;"
 and I now expect, and am ready to die a martyr
 for the doctrines I have preached. What an ami-
 able idea doth he here leave upon our minds of her
 Majesty and her government! He hath been poring

so long upon Fox's book of martyrs, that he imagines himself living in the reign of Queen Mary, and is resolved to set up for a knight-errant against Popery. Upon the supposition of his being in earnest, (which I am sure he is not), it would require but a very little more heat of imagination to make a history of such a knight's adventures. What would he say to behold the fires kindled in Smithfield, and all over the town, on the 17th of November; to behold the Pope borne in triumph on the shoulders of the people, with a Cardinal on the one side, and the Pretender on the other? He would never believe it was Queen Elisabeth's day, but of her persecuting sister. In short, how easily might a windmill be taken for the whore of Babylon, and a puppet-show for a Popish procession?

But enthusiasm is none of his Lordship's faculty. I am inclined to believe, he might be melancholly enough when he wrote his introduction. The despair at his age of seeing a faction restored, to which he hath sacrificed so great part of his life; the little success he can hope for in case he should resume those high-church principles, in defence of which he first employed his pen; no visible expectation of removing to Farnham or Lambeth; and, lastly, the misfortune of being hated by every one, who either wears the habit, or values the profession, of a clergyman; no wonder such a spirit, in such a situation, is provoked beyond the regards of truth, decency, religion, or self-conviction. To do him justice, he seems to have nothing else left, but to cry out, "Halters, gibbets, faggots, inquisition, Popery, slavery, and the pretender." But in the mean time, he little considers what a world of mischief he doth to his cause. It is very convenient for the present designs of that faction, to spread the opinion of our immediate danger from Popery and the pretender. His directors therefore ought, in my humble opinion, to have employed his Lord-

ship in publishing a book, wherein he should have affirmed, by the most solemn asseverations, that all things were safe and well: for the world hath contracted so strong a habit of believing him backwards, that I am confident nine parts in ten of those who have read or heard of his introduction, have slept in greater security ever since. It is likely the melancholy tone of a watch-man at midnight, who thumps with his pole as if some thief were breaking in; but you know by the noise that the door is fast.

However, he thanks God there are many among us who stand in the breach. I believe they may: it is a breach of their own making; and they design to come forward, and storm, and plunder, if they be not driven back. "They make themselves a wall for the church and country." A south wall, I suppose, for all the best fruit of the church and country to be nailed on. Let us examine this metaphor. The "wall of our church and country" is built of those who love the constitution in both. Our domestic enemies undermine some parts of the wall, and place themselves in the breach, and then they cry, "We are the wall." We do not like such patch-work; they build with untempered mortar; nor can they ever cement with us, till they get better materials, and better workmen. God keep us from having our breaches made up with such rubbish! "They stand upon the watch-tower!" They are indeed pragmatistical enough to do so; but who assigned them that post, to give us false intelligence, to alarm us with false dangers, and send us to defend one gate, while their accomplices are breaking in at another? "They cry to God day and night to avert the judgement of Popery, which seems to hasten towards us." Then I affirm, they are "hypocrites by day, and filthy dreamers by night: when they cry unto him, he will not hear them;" for they cry a-
gainst

gainst the plainest dictates of their own conscience, reason, and belief.

But lastly, "they lie in the dust mourning before him." Hang me, if I believe that, unless it be figuratively spoken. But suppose it to be true, why do they lie in the dust? Because they love to raise it. For what do they mourn? Why, for power, wealth, and places. There let the enemies of the Queen, and monarchy, and the church, "lie, and mourn, and lick the dust like serpents," till they are truly sensible of their ingratitude, falsehood, disobedience, slander, blasphemy, sedition, and every evil work.

I cannot find in my heart to conclude, without offering his Lordship a little humble advice upon some certain points.

First, I would advise him, if it be not too late in his life, to endeavour a little at mending his style, which is mighty defective in the circumstances of grammar, propriety, politeness, and smoothness. I fancied at first it might be owing to the prevalence of his passion, as people sputter out nonsense for haste when they are in a rage. And indeed I believe this piece before me hath received some additional imperfections from that occasion. But whoever hath heard his sermons, or read his other tracts, will find him very unhappy in the choice and disposition of his words; and for want of variety, repeating them, especially the particles, in a manner very grating to an English ear. But I confine myself to the introduction, as his last work; where, endeavouring at the rhetorical flowers, he gives us only bunches of thistles; of which I could present the reader with a plentiful crop; but I refer him to every page and line of the pamphlet itself.

Secondly, I would most humbly advise his Lordship to examine a little into the nature of truth, and sometimes to hear what she says. I shall produce two instances among an hundred. When he asserts, that

that we are “now in more danger of Popery than “ towards the end of King Charles II.’s reign;” and gives the broadest hints, that the Queen, the ministry, the parliament, and the clergy, are just going to introduce it; I desire to know, whether he really thinks truth is of his side, or whether he be not sure she is against him? If the latter, then truth and he will be found in two different stories; and which are we to believe? Again, when he gravely advises the Tories not to light the fires in Smithfield, and goes on, in twenty places already quoted, as if the bargain was made for Popery and slavery to enter? I ask again, whether he hath rightly considered the nature of truth? I desire to put a parallel case. Suppose his Lordship should take it into his fancy to write and publish a letter to any gentleman of no infamous character for his religion or morals; and there advise him with great earnestness not to rob or fire churches, ravish his daughter, or murder his father: shew him the sin and the danger of these enormities; that if he flattered himself he could escape in disguise, or bribe his jury, he was grievously mistaken; that he must in all probability forfeit his goods and chattels, die an ignominious death, and be cursed by posterity; would not such a gentleman justly think himself highly injured, although his Lordship did not affirm, that the said gentleman had picklocks or combustibles ready; that he had attempted his daughter, and drawn his sword against his father in order to stab him? whereas, in the other case, this writer affirms over and over, that all attempts for introducing Popery and slavery are already made, the whole business concerted, and that little less than a miracle can prevent our ruin.

Thirdly, I could heartily wish his Lordship would not undertake to charge the opinions of one or two, and those probably nonjurors, upon the whole body of the nation that differs from him. Mr.

Leslie

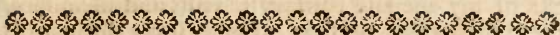
Leslie writ a "propofal for an union with the Gallican church;" somebody elfe hath "carried the neceffity of priesthood in point of baptifm further than Popery;" a third hath "afferted the independency of the church on the ftate, and in many things arraigned the fupremacy of the crown:" then he fpeaks in a dubious infinuating way, as if fome other Popifh tenets had been already advanced; and at laft concludes in this affected ftain of defpondency, "What will all thefe things end in? and on what defign are they driven? Alas, it is too vifible!" It is as clear as the fun, that thefe authors are encouraged by the miniftry, with a defign to bring in Popery; and in Popery all thefe things will end.

I never was fo uncharitable to believe, that the whole party of which his Lordfhip profeffeth himfelf a member, had a real formed defign of eftablifh Atheifm among us. The reason why the Whigs have taken the Atheifts or Freethinkers into their body, is, becaufe they wholly agree in their political fchemes, and differ very little in church power and difcipline. However, I could turn the argument againft his Lordfhip with very great advantage, by quoting paffages from fifty pamphlets wholly made up of Whiggifm and Atheifm, and then conclude, "What will all thefe things end in? and on what defign are they driven? Alas, it is too vifible!"

Laftly, I would beg his Lordfhip not to be fo exceedingly outrageous upon the memory of the dead, becaufe it is highly probable, that in a very fhort time he will be one of the number. He hath in plain words given Mr. Wharton the character of a moft malicious, revengeful, treacherous, lying, mercenary villain. To which I fhall only fay, that the direct reverse of this amiable description is what appears from the works of that moft learned divine, and from the accounts given me by thofe
who

who knew him much better than the Bishop seems to have done. I meddle not with the moral part of this treatment. God Almighty forgive his Lordship this manner of revenging himself; and then there will be but little consequence from an accusation, which the dead cannot feel, and which none of the living will believe.





A complete COLLECTION of GENTEEL
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cording to the most polite mode and me-
thod now used at court, and in the best
companies of England *.

IN THREE DIALOGUES.

By SIMON WAGSTAFF, Esq;

AN INTRODUCTION.

AS my life hath been chiefly spent in consulting
the honour and welfare of my country for
more than forty years past, not without unanswer-
able success, if the world and my friends have not
flattered me; so there is no point wherein I have
so much laboured, as that of improving and polish-
ing all parts of conversation between persons of
quality, whether they meet by accident or invitation,
at meals, tea, or visits, mornings, noons, or even-
ings.

* This treatise appears to have been written with the same view
as the "critical essay on the faculties of the mind" [Vol 5.] but upon
a more general plan. The ridicule, which is there confined to lite-
rary composition, is here extended to conversation: but its object is the
same in both; the repetition of quaint phrases picked up by rote ei-
ther from the living or the dead, and applied upon every occasion to
conceal ignorance or stupidity or to prevent the labour of thoughts to
produce native sentiment, and combine such words as will precisely
express it.

I have

I have passed perhaps more time than any other man of my age and country in visits and assemblies, where the polite persons of both sexes distinguish themselves; and could not, without much grief, observe how frequently both gentlemen and ladies are at a loss for questions, answers, replies, and rejoinders. However, my concern was much abated when I found, that these defects were not occasioned by any want of materials, but because those materials were not in every hand. For instance, one lady can give an answer better than ask a question: one gentleman is happy at a reply; another excels in a rejoinder; one can revive a languishing conversation by a sudden surprising sentence; another is more dextrous in seconding; a third can fill the gap with laughing, or commending what has been said. Thus fresh hints may be started, and the ball of the discourse kept up.

But alas! this is too seldom the case, even in the most select companies. How often do we see at court, at public visiting days, at great mens levees, and other places of general meeting, that the conversation falls and drops to nothing, like a fire without supply of fuel? This is what we all ought to lament; and against this dangerous evil I take upon me to affirm, that I have in the following papers provided an infallible remedy.

It was in the year 1695, and the sixth of his late Majesty King William III. of ever glorious and immortal memory, who rescued three kingdoms from Popery and slavery, when, being about the age of six and thirty, my judgement mature, of good reputation in the world, and well acquainted with the best families in town, I determined to spend five mornings, to dine four times, pass three afternoons, and six evenings, every week, in the houses of the most polite families, of which I would confine myself to fifty; only changing as the masters or ladies died, or left the town, or grew out

of vogue, or funk in their fortunes, or (which to me was of the highest moment) became disaffected to the government; which practice I have followed ever since to this very day; except when I happened to be sick, or in the spleen upon cloudy weather; and except when I entertained four of each sex at my own lodgings once in a month, by way of retaliation.

I always kept a large table-book in my pocket; and as soon as I left the company, I immediately entered the choicest expressions that passed during the visit; which, returning home, I transcribed in a fair hand, but somewhat enlarged: and had made the greatest part of my collection in twelve years, but not digested into any method; for this I found was a work of infinite labour, and what required the nicest judgement, and consequently could not be brought to any degree of perfection in less than sixteen years more.

Herein I resolved to exceed the advice of Horace, a Roman Poet, which I have read in Mr. Creech's admirable translation, that an author should keep his works nine years in his closet, before he venture to publish them: and finding that I still received some additional flowers of wit and language, although in a very small number, I determined to defer the publication, to pursue my design, and exhaust if possible the whole subject, that I might present a complete system to the world. For I am convinced by long experience, that the critics will be as severe as their old envy against me can make them. I foresee they will object, that I have inserted many answers and replies which are neither witty, humorous, polite, nor authentic; and have omitted others that would have been highly useful, as well as entertaining. But let them come to particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their malice.

For these last six or seven years I have not been able to add above nine valuable sentences to enrich my collection; from whence I conclude, that what remains will amount only to a trifle. However, if, after the publication of this work, any lady or gentleman, when they have read it, shall find the least thing of importance omitted, I desire they will please to supply my defects, by communicating to me their discoveries; and their letters may be directed to Simon Wagstaff, Esq; at his lodgings next door to the Gloucester-head in St. James's street, (paying the postage). In return of which favour, I shall make honourable mention of their names in a short preface to the second edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with some pride, and much pleasure, congratulate with my dear country, which hath outdone all the nations of Europe, in advancing the whole art of conversation to the greatest height it is capable of reaching; and therefore, being entirely convinced that the collection I now offer to the public is full and complete, I may at the same time boldly affirm, that the whole genius, humour, politeness, and eloquence of England are summed up in it. Nor is the treasure small, wherein are to be found at least a thousand shining questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of discourse that an assembly of English ladies and gentlemen, met together for their mutual entertainment, can possibly want; especially when the several flowers shall be set off and improved by the speakers, with every circumstance of preface and circumlocution, in proper terms; and attended with praise, laughter, or admiration.

There is a natural, involuntary distortion of the muscles, which is the anatomical cause of laughter; but there is another cause of laughter which decency requires, and is the undoubted mark of a
good

good taste, as well as of a polite obliging behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without much observation, long practice, and a sound judgment. I did therefore once intend, for the ease of the learner, to set down in all parts of the following dialogues, certain marks, asterisks, or *nota-bene's*, (in English, *markwells*), after most questions, and every reply or answer; directing exactly the moment when one, two, or all the company, are to laugh: but having duly considered, that this expedient would too much enlarge the bulk of the volume, and consequently the price? and likewise that something ought to be left for ingenious readers to find out; I have determined to leave that whole affair, although of great importance, to their own discretion.

The reader must learn by all means to distinguish between proverbs, and those polite speeches which beautify conversation; for, as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious discourse. I acknowledge indeed, that there may possibly be found in this treatise a few sayings, among so great a number of smart turns of wit and humour as I have produced, which have a proverbial air: however, I hope it will be considered, that these were not originally proverbs, but the genuine productions of superior wits to embellish and support conversation; from whence, with great impropriety, as well as plagiarism, (if you will forgive a hard word), they have most injuriously been transferred into proverbial maxims; and therefore in justice ought to be resumed out of vulgar hands, to adorn the drawing-rooms of princes, both male and female, the levees of great ministers, as well as the toilet and tea-table of the ladies.

I can faithfully assure the reader, that there is not one single witty phrase in this whole collection, which hath not received the stamp and approbation of at least one hundred years, and how much

longer, it is hard to determine : he may therefore be secure to find them all genuine, sterling, and authentic.

But before this elaborate treatise can become of universal use and ornament to my native country, two points that will require time and much application, are absolutely necessary.

For, first, whatever person would aspire to be completely witty, smart, humourous, and polite, must, by hard labour, be able to retain in his memory every single sentence contained in this work, so as never to be once at a loss in applying the right answers, questions, repartees, and the like, immediately, and without study or hesitation.

And, secondly, after a lady or gentleman hath so well overcome this difficulty, as never to be at a loss upon any emergency, the true management of every feature, and almost of every limb, is equally necessary ; without which an infinite number of absurdities will inevitably ensue. For instance, there is hardly a polite sentence in the following dialogues which doth not absolutely require some peculiar graceful motion in the eyes, or nose, or mouth, or forehead, or chin, or suitable toss of the head, with certain offices assigned to each hand ; and in ladies, the whole exercise of the fan, fitted to the energy of every word they deliver ; by no means omitting the various turns and cadence of the voice, the twistings, and movements, and different postures of the body, the several kinds and gradations of laughter, which the ladies must daily practise by the looking-glass, and consult upon them with their waiting-maids.

My readers will soon observe what a great compass of real and useful knowledge this science includes ; wherein, although nature, assisted by a genius, may be very instrumental, yet a strong memory and constant application, together with example and precept, will be highly necessary, For
these

these reasons I have often wished, that certain male and female instructors, perfectly versed in this science, would set up schools for the instruction of young ladies and gentlemen therein.

I remember about thirty years ago, there was a Bohemian woman, of that species commonly known by the name of *gypsies*, who came over hither from France, and gennerally attended ISAAC the dancing-master, when he was teaching his art to misses of quality; and while the young ladies were thus employed, the Bohemian, standing at some distance, but full in their sight, acted before them all proper airs, and heavings of the head, and motions of the hands, and twittings of the body; whereof you may still observe the good effects in several of our elder ladies.

After the same manner, it were much to be desired, that some expert gentlewoman gone to decay would set up public schools, wherein young girls of quality, or great fortunes, might first be taught to repeat this following system of conversation, which I have been at so much pains to compile; and then to adapt every feature of their countenances, every turn of their hands, every screwing of their bodies, every exercise of their fans, to the humour of the sentences they hear or deliver in conversation: but above all to instruct them in every species and degree of laughing in proper seasons at their own wit, or that of the company. And if the sons of the nobility and gentry, instead of being sent to common schools, or put into the hands of tutors at home, to learn nothing but words, were consigned to able instructors in the same art, I cannot find what use there could be of books, except in the hands of those who are to make learning their trade, which is below the dignity of person born to titles or estates.

It would be another infinite advantage, that, by cultivating this science, we should wholly avoid the

vexations and impertinence of pedants, who affect to talk in a language not to be understood; and whenever a polite person offers accidentally to use any of their jargon-terms, have the presumption to laugh at us for pronouncing those words in a genteeler manner. Whereas I do here affirm, that whenever any fine gentleman or lady condescends to let a hard word pass out of their mouths, every syllable is smoothed and polished in the passage; and it is a true mark of politeness, both in writing and reading, to vary the orthography as well as the sound; because we are infinitely better judges of what will please a distinguishing ear, than those who call themselves *scholars*, can possibly be; who, consequently, ought to correct their books, and manner of pronouncing, by the authority of our example, from whose lips they proceed with infinitely more beauty and significancy.

But, in the mean time, until so great, so useful, and so necessary a design can be put in execution, (which, considering the good disposition of our country at present, I shall not despair of living to see) let me recommend the following treatise, to be carried about as a pocket-companion, by all gentlemen and ladies, when they are going to visit, or dine, or drink tea; or where they happen to pass the evening without cards, (as I have sometimes known it to be the case, upon disappointments or accidents unforeseen); desiring they would read their several parts in their chair or coaches, to prepare themselves for every kind of conversation that can possibly happen.

Although I have, in justice to my country, allowed the genius of our people to excel that of any other nation upon earth, and have confirmed this truth by an argument not to be controlled, I mean, by producing so great a number of witty sentences in the ensuing dialogues, all of undoubted authority, as well as of our own production; yet I must
confess

confess at the same time, that we are wholly indebted for them to our ancestors ; at least, for as long as my memory reacheth, I do not recollect one new phrase of importance to have been added ; which defect in us moderns I take to have been occasioned by the introduction of cant-words in the reign of King Charles II. And those have so often varied, that hardly one of them, of above a year's standing, is now intelligible ; nor any where to be found, excepting a small number strewed here and there in the comedies and other fantastic writings of that age.

The Honourable Colonel James Graham, my old friend and companion, did likewise, towards the end of the same reign, invent a set of words and phrases, which continued almost to the time of his death. But, as these terms or art were adapted only to courts and politicians, and extended little farther than among his particular acquaintance, (of whom I had the honour to be one), they are now almost forgotten.

Nor did the late D. of R—— and E. of E——— succeed much better, although they proceeded no farther than single words ; whereof, except *bite*, *bamboozle*, and one or two more, the whole vocabulary is antiquated.

The same fate hath already attended these other town-wits, who furnish us with a great variety of new terms, which are annually changed, and those of the last season sunk in oblivion. Of these I was once favoured with a complete list, by the Right Honourable the Lord and Lady H———, with which I made a considerable figure one summer in the country ; but returning up to town in winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not understood.

The only invention of late years, which hath any way contributed towards politeness in discourse, is that of abbreviating or reducing words of many syllables

syllables into one, by lopping off the rest. This refinement having begun about the time of the Revolution, I had some share in the honour of promoting it; and I observe, to my great satisfaction, that it makes daily advancements, and I hope in time will raise our language to the utmost perfection; although I must confess, to avoid obscurity, I have been very sparing of this ornament in the following dialogues.

But as for phrases invented to cultivate conversation, I defy all the clubs of coffeehouses in this town to invent a new one, equal in wit, humour, smartness, or politeness, to the very worst of my set; which clearly shows, either that we are much degenerated, or that the whole stock of materials hath been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter; because, having myself for several months racked my invention to enrich this treasure (if possible) with some additions of my own, (which, however, should have been printed in a different character, that I might not be charged with imposing upon the public), and having shewn them to some judicious friends, they dealt very sincerely with me, all unanimously agreeing, that mine were infinitely below the true old helps to discourse, drawn up in my present collection, and confirmed their opinion with reasons by which I was perfectly convinced, as well as ashamed of my great presumption.

But I lately met a stronger argument to confirm me in the same sentiments. For as the great Bishop Burnet of Salisbury informs us, in the preface to his admirable History of his own times, that he intended to employ himself in polishing it every day of his life, (and indeed, in its kind, it is almost equally polished with this work of mine); so it hath been my constant business, for some years past, to examine with the utmost strictness, whether I could possibly find the smallest lapse in style or propriety,
through

through my whole collection, that, in emulation with the Bishop, I might send it abroad as the most finished piece of the age.

It happened one day, as I was dining in good company of both sexes, and watching, according to my custom, for new materials wherewith to fill my pocket-book, I succeeded well enough, till after dinner, when the ladies retired to their tea, and left us over a bottle of wine. But I found we were not able to furnish any more materials that were worth the pains of transcribing : For the discourse of the company was all degenerated into smart sayings of their own invention, and not of the true old standard ; so that in absolute despair, I withdrew, and went to attend the ladies at their tea : from whence I did then conclude, and still continue to believe, either that wine doth not inspire politeness, or that our sex is not able to support it without the company of women, who never fail to lead us into the right way, and there to keep us.

It much increaseth the value of these apophthegms, that unto them we owe the continuance of our language for at least an hundred years. Neither is this to be wondered at ; because indeed, besides the smartness of the wit, and fineness of the railery, such is the propriety and energy of expression in them all, that they never can be changed, but to disadvantage, except in the circumstance of using abbreviations ; which, however, I do not despair in due time to see introduced, having already met them at some of the choice companies in town.

Although this work be calculated for all persons of quality and fortune of both sexes ; yet the reader may perceive, that my particular view was to the officers of the army, the gentlemen of the inns of court, and of both the universities ; to all courtiers, male and female, but principally to the maids of honour, of whom I have been personally acquainted with two and twenty sets, all excelling in this noble

noble endowment: till, for some years past, I know not how, they came to degenerate into selling of bargains, and Freethinking: not that I am against either of these entertainments at proper seasons, in compliance with company, who may want a taste for more exalted discourse, whose memories may be short, who are too young to be perfect in their lessons, or (although it be hard to conceive) who have no inclination to read and learn my instructions. And besides, there is a strong temptation for court-ladies to fall into the two amusements above mentioned, that they may avoid the censure of affecting singularity, against the general current and fashion of all about them. But, however, no man will pretend to affirm, that either bargains or blasphemy, which are the principal ornaments of Freethinking are so good a fund of polite discourse, as what is to be met with in my collection. For as to bargains, few of them seem to be excellent in their kind, and have not much variety, because they all terminate in one single point; and to multiply them, would require more invention than people have to spare. And as to blasphemy or Freethinking, I have known some scrupulous persons of both sexes, who, by a prejudiced education, are afraid of sprights. I must, however, except the maids of honour, who have been fully convinced by a famous court-chaplain, that there is no such a place as hell.

I cannot indeed controvert the lawfulness of Freethinking, because it hath been universally allowed, that thought is free. But, however, altho' it may afford a large field of matter, yet, in my poor opinion, it seems to contain very little of wit or humour; because it hath not been ancient enough among us to furnish established authentic expressions, I mean such as must receive a sanction from the polite world, before their authority can be allowed. Neither was the art of blasphemy or Freethinking

Freethinking invented by the court, or persons of great quality, who, properly speaking, were patrons rather than inventors of it; but first brought in by the fanatic faction towards the end of their power, and after the restoration carried to Whitehall by the converted rumpers; with very good reason; because they knew that King Charles II. from a wrong education, occasioned by the troubles of his father, had time enough to observe, that Fanatic enthusiasm directly led to Atheism, which agreed with the dissolute inclination of his youth; and perhaps these principles were further cultivated in him by the French Hugonots, who have been often charged with spreading them among us. However, I cannot see where the necessity lies of introducing new and foreign topics for conversation, while we have so plentiful a stock of our own growth.

I have likewise, for some reasons of equal weight, been very sparing in double entendres; because they often put ladies upon affected constraints, and affected ignorance. In short, they break, or very much entangle the thread of discourse. Neither am I master of any rules to settle the disconcerted countenances of the females in such a juncture; I can therefore only allow innuendoes of this kind to be delivered in whispers, and only to young ladies under twenty, who being in honour obliged to blush, it may produce a new subject for discourse.

Perhaps the critics may accuse me of a defect in my following system of Polite conversation; that there is one great ornament of discourse, whereof I have not produced a single example; which indeed I purposely omitted, for some reasons that I shall immediately offer: and if these reasons will not satisfy the male part of my gentle readers, the defect may be supplied in some manner by an appendix to the second edition; which appendix shall be printed by itself, and sold for sixpence, stitched,

ed, and with a marble cover, that my readers may have no occasion to complain of being defrauded.

The defect I mean is, my not having inserted into the body of my book, all the oaths now most in fashion for imbellishing discourse; especially since it could give no offence to the clergy, who are seldom or never admitted to these polite assemblies. And it must be allowed, that oaths well chosen, are not only very useful expletives to matter, but great ornaments of style.

What I shall here offer in my own defence upon this important article, will, I hope, be some extenuation of my fault.

First, I reasoned with myself, that a just collection of oaths, repeated as often as the fashion requires, must have enlarged this volume, at least, to double the bulk; whereby it would not only double the charge, but likewise make the volume less commodious for pocket-carriage.

Secondly, I have been assured by some judicious friends that themselves have known certain ladies to take offence (whether seriously or no) at too great a profusion of cursing and swearing, even when that kind of ornament was not improperly introduced; which, I confess, did startle me not a little, having never observed the like in the compass of my own female acquaintance, at least, for twenty years past. However, I was forced to submit to wiser judgements than my own.

Thirdly, As this most useful treatise is calculated for all future times, I considered in this maturity of my age, how great a variety of oaths I have heard since I began to study the world, and to know men and manners. And here I found it to be true, what I have read in an ancient poet,

“For now a-days men change their oaths,
“As often as they change their cloaths.”

In short, oaths are the children of fashion; they are in some sense almost annuals, like what I observed before of cant-words; and I myself can remember about forty different sets. The old stock-oaths, I am confident, do not amount to above forty-five, or fifty at most; but the way of mingling and compounding them is almost as various as that of the alphabet.

Sir John Perrot was the first man of quality, whom I find upon record to have sworn by *God's wounds*. He lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was supposed to have been a natural son of Henry VIII. who might also probably have been his instructor. This oath indeed still continues, and is a stock-oath to this day; so do several others that have kept their natural simplicity. But infinitely the greater number hath been so frequently changed and dislocated, that if the inventors were now alive, they could hardly understand them.

Upon these considerations I began to apprehend, that if I should insert all the oaths that are now current, my book would be out of vogue with the first change of fashion, and grow as useless as an old dictionary: whereas the case is quite otherwise with my collection of polite discourse; which, as I before observed, hath descended by tradition for at least an hundred years, without any change in the phraseology. I therefore determined with myself to leave out the whole system of swearing; because both the male and female oaths are all perfectly well known and distinguished: new ones are easily learned, and with a moderate share of discretion may be properly applied on every fit occasion. However, I must here, upon this article of swearing, most earnestly recommend to my male-readers, that they would please a little to study variety. For it is the opinion of our most refined swearers, that the same oath or curse cannot, consistently with

true politeness, be repeated above nine times in the same company, by the same person, and at one sitting.

I am far from desiring, or expecting, that all the polite and ingenious speeches contained in this work should, in the general conversation between ladies and gentlemen, come in so quick and so close, as I have here delivered them. By no means. On the contrary, they ought to be husbanded better, and spread much thinner. Nor do I make the least question, but that by a discreet and thrifty management, they may serve for the entertainment of a whole year to any person, who does not make too long or too frequent visits in the same family. The flowers of wit, fancy, wisdom, humour, and politeness, scattered in this volume, amount to one thousand seventy and four. Allowing then to every gentleman and lady thirty visiting families, (not insisting upon fractions), there will want but little of an hundred polite questions, answers, replies, rejoinders, repartees, and remarks, to be daily delivered fresh in every company for twelve solar months; and even this is a higher pitch of delicacy than the world insists on, or hath reason to expect. But I am altogether for exalting this science to its utmost perfection.

It may be objected, That the publication of my book may, in a long course of time, prostitute this noble art to mean and vulgar people. But I answer, That it is not so easy an acquirement as a few ignorant pretenders may imagine. A footman can swear, but he cannot swear like a lord. He can swear as often; but can he swear with equal delicacy, propriety, and judgment? No, certainly; unless he be a lad of superior parts, of good memory, a diligent observer, one who hath a skilful ear, some knowledge of music, and an exact taste: which hardly fall to the share of one in a thousand among that fraternity, in as high favour

as they now stand with their ladies. Neither hath one footman in six so fine a genius as to relish and apply those exalted sentences comprised in this volume, which I offer to the world. It is true, I cannot see that the same ill consequences would follow from the waiting-woman; who, if she had been bred to read romances, may have some small subaltern, or second hand politeness; and if she constantly attends the tea, and be a good listener, may in some years make a tolerable figure, which will serve perhaps to draw in the young chaplain, or the old steward. But, alas! after all, how can she acquire those hundred graces, and motions, and airs, the whole military management of the fan, the contortions of every muscular motion in the face, the risings and fallings, the quickness and slowness of the voice, with the several turns and cadences; the proper junctures of smiling and frowning; how often and how loud to laugh, when to gibe and when to flout, with all the other branches of doctrine and discipline above recited?

I am therefore not under the least apprehension, that this art will ever be in danger of falling into common hands, which requires so much time, study, practice, and genius, before it arrives to perfection; and therefore I must repeat my proposal for erecting public schools, provided with the best and ablest masters and mistresses, at the charge of the nation.

I have drawn this work into the form of a dialogue, after the pattern of other famous writers in history, law, politics, and most other arts and sciences; and I hope it will have the same success: for who can contest it to be of greater consequence to the happiness of these kingdoms, than all human knowledge put together? Dialogue is held the best method of inculcating any part of knowledge, and I am confident, that public

schools will soon be founded for teaching wit and politeness, after my scheme, to young people of quality and fortune. I have determined next sessions to deliver a petition to the house of Lords for an act of parliament, to establish my book as the standard grammar in all the principal cities of the kingdom, where this art is to be taught by able masters, who are to be approved and recommended by me; which is no more than Lilly obtained only for teaching words in a language wholly useless. Neither shall I be so far wanting to myself, as not to desire a patent, granted of course to all useful projectors; I mean, that I may have the sole profit of giving a licence to every school to read my grammar for fourteen years.

The reader cannot but observe what pains I have been at in polishing the style of my book to the greatest exactness. Nor have I been less diligent in refining the orthography, by spelling the words in the very same manner as they are pronounced by the chief patterns of politeness at court, at levees, at assemblies, at playhouses, at the prime visiting-places, by young templars, and by gentlemen commoners of both universities, who have lived at least a twelvemonth in town, and kept the best company. Of these spellings the public will meet with many examples in the following book. For instance, *can't*, *han't*, *shan't*, *didn't*, *coudn't*, *woudn't*, *isn't*, *en't*, with many more; besides several words which scholars pretend are derived from Greek and Latin, but now pared into a polite sound, by ladies, officers of the army, courtiers, and templars, such as *jommetry* for *geometry*, *verdy* for *verdict*, *lard* for *lord*, *learnen* for *learning*, together with some abbreviations exquisitely refined; as *poz* for *positive*; *mobb* for *mobile*; *phizz* for *physiognomy*; *rep* for *reputation*; *plenipo* for *plenipotentiary*; *incog* for *incognito*; *hypps*, or *hyppo*, for *hypochondriacs*; *bam* for *bamboozle*; and *bamboozle* for *God knows what*;

what ; whereby much time is saved, and the high road to conversation cut short by many a mile.

I have, as it will be apparent, laboured very much, and, I hope, with felicity enough, to make every character in the dialogue agreeable with itself, to a degree, that whenever any judicious person shall read my book aloud, for the entertainment and instruction of a select company, he need not so much as name the particular speakers ; because all the persons, throughout the several subjects of conversation, strictly observe a different manner peculiar to their characters, which are of different kinds. But this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial reader's discernment.

Perhaps the very manner of introducing the several points of wit and humour, may not be less entertaining and instructing than the matter itself. In the latter I can pretend to little merit ; because it entirely depends upon memory, and the happiness of having kept polite company : but the art of contriving that those speeches should be introduced naturally, as the most proper sentiments to be delivered upon so great a variety of subjects, I take to be a talent somewhat uncommon, and a labour that few people could hope to succeed in, unless they had a genius particularly turned that way, added to a sincere disinterested love of the public.

Although every curious question, smart answer, and witty reply, be little known to many people ; yet there is not one single sentence in the whole collection, for which I cannot bring most authentic vouchers, whenever I shall be called ; and even for some expressions which, to a few nice ears, may perhaps appear somewhat gross, I can produce the stamp of authority from courts, chocolatehouses, theatres, assemblies, drawing-rooms, levees, card-meetings, balls, and masquerades, from persons of both sexes, and of the highest titles next to royal.

However, to say the truth, I have been very sparing in my quotations of such sentiments that seem to be over free ; because, when I began my collection, such kind of converse was almost in its infancy, till it was taken into the protection of my honoured patronesses at court, by whose countenance and sanction it hath become a choice flower in the nosegay of wit and politeness.

Some will perhaps object, That when I bring my company to dinner, I mention too great a variety of dishes, not always consistent with the art of cookery, or proper for the season of the year, and part of the first course mingled with the second ; besides a failure in politeness, by introducing a black pudding to a lord's table, and at a great entertainment. But if I had omitted the black pudding, I desire to know what would have become of that exquisite reason given by Miss Notable for not eating it ? The world perhaps might have lost it for ever, and I should have been justly answerable for having left it out of my collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that such hypercritical readers will please to consider, my business was to make so full and complete a body of refined sayings as compact as I could, only taking care to produce them in the most natural and probable manner, in order to allure my readers into the very substance and marrow of this most admirable and necessary art.

I am heartily sorry, and was much disappointed, to find, that so universal and polite an entertainment as cards, hath hitherto contributed very little to the enlargement of my work. I have sat by my table-book ready, without being able, in eight hours, to gather matter for one single phrase in my book. But this, I think, may be easily accounted for, by the turbulence and jostling of passions, upon the various and surprising turns, incidents, revolutions, and events, of good and evil fortune,
that

that arrive in the course of a long evening at play; the mind being wholly taken up, and the consequences of non attention so fatal.

Play is supported upon the two great pillars of deliberation and action. The terms of art are few, prescribed by law and custom; no time allowed for digressions, or trials of wit. Quadrille, in particular, bears some resemblance to a state of nature, which we are told is a state of war, wherein every woman is against every woman; the unions short, inconstant, and soon broke; the league made this minute, without knowing the ally, and dissolved in the next. Thus, at the game of quadrille, female brains are always employed in stratagem, or their hands in action.

Neither can I find, that our art hath gained much by the happy revival of masquerading among us; the whole dialogue in those meetings being summed up in one (sprightly, I confess, but) single question, and as sprightly an answer: "Do you know me? Yes, I do;" and, "Do you know me? Yes, I do." For this reason, I did not think it proper to give my readers the trouble of introducing a masquerade, merely for the sake of a single question, and a single answer; especially when, to perform this in a proper manner, I must have brought in a hundred persons together, of both sexes, dressed in fantastic habits, for one minute, and dismissed them the next.

Neither is it reasonable to conceive, that our science can be much improved by masquerades, where the wit of both sexes is altogether taken up in contriving singular and humourfome disguises; and their thoughts entirely employed in bringing intrigues and assignations of gallantry to an happy conclusion.

The judicious reader will readily discover, that I make Miss Notable my heroine, and Mr. Thomas Neverout my hero. I have laboured both their characters

characters with my utmost ability. It is into their mouths that I have put the liveliest questions, answers, repartees, and rejoinders; because my design was, to propose them both as patterns for all young batchelors, and single ladies, to copy after. By which I hope very soon to see polite conversation flourish between both sexes, in a more consummate degree of perfection, than these kingdoms have yet ever known.

I have drawn some lines of Sir John Linger's character, the Derbyshire knight, on purpose to place it in counterview or contrast with that of the other company; wherein I can assure the reader, that I intended not the least reflection upon Derbyshire, the place of my nativity; but my intention was only to shew the misfortune of those persons who have the disadvantage to be bred out of the circle of politeness; whereof I take the present limits to extend no further than London, and ten miles round, although others are pleased to confine it within the bills of mortality. If you compare the discourses of my gentlemen and ladies with those of Sir John, you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the same climate, or under the same laws, language, religion, or government: and accordingly I have introduced him speaking in his own rude dialect, for no other reason than to teach my scholars how to avoid it.

The curious reader will observe, that when conversation appears in danger to flag, which in some places I have artfully contrived, I took care to invent some sudden question, or turn of wit, to revive it; such as these that follow. "What? I think here's a silent meeting! Come, Madam, a penny for your thought;" with several other of the like sort. I have rejected all provincial or country turns of wit and fancy, because I am acquainted with very few; but, indeed, chiefly because I found them so much inferior to those at court;

court ; especially among the gentlemen-ushers, the ladies of the bed-chamber, and the maids of honour ; I must also add the hither end of our noble metropolis.

When this happy art of polite conversing shall be thoroughly improved, good company will be no longer pestered with dull, dry, tedious story-tellers, nor brangling disputers : for a right scholar, of either sex, in our science, will perpetually interrupt them with some sudden surprising piece of wit, that shall engage all the company in a loud laugh, and if, after a pause, the grave companion resumes his thread, in the following manner, “ Well, but to “ go on with my story,” new interruptions come from the left and the right, till he is forced to give over.

I have likewise made some few essays towards “ felling of bargains,” as well for instructing those who delight in that accomplishment, as in compliance with my female friends at court. However, I have transgressed a little in this point, by doing it in a manner somewhat more reserved than it is now practised at St. James’s. At the same time, I can hardly allow this accomplishment to pass properly for a branch of that perfect polite conversation, which makes the constituent subject of my treatise ; and for this I have already given my reasons. I have likewise, for further caution, left a blank in the critical point of each bargain, which the sagacious reader may fill up in his own mind.

As to myself, I am proud to own, that, except some smattering in the French, I am what the pedants and scholars call, a man wholly illiterate, that is to say, unlearned. But as to my own language, I shall not readily yield to many persons. I have read most of the plays, and all the miscellany poems that have been published for twenty years past. I have read Mr. Thomas Brown’s works entire, and

and had the honour to be his intimate friend, who was universally allowed to be the greatest genius of his age.

Upon what foot I stand with the present chief reigning wits, their verses recommendatory, which they have commanded me to prefix before my book, will be more than a thousand witnesses. I am, and have been likewise particularly acquainted with Mr. Charles Gildon, Mr. Ward, Mr. Dennis, that admirable critic and poet, and several others. Each of these eminent persons (I mean those who are still alive) have done me the honour to read this production five times over, with the strictest eye of friendly severity, and proposed some, although very few amendments; which I gratefully accepted, and do here publicly return my acknowledgement for so singular a favour.

And I cannot conceal without ingratitude, the great assistance I have received from these two illustrious writers, Mr. Ozell, and Captain Stevens. These, and some others of distinguished eminence, in whose company I have passed so many agreeable hours, as they have been the great refiners of our language, so it hath been my chief ambition to imitate them. Let the Popes, the Gays, the Arbuthnots, the Youngs, and the rest of that snarling brood, burst with envy at the praises we receive from the court and kingdom.

But to return from this digression.

The reader will find, that the following collection of polite expressions will easily incorporate with all subjects of genteel and fashionable life. Those which are proper for morning-tea will be equally useful at the same entertainment in the afternoon, even in the same company, only by shifting the several questions, answers, and replies, into different hands; and such as are adapted to meals, will indifferently serve for dinners or suppers, only distinguishing between day-light and candle-light. By
this

this method no diligent person, of a tolerable memory, can ever be at a loss.

It hath been my constant opinion, that every man who is intrusted by nature with any useful talent of the mind, is bound by all the ties of honour, and that justice which we all owe our country, to propose to himself some one illustrious action, to be performed in his life for the public emolument: and I freely confess, that so grand, so important an enterprize, as I have undertaken, and executed to the best of my power, well deserved a much abler hand, as well as a liberal encouragement from the crown. However, I am bound so far to acquit myself, as to declare, that I have often and most earnestly intreated several of my above-named friends, universally allowed to be of the first rank in wit and politeness, that they would undertake a work so honourable to themselves, and so beneficial to the kingdom: but so great was their modesty, that they all thought fit to excuse themselves, and impose the task on me; yet in so obliging a manner, and attended with such compliments on my poor qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And, at last, their intreatiss, or rather their commands, added to that inviolable love I bear to the land of my nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in so bold an attempt.

I may venture to affirm, without the least violation of modesty, that there is no man now alive, who hath by many degrees so just pretensions as myself to the highest encouragement from the crown, the parliament, and the ministry, towards bringing this work to its due perfection. I have been assured, that several great heroes of antiquity were worshipped as gods upon the merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous people. It is manifest I could have no other intentions; and I dare appeal to my very enemies, if such a treatise as mine had been published some years ago, and with

as much success as I am confident this will meet, I mean, by turning the thoughts of the whole nobility and gentry to the study and practice of polite conversation; whether such mean, stupid writers, as the Craftsman and his abettors, could have been able to corrupt the principles of so many hundred thousand subjects, as, to the shame and grief of every Whiggish, loyal, and true Protestant heart, it is too manifest they have. For I desire the honest judicious reader to make one remark, that, after having exhausted the whole *in sickly pay-day** (if I may so call it) of politeness and refinement, and faithfully digested it into the following dialogues, there cannot be found one expression relating to politics; that the ministry is never mentioned, nor the word *King* above twice or thrice, and then only to the honour of his Majesty; so very cautious were our wiser ancestors in forming rules for conversation, as never to give offence to crowned heads, nor interfere with party-disputes in the state. And indeed, although there seems to be a close resemblance between the two words, *politeness* and *politics*, yet no ideas are more inconsistent in their natures. However, to avoid all appearance of dissimulation, I have taken care to enforce loyalty by an invincible argument, drawn from the very fountain of this noble science, in the following short terms, that ought to be writ in gold, “Must is for the King:” which uncontrollable maxim I took particular care of introducing in the first page of my book, thereby to instil early the best Protestant loyal notions into the minds of my readers. Neither is it merely my own private opinion, that politeness is the firmest foundation upon which loyalty can be supported; for thus happily sings the ne-

* This word is spell by Latinists, *Encyclopædia*; but the judicious author wisely prefers the polite reading before the pedantic.

ver-to-be-too-much-admired Lord H——, in his truly sublime poem, called, *Loyalty defined*.

“ Who’s not polite, for the pretender is ;
 “ A Jacobite, I know him by his phiz.”

In the like manner, the divine Mr. Tibbalds, or Theobalds, in one of his birth-day poems ;

“ I am no schollard, but I am polite ;
 “ Therefore be sure I am no Jacobite.”

Hear likewise to the same purpose that great master of the whole poetic choir, our most illustrious laureat, Mr. Colley Cibber :

“ Who in his talk can’t speak a polite thing,
 “ Will never loyal be to *George* our King.”

I could produce many more shining passages out of our principal poets of both sexes to confirm this momentous truth. From whence I think it may be fairly concluded, that whoever can most contribute towards propagating the science contained in the following sheets through the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, may justly demand all the favour that the wisest court and most judicious senate are able to confer on the most deserving subject. I leave the application to my readers.

This is the work which I have been so hardy to attempt, and without the least mercenary view. Neither do I doubt of succeeding to my full wish, except among the Tories and their abettors, who being all Jacobites, and consequently Papists in their hearts, from a want of true taste, or by strong affectation, may perhaps resolve not to read my book ; chusing rather to deny themselves the pleasure and honour of shining in polite company among the principal geniuses of both sexes through-

out the kingdom, than adorn their minds with this noble art ; and probably apprehending, (as I confess, nothing is more likely to happen) that a true spirit of loyalty to the Protestant succession should steal in along with it.

If my favourable and gentle reader could possibly conceive the perpetual watchings, the numberless toils, the frequent risings in the night to set down several ingenious sentences, that I suddenly or accidentally recollected ; and which, without my utmost vigilance, had been irrecoverable lost for ever : if they would consider with what incredible diligence I daily and nightly attended at those houses where persons of both sexes, and of the most distinguished merit, used to meet and display their talents ; with what attention I listened to all their discourses, the better to retain them in my memory ; and then at proper seasons withdrew unobserved to enter them in my table-book, while the company little suspected what a noble work I had then in embryo : I say, if all these were known to the world, I think it would be no great presumption in me to expect, at a proper juncture, the public thanks of both houses of parliament, for the service and honour I have done to the whole nation by my single pen.

Although I have never been once charged with the least tincture of vanity, the reader will, I hope, give me leave to put an easy question, What is become of all the King of Sweden's victories : where are the fruits of them at this day ; or of what benefit will they be to posterity ? Were not many of his greatest actions owing, at least in part, to fortune ? Were not all of them owing to the valour of his troops, as much as to his own conduct ? Could he have conquered the Polish king, or the Czar of Muscovy, with his single arm ? Far be it from me to envy or lessen the fame he hath acquired ; but, at the same time, I will venture to say, without
breach

breach of modesty, that I, who have alone with this right hand subdued barbarism, rudeness, and rusticity; who have established and fixed for ever the whole system of all true politeness and refinement in conversation, should think myself most inhumanly treated by my countrymen, and would accordingly resent it as the highest indignity, to be put on a level, in point of fame, in after ages, with Charles XII. late King of Sweden.

And yet so incurable is the love of detraction, perhaps beyond what the charitable reader will easily believe, that I have been assured by more than one credible person, how some of my enemies have industriously whispered about, that one Isaac Newton, an instrument-maker, formerly living near Liecester-fields, and afterwards a workman in the mint at the Tower, might possibly pretend to vie with me for fame in future times. The man, it seems, was knighted, for making sun-dials better than others of his trade; and was thought to be a conjurer, because he knew how to draw lines and circles upon a slate, which no body could understand. But adieu to all noble attempts for endless renown, if the ghost of an obscure mechanic shall be raised up to enter into competition with me, only for his skill in making pot-hooks and hangers with a pencil, which many thousand accomplished gentlemen and ladies can perform as well with pen and ink upon a piece of paper, and in a manner as little intelligible as those of Sir Isaac.

My most ingenious friend already mentioned, Mr. Colley Cibber, who does so much honour to the laural crown he deservedly wears, (as he hath often done to many imperial diadems placed on his head) was pleas'd to tell me, that if my treatise were shaped into a comedy, the representation performed to advantage on our theatre, might very much contribute to the spreading of polite conver-

sation among all persons of distinction through the whole kingdom.

I own the thought was ingenious, and my friend's intention good: but I cannot agree to this proposal; for Mr. Cibber himself allowed, that the subjects handled in my work being so numerous and extensive, it would be absolutely impossible for one, two, or even six comedies to contain them. From whence it will follow, that many admirable and essential rules for polite conversation must be omitted.

And here let me do justice to my friend Mr. Tibbalds, who plainly confessed before Mr. Cibber himself, that such a project, as it would be a great diminution to my honour, so it would intolerably mangle my scheme, and thereby destroy the principal end at which I aimed, to form a complete body or system of this most useful science in all its parts. And therefore Mr. Tibbalds, whose judgment was never disputed, chose rather to fall in with my proposal, mentioned before, of erecting public schools and seminaries all over the kingdom; to instruct the young people of both sexes in this art, according to my rules, and in the method that I have laid down.

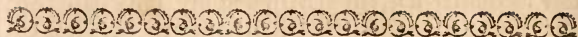
I shall conclude this long, but necessary introduction, with a request, or indeed rather a just and reasonable demand, from all lords, ladies, and gentlemen, that while they are entertaining and improving each other with those polite questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, which I have with infinite labour and close application, during the space of thirty-six years, been collecting for their service and improvement, they shall, as an instance of gratitude, on every proper occasion, quote my name, after this, or the like manner: “Madam, as our Master Wagstaff says; My Lord, “as our friend Wagstaff has it.” I do likewise expect,

pect, that all my pupils shall drink my health every day at dinner and supper during my life ; and that they, or their posterity, shall continue the same ceremony to my “ not inglorious memory,” after my decease, for ever.



H 3

POLITE



POLITE CONVERSATION *.

The MEN.

Lord SPARKISH.

Lord SMART.

Sir JOHN LINGER.

Mr. NEVEROUT.

Col. ATWITT.

The LADIES.

Lady SMART.

Miss NOTABLE.

Lady ANSWERALL.

The A R G U M E N T.

Lord Sparkish and Colonel Atwitt meet in the morning upon the Mall : Mr. Neverout joins them ; they all go to breakfast at Lady Smart's. Their conversation over their tea : after which they part ; but my Lord and the two gentlemen are invited to dinner. Sir John Linger invited likewise, and comes a little too late. The whole conversation at dinner : after which the ladies retire to their tea. The conversation of the ladies without the men, who are supposed to stay and drink a bottle ; but in some time go to the ladies, and drink tea with them. The conversation there. After which a party at quadrille until three in the morning ; but no conversation set down. They all take leave and go home.

* " I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand ; one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour." &c.

" I have a thing in prose, begun above twenty-eight years ago, and almost finished. It will make a four-shilling volume ; and is such a perfection of folly, that you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess."

DIALOGUE

D I A L O G U E I.

St. JAMES'S PARK.

*Lord Sparkish meeting Col. Atwitt.**Col.* WELL met, my Lord.*Lord Sparkish.* Thank ye Colonel. A parson would have said, I hope we shall meet in heaven. When did you see Tom Neverout?*Col.* He's just coming towards us. Talk of the devil——*Neverout comes up.**Col.* How do you do, Tom?*Neverout.* Never the better for you.*Col.* I hope you're never the worse: but pray where's your manners? don't you see my Lord Sparkish?*Neverout.* My Lord, I beg your Lordship's pardon.*Ld Sparkish,* Tom, how is it, that you can't see the wood for trees? what wind blew you hither?*Neverout.* Why, my Lord, it is an ill wind blows no body good; for it gives me the honour of seeing your Lordship.*Col.* Tom, you must go with us to Lady Smart's to breakfast.*Neverout.* Must! why, Colonel, must's for the King.[*Col. offering in jest to draw his sword.*]*Col.* Have you spoke with all your friends?*Neverout.* Colonel, as you're stout, be merciful.*Ld Sparkish.* Come, agree, agree; the law's costly.[*Col. taking his hand from his hilt.*]*Col.*

Col. Well, Tom, you are never the worfe man to be afraid of me. Come along.

Neverout. What do you think I was born in a wood to be afraid of an owl ?

I'll wait on you. I hope Miss Notable will be there : egad she's very handsome, and has wit at will.

Col. Why, every one as they like, as the good woman said when she kifs'd her cow.

Lord Smart's house ; they knock at the door ; the Porter comes out.

Ld Sparkish. Pray are you the porter ?

Porter. Yes, for want of a better.

Ld Sparkish. Is your lady at home ?

Porter. She was at home just now ; but she's not not gone out yet.

Neverout, I warrant this rogue's tongue is well hung.

Lady Smart's antechamber.

Lady Smart, Lady Answerall, and Miss Notable at the tea-table.

Lady Smart. My Lord, your Lordship's most humble servant.

Ld Sparkish. Madam. you spoke too late : I was your Ladyship's before.

Lady Smart. O ! Colonel, are you here ?

Col. As sure as you're there, Madam.

Lady Smart. Oh, Mr. Neverout ; What ! such a man alive !

Neverout. Ay, Madam, alive, and alive like to be, at your Ladyship's service.

Lady Smart. Well, I'll get a knife, and nick it down that Mr. Neverout came to our house. And pray what news, Mr. Neverout ?

Neverout,

Neverout. Why, Madam, Q. Elisabeth's dead.

Lady Smart. Well: Mr. Neverout, I see you are no changeling.

Miss Notable comes in.

Neverout. Miss, your slave: I hope your early rising will do you no harm. I find you are but just come out of the cloth-market.

Miss. I always rise at eleven, whether it be day or no.

Col. Miss, I hope you are up for all day.

Miss. Yes, if I don't get a fall before night.

Col. Miss, I heard you were out of order; pray how are you now:

Miss. Pretty well, Colonel, I thank you.

Col. Pretty and well, Miss, that's two very good things.

Miss. I mean I am better than I was.

Neverout. Why then, 'tis well you were sick.

Miss. What Mr. Neverout, you take me up before I'm down.

Lady Smart. Come let us leave off childrens play, and go to push-pin.

Miss. [to Lady Smart.] Pray, Madam, give me some more sugar to my tea.

Col. Oh! Miss you must needs be very good-humour'd, you love sweet things so well.

Neverout. Stir it up with the spoon, Miss; for the deeper the sweeter.

Lady Smart. I assure you Miss, the Colonel has made you a great compliment.

Miss. I am sorry for it; for I have heard say, complimenting is lying.

Lady Smart. [to Lord Sparkish.] My Lord, methinks the sight of you is good for sore eyes; if we had known of your coming, we would have strown rushes for you. How has your Lordship done this long time?

Col.

Col. Faith, Madam, he's better in health than in good conditions.

Ld Sparkish. Well; I see there's no worse friend than one brings from home with one; and I am not the first man has carried a rod to whip himself.

Nevercut. Here's poor Miss has not a word to throw at a dog. Come, a penny for your thought.

Miss. It is not worth a farthing; for I was thinking of you.

Colonel rising up.

Lady Smart. Colonel, where are you going so soon? I hope you did not come to fetch fire.

Col. Madam, I must needs go home for half an hour.

Miss. Why, Colonel, they say the devil's at home.

Lady Answ. Well, but sit while you stay, 'tis as cheap sitting as standing.

Col. No. Madam, while I'm standing I'm going.

Miss. Nay, let him go; I promise him we won't tear his cloaths to hold him.

Lady Smart. I suppose Colonel, we keep you from better company, I mean only as to myself.

Col. Madam, I am all obedience.

Colonel sits down.

Lady Smart. Lord, Miss, how can you drink your tea so hot? sure your mouth's pav'd.

How do you like this tea, Colonel?

Col. Well enough, Madam; but methinks it is a little more-ish.

Lady Smart. Oh Colonel! I understand you. Betty, bring the canister: I have but very little of this tea left; but I don't love to make two wants of one; want when I have it, and want when I have it not. He, he, he, he. [Laughs.

Lady Answ. [to the maid.] Why, sure, Betty, you are bewitched, the cream is burnt too.

Betty.

Betty. Why, Madam, the bishop has set his foot in it.

Lady Smart. Go, run girl, and warm some fresh cream.

Betty. Indeed Madam, there's none left; for the cat has eaten it all.

Lady Smart. I doubt it was a cat with two legs.

Miss. Colonel, don't you love bread and butter with your tea?

Col. Yes, in a morning, Miss: for they say, butter is gold in a morning, silver at noon, but it is lead at night.

Neverout. Miss, the weather is so hot, that my butter melts on my bread.

Lady Answ. Why, butter, I have heard 'em say, is mad twice a-year.

Ld Sparkish. [to the maid] Mrs. Betty, how does your body politic?

Col. Fie, my Lord, you'll make Mrs. Betty blush.

Lady Smart. Blush! ay, blush like a blue dog.

Neverout. Pray, Mrs. Betty, are you not Tom Johnson's daughter?

Betty. So my mother tells me, Sir.

Ld Sparkish. But, Mrs Betty, I hear you are in love.

Betty. My Lord, I thank God, I hate no body: I am in charity with all the world.

Lady Smart. Why, wench, I think thy tongue runs upon wheels this morning. How came you by that scratch upon your nose? have you been fighting with the cats?

Col. [to Miss.] Miss, when will you be married?

Miss. One of these odd-come-shortly's, Colonel.

Neverout. Yes; they say the match is half made, the spark is willing, but Miss is not.

Miss. I suppose the gentleman has got his own consent for it.

Lady Answ. Pray, my Lord, did you walk thro' the park in the rain.

Ld Sparkish. Yes, Madam, we were neither sugar nor salt, we were not afraid the rain would melt us. He, he, he. [*Laugh.*]

Col. It rained, and the sun shone at the same time.

Neverout. Why, then the devil was beating his wife behind the door with a shoulder of mutton. [*Laugh.*]

Col. A blind man would be glad to see that.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, methinks you stand in your own light.

Neverout. Ah! Madam, I have done so all my life.

Ld Sparkish. I'm sure he sits in mine. Pr'ythee, 'Tom, sit a little farther : I believe your father was no glazier.

Lady Smart. Miss, dear girl fill me out a dish of tea, for I'm very lazy.

Miss fills out a dish of tea, sweetens it, and then tastes it.

Lady Smart. What, Miss, will you be my taster ?

Miss. No, Madam ; but they say 'tis an ill cook that can't lick her own fingers.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, fill me another.

Miss. Will you have it now, or stay till you get it ?

Lady Answ. But, Colonel, they say you went to court last night very drunk : nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among the Philistines : no wonder the cat wink'd, when both her eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, Madam, that's a lie.

Lady Answ. 'Tis better I should lie than you should lose your good manners : besides, I don't lie, I sit.

Neverout. O faith, Colonel, you must own you had a drop in your eye : when I left you, you were half seas over.

Ld Sparkish. Well, I fear Lady Answerall can't live long, she has so much wit.

Neverout. No; she can't live that's certain; but she may linger thirty or forty years.

Mifs. Live long! ay, longer than a cat or a dog, or a better thing.

Lady Answ. Oh! Mifs, you must give your vardi too!

Ld Sparkish. Mifs, shall I fill you another dish of tea?

Mifs. Indeed, my Lord, I have drank enough.

Ld Sparkish. Come, it will do you more good than a month's fasting; here, take it.

Mifs. No, I thank your Lordship; enough's as good as a feast.

Ld Sparkish. Well; but if you always say no, you'll never be married.

Lady Answ. Do, my Lord, give her a dish; for they say, maids will say no, and take it.

Ld Sparkish. Well; and I dare say Mifs is a maid in thought, word, and deed.

Neverout. I would not take my oath of that.

Mifs. Pray, Sir, speak for yourself.

Lady Smart. Fie, Mifs, they say maids should be seen, and not heard.

Lady Answ. Good Mifs, stir the fire, that the tea-kettle may boil.—You have done it very well; now it burns purely. Well, Mifs, you'll have a cheerful husband.

Mifs. Indeed your Ladyship could have stirred it much better.

Lady Answ. I know that very well, hussy; but I won't keep a dog and bark myself.

Neverout. What! you are sick, Mifs.

Mifs. Not at all; for her Ladyship meant you.

Neverout. Oh! faith, Mifs, you are in lob's-pound; get out as you can.

Mifs. I won't quarrel with my bread and butter for all that; I know when I'm well.

Lady Answ. Well; but Miss——

Neverout. Ah! dear Madam, let the matter fall; take pity on poor Miss; don't throw water on a drowned rat.

Miss. Indeed, Mr. Neverout, you should be cut for the simples this morning: say a word more, and you had as good eat your nails.

Ld Sparkish. Pray, Miss, will you be so good as to favour us with a song?

Miss. Indeed, My Lord, I can't; for I have a great cold.

Col. Oh! Miss, they say all good fingers have colds.

Ld Sparkish. Pray, Madam, does not Miss sing very well?

Lady Answ. She sings, as one may say, my Lord.

Miss. I hear Mr. Neverout has a very good voice.

Col. Yes, 'Tom sings well, but his luck's naught.

Neverout. Faith, Colonel, you hit yourself a devilish box on the ear.

Col. Miss, will you take a pinch of snuff?

Miss. No, Colonel, you must know that I never take snuff but when I'm angry.

Lady Answ. Yes, yes, she can take snuff, but she has never a box to put it in.

Miss. Pray, Colonel, let me see that box.

Col. Madam, there's never a C upon it.

Miss. May be there is, Colonel.

Col. Ay, but May-bees don't fly now, Miss.

Neverout. Colonel, why so hard upon poor Miss? Don't set your wit against a child. Miss, give me a blow, and I'll beat him.

Miss. So she pray'd me to tell you.

Ld Sparkish. Pray, my Lady Smart, what kin are you to Lord Pozz?

Lady Smart. Why, his grandmother and mine had four elbows.

Lady Answ. Well, methinks here's a silent meeting.

ing. Come, Miss, hold up your head, girl; there's money hid for you. *[Miss starts.]*

Miss. Lord, Madam, you frighten me out of my seven senses!

Ld Sparkish. Well, I must be going.

Lady Answ. I have seen hastier people than you stay all night.

Col. [to Lady Smart.] Tom Neverout and I are to leap to-morrow for a guinea.

Miss. I believe, Colonel, Mr. Neverout can leap at a crust better than you.

Neverout. Miss, your tongue runs before your wit; nothing can tame you but a husband.

Miss. Peace! I think I hear the church-clock.

Neverout. Why, you know, as the fool thinks—

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, your handkerchief's fallen.

Miss. Let him set his foot on it, that it mayn't fly in his face.

Neverout. Well, Miss——

Miss. Ay, ay! many a one says well that thinks ill.

Neverout. Well, Miss, I'll think on this.

Miss. That's rhyme, if you take it in time.

Neverout. What! I see you are a poet.

Miss. Yes; if I had but the wit to shew it.

Neverout. Miss, will you be so kind as to fill me a dish of tea?

Miss. Pray, let your betters be served before you; I'm just going to fill one for myself; and you know, the parson always christens his own child first.

Neverout. But I saw you fill one just now for the Colonel: well, I find kissing goes by favour.

Miss. But pray, Mr. Neverout, what lady was that you were talking with in the side-box last Tuesday?

Neverout. Miss, can you keep a secret?

Miss. Yes, I can.

Neverout. Well, Miss, and so can I.

Col. Odd so! I have cut my thumb with this cursed knife.

Lady Answ. Ay; that was your mother's fault, because she only warn'd you not to cut your fingers.

Lady Smart. No, no; 'tis only fools cut their fingers, but wise folks cut their thumbs——

Miss. I am sorry for it, but I can't cry.

Col. Don't you think Miss is grown?

Lady Answ. Ay, ay, ill weeds grow apace.

Miss. No, Madam, with submission, 'tis weeds of grace that grow apace.

A puff of smoke comes down the chimney.

Lady Answ. Lord, Madam, does your Ladyship's chimney smoke?

Col. No Madam; but they say smoke always pursues the fair, and your Ladyship sat nearest.

Lady Smart. Madam, do you love Bohea tea?

Lady Answ. Why, Madam, I must confess I do love it, but it does not love me.

Miss. [to *Lady Smart.*] Indeed, Madam, your Ladyship is very sparing of your tea: I protest, the last dish I took was no more than water bewitch'd.

Col. Pray Miss, if I may be so bold, what lover gave you that fine etuy?

Miss. Don't you know? then keep counsel.

Lady Answ. I'll tell you, Colonel, who gave it her; it was the best lover she will ever have while she lives, her own dear pappu.

Neverout. Methinks, Miss, I don't much like the colour of that riband.

Miss. Why then, Mr. Neverout, do you see, if you don't much like it, you may look off of it.

Ld Sparkish. I don't doubt, Madam, but your Ladyship has heard that Sir John Brisk has got an employment at court.

Lady

Lady Smart. Yes, yes; and I warrant he thinks himself no small fool now.

Neverout. Yet, Madam, I have heard some people take him for a wise man.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; some are wise, and some are otherwise.

Lady Answ. Do you know him, Mr. Neverout?

Neverout. Know him! ay, as well as the beggar knows his dish.

Col. Well; I can only say that he has better luck than honest folk: but pray, how came he to get this employment?

Ld Sparkish. Why, by chance, as the man kill'd the devil.

Neverout. Why, Miss, you are in a brown study; what's the matter? Methinks you look like Mum-chance, that was hang'd for saying nothing.

Miss. I'd have you to know, I scorn your words.

Neverout. Well; but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Miss. Well; my comfort is, your tongue is no slander. What! you would not have one be always on the high grin?

Neverout. Cry map-sticks, Madam; no offence, I hope.

[*Lady Smart breaks a tea-cup.*]

Lady Answ. Lord, Madam, how came you to break your cup?

Lady Smart. I can't help it, if I would cry my eyes out.

Miss. Why, sell it, Madam, and buy a new one with some of the money.

Col. 'Tis a folly to cry for spilt milk.

Lady Smart. Why, if things did not break or wear out, how would tradesmen live?

Miss. Well; I am very sick, if any body car'd for it. [*She spits.*] I believe I shall die, for I can't spit from me.

Neverout. Come then, Miss, e'en make a die of it and then we shall have a burying of our own.

Miss. The devil take you, Neverout, besides all small curses.

Lady Answ. Marry come up : what, plain Neverout ! methinks you might have an M. under your girdle, Miss.

Lady Smart. Well, well, naught's never in danger ; I warrant, Miss will spit in her hand, and hold fast. Colonel, do you like this bisket ?

Col. I'm like all fools ; I love every thing that's good.

Lady Smart. Well, and isn't it pure good ?

Col. 'Tis better than a worse.

Footman brings the Colonel a letter.

Lady Answ. I suppose, Colonel, that's a billet-doux from your mistress.

Col. Egad, I don't know whence it comes ; but whoever writ it, writes a hand like a foot.

Miss. Well, you may make a secret of it, but we can spell and put together.

Neverout. Miss, what spells b double uzzard ?

Miss. Buzzard in your teeth, Mr. Neverout.

Lady Smart. Now you are up, Mr. Neverout, will you do me the favour, to do me the kindness, to take off the tea-kettle ?

Ld Sparkish. I wonder what makes these bells ring.

Lady Answ. Why, my Lord, I suppose, because they pull the ropes. [Here all laugh.]

Neverout plays with a tea-cup.

Miss. Now a child would have cried half an hour before it would have found out such a pretty plaything.

Lady Smart. Well said, Miss : I vow, Mr. Neverout, the girl is too hard for you.

Neverout. Ay, Miss will say any thing but her prayers, and those she whistles.

Miss.

Miss. Pray, Colonel, make me a present of that pretty pen-knife.

Ld Sparkish. Ay, Miss, catch him at that and hang him.

Col. Not for the world, dear Miss; it will cut love.

Ld Sparkish. Colonel, you shall be married first, I was just going to say that.

Lady Smart. Well, but for all that, I can tell you who is a great admirer of Miss. Pray, Miss, how do you like Mr. Spruce? I swear I have often seen him cast a sheep's eye out of a calf's head at you: deny it if you can.

Miss. Oh! Madam; all the world knows that Mr. Spruce is a general lover.

Col. Come, Miss, 'tis too true to make a jest on.
[*Miss blushes.*]

Lady Answ. Well, however, blushing is some sign of grace.

Neverout. Miss says nothing; but I warrant she pays it off with thinking.

Miss. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, you are pleas'd to divert yourselves: but, as I hope to be sav'd, there's nothing in it.

Lady Smart. Touch a gall'd horse, and he'll wince: love will creep where it dare not go: I'd hold a hundred pound Mr. Neverout was the inventor of that story; and, Colonel, I doubt you had a finger in the pye.

Lady Answ. But, Colonel, you forgot to salute Miss when you came in; she said you had not been here a long time.

Miss. Fie, Madam! I vow, Colonel, I said no such thing; I wonder at your Ladyship.

Col. Miss, I beg your pardon.—

Goes to salute her, she struggles a little.

Miss. Well, I'd rather give a knave a kiss for once

once than be troubled with him ; but, upon my word, you are more bold than welcome.

Lady Smart. Fie, fie, Miss ! for shame of the world, and speech of good people.

Neverout to Miss, who is cooking her tea, and bread and butter.

Neverout. Come, come, Miss, make much of naught ; good folks are scarce.

Miss. What ! and you must come in with your two eggs a penny, and three of them rotten.

Col. [*to Ld Sparkish.*] But, my Lord, I had for got to ask you, how like you my new cloaths ?

Ld Sparkish. Why, very well, Colonel ; only, to deal plainly with you, methinks the worst piece is in the middle. [*Here a loud laugh, often repeated.*]

Col. My Lord, you are too severe on your friends.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, I'm hot, are you a sot ?

Neverout. I'm cold, are you a scold ? take you that.

Lady Smart. I confess that was home. I find, Mr. Neverout, you won't give your head for the washing, as they say.

Miss. Oh ! he's a fore man where the skin's off I see Mr. Neverout has a mind to sharpen the edge of his wit on the whetstone of my ignorance.

Ld Sparkish. Faith, Tom, you are struck ! I never heard a better thing.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, give me leave to scratch you for that fine speech.

Miss. Pox on your picture, it cost me a groat the drawing.

Neverout. [*to Lady Smart.*] 'Sbuds, Madam, I have burnt my hand with your plaguy tea-kettle.

Lady Smart. Why, then, Mr. Neverout, you must say, God save the King.

Neverout. Did you ever see the like ?

Miss. Never but once, at a wedding.

Col.

Col. Pray, Miss, how old are you?

Miss. Why, I'm as old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth.

Ld. Sparkish. [*to Lady Answ.*] Pray, Madam, is Miss Buxom married? I hear 'tis all over the town.

Lady Answ. My Lord, she's either married, or worse.

Col. If she ben't married, at least she's lustily promis'd. But is it certain that Sir John Blunderbuss is dead at last?

Ld Sparkish. Yes, or else he's sadly wrong'd; for they have buried him.

Miss. Why, if he be dead, he'll eat no more bread.

Col. But is he really dead?

Lady Answ. Yes, Colonel, as sure as you're alive——

Col. They say he was an honest man.

Lady Answ. Yes, with good looking to.

Miss feels a pimple on her face.

Miss. Lord! I think my goodness is coming out. Madam, will your Ladyship please to lend me a patch.

Neverout. Miss, If you are a maid, put your hand upon your spot.

Miss. ——'There——

Covering her face with both her hands.

Lady Smart. Well, thou art a mad girl.

[Gives her a tap.]

Miss. Lord, Madam, is that a blow to give a child?

Lady Smart let fall her handkerchief, and the Colonel stoops for it.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you shall have a better office.

Col.

Col. Oh, Madam, I can't have a better than to serve your Ladyship.

[*To Lady Answerall.*] Madam, has your Ladyship read the new play written by a Lord? It is called, *Love in a hollow tree*.

Lady Answ. No, Colonel.

Col. Why, then your Ladyship has one pleasure to come.

Miss sighs.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, why do you sigh?

Miss. To make a fool ask, and you are the first.

Neverout. Why, Miss, I find there is nothing but a bit and a blow with you.

Lady Answ. Why, you must know that Miss is in love.

Miss. I wish my head may never ache till that day.

Ld Sparkish. Come, Miss, never sigh, but fend for him.

Lady Smart and Lady Answerall speaking together. If he be hanged, he'll come hopping; and if he be drown'd, he'll come dropping.

Miss. Well, I swear you'll make one die with laughing.

Miss plays with a tea-cup, and Neverout with another.

Neverout. Well; I see one fool makes many.

Miss. And you are the greatest fool of any.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, will you be so kind to tie this string for me with your fair hands; it will go all in your day's work.

Miss. Marry, come up, indeed; tie it yourself, you have as many hands as I; your man's man will have a fine office truly; come, pray, stand out of my spitting place.

Neverout. Well; but, Miss, don't be angry.

Miss. No: I was never angry in my life but once,

once, and then no body car'd for it; so I resolv'd never to be angry again.

Neverout. Well; but if you'll tie it, you shall never know what I'll do for you.

Miss. So I suppose, truly.

Neverout. Well; but I'll make you a fine present one of these days.

Miss. Ay; when the devil's blind, and his eyes are not fore yet.

Neverout. No, Miss, I'll send it you to-morrow.

Miss. Well, well: to-morrow's a new day; but I suppose, you mean to-morrow come never.

Neverout. Oh! 'tis the prettiest thing: I assure you there came but two of them over in three ships.

Miss. Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh. But why did you not bring me a present of snuff this morning?

Neverout. Because, Miss, you never ask'd me; and 'tis an ill dog that's not worth whistling for.

Ld Sparkish. [to Lady *Answ.*] Pray, Madam, how came your Ladyship last Thursday to go to that odious puppet-show?

Col. Why, to be sure, here Ladyship went to see, and to be seen.

Lady Answ. You have made a fine speech, Colonel; pray, what will you take for your mouth-piece?

Ld Sparkish. Take that, Colonel. But, pray, Madam, was my Lady Snuff there? 'They say she's extremely handsome.

Lady Smart. They must not see with my eyes, that think so.

Neverout. She may pass muster well enough.

Lady Answ. Pray, how old do you take her to be?

Col. Why, about five or six and twenty.

Miss. I swear she's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day.

Lady

Lady Anfw. Depend upon it, ſhe'll never ſee five and thirty, and a bit to ſpare.

Col. Why, they ſay, ſhe's one of the chief toaſts in town.

Lady Smart. Ay, when all the reſt are out of it.

Miſs. Well; I would not be as ſick as ſhe's proud, for all the world.

Lady Anfw. She looks, as if butter wou'd'n't melt in her mouth, but I warrant cheeſe won't choke her.

Neverout. I hear my Lord What-d'ye-call-him is courting her.

Ld Sparkiſh. What Lord d'ye mean, Tom?

Miſs. Why, my Lord, I ſuppoſe Mr. Neverout means the Lord of the Lord knows what.

Col. They ſay ſhe dances very fine.

Lady Anfw. She did; but I doubt her dancing days are over.

Col. I can't pardon her for her rudeneſs to me.

Lady Smart. Well; but you muſt forget and forgive.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Did you call Betty?

Footman. She's coming, Madam.

Lady Smart. Coming! ay, ſo is Chriſtmas.

Betty comes in.

Lady Smart. Come, get ready my things. Where has the wench been theſe three hours?

Betty. Madam, I can't go faſter than my legs will carry me.

Lady Smart. Ay, thou haſt a head, and ſo has a pin. But, my Lord, all the town has it, that Miſs Caper is to be married to Sir Peter Giball. One thing is certain, that ſhe hath promiſed to have him.

Ld Sparkish. Why, Madam, you know, promises are either broken or kept

Lady Answ. I beg your pardon, my Lord; promises and pye-crust are made to be broken.

Lady Smart. Nay, I had it from my Lady Carrylie's own mouth. I tell you my tale, and my tale's author; if it be a lie, you have it as cheap as I.

Lady Answ. She and I had some words last Sunday at church; but, I think, I gave her her own.

Lady Smart. Her tongue runs like the clapper of a mill; she talks enough for herself and all the company.

Neverout. And yet she simpers like a firmity-kettle.

Miss looking in a glass.

Miss Lord, how my head is dress'd to-day!

Col Oh, Madam! a good face needs no band.

Miss. No; and a bad one deserves none.

Col. Pray, Miss, where is your old acquaintance Mrs. Wayward?

Miss. Why, where should she be? If you must needs know, she's in her skin.

Col. I can answer that: what if you were as far out as she's in?——

Miss. Well, I promised to go this evening to Hyde-park on the water*; but I protest I am half afraid.

Neverout. Never fear, Miss; you have the old proverb on your side, Naught's ne'er in danger.

Col. Why, Miss, let Tom Neverout wait on you; and then I warrant you'll be as safe as a thief in a mill; for you know, He that's born to be hanged, will never be drowned.

Never ut. Thank you, Colonel, for your good word; but faith, if ever I hang, it shall be about a fair lady's neck.

* A cant phrase for taking pleasure on the river Thames in a boat.

Lady Smart. Who's there? bid the children be quiet, and not laugh so loud.

Lady Answ. Oh, Madam, let 'em laugh, they'll ne'er laugh younger.

Neverout Miss, I'll tell you a secret, if you'll promise never to tell it again.

Miss. No, to be sure; I'll tell it to no body but friends and strangers.

Neverout. Why, then, there's some dirt in my tea-cup.

Miss. Come, come, the more there's in't, the more there's on't.

Lady Answ. Poh! you must eat a peck of dirt before you die.

Col. Ay, ay; it goes all one way.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, what's a clock?

Miss. Why, you must know, 'tis a thing like a bell, and you are a fool that can't tell.

Neverout. [to *Lady Answ.*] Pray, Madam, do you tell me; for I have let my watch run down.

Lady Answ. Why, 'tis half an hour past hanging-time.

Col. Well; I am like the butcher that was looking for his knife, and had it in his mouth: I have been searching my pockets for my snuff-box, and, egad, here it is in my hand.

Miss. If it had been a bear, it would have bit you, Colonel. Well, I wish I had such a snuff-box.

Neverout You'll be long enough before you wish your skin full of eyelet-holes.

Col. Wish in one hand——

* *Miss.* Out upon you: Lord, what can ~~the~~ mean?

Ld Sparkish. This tea's very hot.

* This sentence is remarkably characteristic and beautiful. By the first it appears, that Miss knew the rest; and by the latter, that in the same breath she laboured to conceal her knowledge.

Lady Anfw. Why, it came from a hot place, my Lord.

Colonel spills his tea.

Lady Smart. That's as well done as if I had done it myself.

Col. Madam, I find you live by ill neighbours, when you are forced to praise yourself.

Lady Smart. So they pray'd me to tell you.

Neverout. Well, I won't drink a drop more; if I do, 'twill go down like chopt hay.

Miss. Pray don't say no, till you are ask'd.

Neverout. Well, what you please, and the rest again.

Miss slooping for a pin.

Miss. I have heard 'em say, that a pin a day is a groat a-year. Well, as I hope to be married, forgive me for swearing, I vow 'tis a needle.

Col. Oh! the wonderful works of nature, that a black hen should lay a white egg!

Neverout. What! you have found a mare's nest, and laugh at the eggs.

Miss. Pray, keep your breath to cool your porridge.

Neverout. Miss, there was a very pleasant accident last night at St. James's Park.

Miss. [to *Lady Smart.*] What was ~~the~~ Ladyship was going to say just now?

Neverout. Well, Miss; tell a mare a tale——

Miss. I find you love to hear yourself talk.

Neverout. Why, if you won't hear my tale, kiss

~~her~~ hand

Miss. Out upon you for a filthy creature!

Neverout. What, Miss! must I tell you a story, and find you ears?

Ld Sparkish. [to *Lady Smart.*] Pray, Madam, don't you think Mrs. Spendall very genteel?

Lady Smart. Why, my Lord, I think she was cut

out for a gentlewoman, but she was spoil'd in the making: she wears her cloaths as if they were thrown on her with a pitchfork; and for the fashion, I believe they were made in the reign of Queen Beis.

Nevercut. Well, that's neither here nor there; for, you know, the more careless the more modish.

Col. Well, I'd hold a wager there will be a match between her and Dick Dolt: and I believe I can see as far into a millstone as another man.

Miss. Colonel, I must beg your pardon a thousand times; but they say an old ape has an old eye.

Nevercut. Miss, what do you mean! you'll spoil the Colonel's marriage, if you call him old.

Col. Not so old, nor yet so cold — You know the rest, Miss.

Miss. Manners is a fine thing, truly.

Col. Faith, Miss, depend upon it, I'll give you as good as a you bring. What! if you give a jest, you must take a jest.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. Nevercut, you'll ne'er have done till you break that knife, and then the man won't take it again.

Miss. Why, Madam, fools will be meddling: I wish he may cut his fingers. I hope you can see your own blood without fainting.

Nevercut. Why, Miss, you shine this morning like a ~~dark~~ barn-door; you'll never hold out at this rate; pray save a little wit for to-morrow.

Miss. Well, you have said your say; if people will be rude, I have done; my comfort is, 'twill be all one a thousand years hence.

Nevercut. Miss, you have shot your bolt; I find you must have the last word. — Well, I go to the opera to night. — No, I can't neither, for I have some business — and yet I think I must; for I promis'd to squire the Countess to her box.

Miss. The Countess of Puddledock, I suppose.

Nevercut. Peace or war, Miss?

Lady

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll never be mad, you are of so many minds.

As Miss rises, the chair falls behind her.

Miss. Well; I shan't be Lady Mayorefs this year.

Neverout. No, Miss, 'tis worse than that; you won't be married this year.

Miss. Lord! you make me laugh, tho' I an't well.

Neverout, as Miss is standing, pulls her suddenly on his lap.

Neverout. Now, Colonel, come, sit down on my lap; more sacks upon the mill

Miss. Let me go: ar'n't you sorry for my heaviness?

Neverout. No, Miss; you are very light: but I don't say you are a light husky. Pray take up the chair for your pains.

Miss. 'Tis but one body's labour; you may do it yourself: I wish you would be quiet; you have more tricks than a dancing bear.

Neverout rises to take the chair, and Miss sits in his.

Neverout. You wou'dn't be so soon in my grave, Madam.

Miss. Lord! I have torn my petticoat with your odious romping: my rents are coming in; I'm afraid I shall fall into the ragman's hands.

Neverout. I'll mend it, Miss.

Miss. You mend it! go, teach your grannam to suck eggs.

Neverout. Why, Miss, you are so cross, I could find in my heart to hate you.

Miss. With all my heart: there will be no love lost between us.

Neverout. But pray, my Lady Smart, does not Miss look as if she could eat me without salt?

Miss. I'll make you one day sup forrow for this.

Neverout. Well, follow your own way, you'll live the longer.

Miss. See, Madam, how well I have mended it.

Lady Smart. 'Tis indifferent, as Doll dance'd.

Neverout. 'Twill last as many nights as days.

Miss. Well, I knew I should never have your good word.

Lady Smart. My Lord, my Lady Answerall and I was walking in the park last night till near eleven; 'twas a very fine night.

Neverout. Egad, so was I; and I'll tell you a comical accident; egad, I lost my understanding.

Miss. I'm glad you had any to lose.

Lady Smart. Well, but what do you mean?

Neverout. Egad, I kick'd my foot against a stone, and tore off the heel of my shoe, and was force'd to limp to a cobbler in the Pall Mall to have it put on. He, he, he, he. [All laugh.

Col. Oh! 'twas a delicate night to run away with another man's wife.

Neverout sneezes.

Miss. God bless you, if you han't taken snuff.

Neverout. Why, what if I have, Miss?

Miss. Why then, the deuce take you.

Neverout. Miss, I want that diamond ring of yours.

Miss. Why then, want's like to be your master.

Neverout looking at the ring.

Neverout. Ay, Marry, this is not only, but also; pray where did you get it?

Miss. Why, where 'twas to be had; where the devil got the friar.

Neverout. Well, if I had such a fine diamond ring, I wou'dn't stay a day in England: but, you know, far-fetch'd and dear-bought is fit for ladies. I warrant, this cost your father twopence halfpenny.

Miss.

Miss sitting between Neverout and the Colonel.

Miss. Well; here's a rose between two nettles.

Neverout. No, Madam, with submission, here's a nettle between two roses.

Colonel stretching himself.

Lady Smart. Why, Colonel, you break the King's laws; you stretch without a halter.

Lady Answ. Colonel, some ladies of your acquaintance have promis'd to breakfast with you, and I am to wait on them; what will you give us?

Col. Why, faith, Madam, batchelors fare; bread and cheese, and kisses.

Lady Answ. Poh! what have you bachelors to do with your money, but to treat the ladies? you have nothing to keep but your own four quarters.

Lady Smart. My Lord, has Capt. Brag the honour to be related to your Lordship?

Ld Sparkish. Very nearly, Madam, he's my cousin german quite remov'd.

Lady Answ. Pray, is he not rich?

Ld Sparkish. Ay, a rich rogue, two shirts and a rag.

Col. Well, however, they say he has a great estate, but only the right owner keeps him out of it.

Lady Smart. What religion is he of?

Ld Sparkish. Why, he is an Anythingarian.

Lady Answ. I believe he has his religion to chuse, my Lord.

Neverout scratches his neck.

Miss. Fie, Mr Neverout, ar'n't you ashamed! I beg pardon for the expression; but I'm afraid your bosom-friends are become your back-biters.

Neverout. Well, Miss, I saw a flea once on your pinner; and a louse is a man's companion, but a flea is a dog's companion. However, I wish you
would

would scratch my neck with your pretty white hand.

Miss. And who would be fool then? I wou'dn't touch a man's flesh for the universe. You have the wrong sow by the ear, I assure you; that's meat for your master.

Neverout. Miss Notable, all quarrels laid aside, pray step hither for a moment.

Miss. I'll wash my hands, and wait on you, Sir; but pray come hither, and try to open this lock.

Neverout. We'll try what we can do.

Miss. We! — what, have you pigs in your belly?

Neverout. Miss, I assure you, I am very handy at all things.

Miss. Marry, hang them that cant't give themselves a good word: I believe you may have an even hand to throw a louse in the fire.

Col. Well, I must be plain, here's a very bad smell.

Miss. Perhaps, Colonel, the fox is the finder.

Neverout. No, Colonel; 'tis only your teeth against rain: but——

Miss. Colonel, I find you would make a very bad poor man's sow.

Colonel coughing.

Col. I have got a sad cold.

Lady Answ. Ay; 'tis well if one can get any thing these hard times.

Miss. [to Col.] Choke, chicken, there's more a-hatching.

Lady Smart. Pray, Colonel, how did you get that cold?

Ld Sparkish. Why, Madam, I suppose the Colonel got it by lying abed barefoot.

Lady Answ. Why then, Colonel, you must take it for better for worse, as a man takes his wife.

Col.

Col. Well, ladies, I apprehend you without a constable.

Miss. Mr. Neverout ! Mr. Neverout ! come hither this moment.

Lady Smart. [*imitating her.*] Mr. Neverout ! Mr. Neverout ! I wish he were tied to your girdle.

Neverout. What's the matter ? whose mare's dead now ?

Miss. Take your labour for your pains ; you may go back again, like a fool as you came.

Neverout. Well, Miss, if you deceive me a second time, 'tis my fault.

Lady Smart. Colonel, methinks your coat is too short.

Col. It will be long enough before I get another, Madam.

Miss. Come, come ; the coat's a good coat, and come of good friends.

Neverout. Ladies, you are mistaken in the stuff ; 'tis half silk.

Col. Tom Neverout, you are a fool, and that's your fault.

A great noise below.

Lady Smart. Hey ! what a clattering is here ! one would think hell was broke loose.

Miss. Indeed, Madam, I must take my leave, for I a'n't well.

Lady Smart. What ! you are sick of the mulligrubs with eating chopt hay ?

Miss. No, indeed, Madam ; I'm sick and hungry, more need of a cook than a doctor.

Lady Answ. Poor Miss ! she's sick as a cushion, she wants nothing but stuffing.

Col. If you are sick, you shall have a candle of calf's eggs.

Neverout. I can't find my gloves.

Miss. I saw the dog running away with some dirty thing a while ago.

Col.

Col. Miss, you have got my handkerchief; pray, let me have it.

Lady Smart. No; keep it, Miss; for they say possession is eleven points of the law.

Miss. Madam, he shall never have it again; 'tis in huchsters hands.

Lady Answ. What! I see 'tis raining again.

Ld Sparkish. Why then, Madam, we must do as they do in Spain.

Lady Smart. Pray, my Lord, how is that?

Ld Sparkish. Why, Madam, we must let it rain.

Miss whispers Lady Smart.

Neverout. There's no whispering, but there's lying

Miss. Lord! Mr. Neverout, you are as pert as a pear-monger this morning.

Neverout. Indeed, Miss, you are very handsome.

Miss. Poh! I know that already; tell me news

Somebody knocks at the door.

Footman comes in.

Footman. [to *Col.*] An please your honour, there's a man below wants to speak to you.

Col. Ladies, your pardon for a minute.

[*Col. goes out.*]

Lady Smart. Miss, I sent yesterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

Miss. Why, indeed, Madam, I was hunched up in a hackney-coach with three country acquaintances, who call'd upon me to take the air as far as Highgate.

Lady Smart. And had you a pleasing airing?

Miss. No, Madam; it rained all the time; I was jolted to death, and the road was so bad, that I
scream'd

scream'd every moment, and call'd to the coachmen, Pray, friend, don't spill us.

Neverut. So, Miss, you were afraid that pride would have a fall.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, when I want a fool I'll send for you.

Ld Sparkish. Miss, didn't your left ear burn last night?

Miss. Pray why, my Lord?

Ld Sparkish. Because I was then in some company where you were extolled to the skies, I assure you.

Miss. My lord, that was more their goodness than my desert.

Ld Sparkish. They said, that you were a complete beauty.

Miss. My Lord, I am as God made me.

Lady Smart. The girl's well enough, if she had but another nose.

Miss. Oh! Madam, I know I shall always have your good word; you love to help a lame dog over the stile.

One knocks.

Lady Smart. Who's there? you're on the wrong side of the door: come in if you be fat.

Colonel comes in again.

Ld Sparkish. Why, Colonel, you are a man of great business.

Col. Ay, ay, my Lord, I'm like my Lord Mayor's fool, full of business and nothing to do.

Lady Smart. My Lord, don't you think the Colonel's mightily fallen away of late?

Ld Sparkish. Ay, fall'n from a horse-load to a cart-load.

Col. Why, my Lord, egad I'm like a rabbit, fat and lean in four and twenty hours.

Lady

Lady Smart. I assure you the Colonel walks as strait as a pin.

Miss. Yes ; he's a handsome body'd man in the face.

Neverout. A handsome foot and leg : God-amer-
cy shoe and stocking !

Col. What ! three upon one ! that's foul play : this
would make a parson swear.

Neverout. Why, Miss, what's the matter ? you
look as if you had neither won nor lost.

Col. Why, you must know, Miss lives upon love.

Miss. Yes, upon love and lumps of the cup-
board.

Lady Answ. Ay ; they say love and pease porridge
are two dangerous things ; one breaks the heart,
and the other the belly.

Miss. [*imitating Lady Answerall's tone.*] Very
pretty ! one breaks the heart, and the other the
belly.

Lady Answ. Have a care ; they say mocking is
catching.

Miss. I never heard that.

Neverout. Why then, Miss, you have a wrinkle
—more than ever you had before.

Miss. Well ; live and learn.

Neverout. Ay ; and be hang'd, and forget all.

Miss. Well, Mr. Neverout, take it as you please,
but I swear you are a faucy jack, to use such ex-
pressions.

Neverout. Why then, Miss, if you go to that,
I must tell you there's ne'er a jack but there's a
jill.

Miss. Oh ! Mr. Neverout, every body knows
that you are the pink of courtesy.

Neverout. And, Miss, all the world allows, that
you are the flower of civility.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear there was a great deal
of company where you visited last night : pray,
who were they ?

Miss. Why, there was old Lady Forward, Miss To-and-again, Sir John Ogle, my Lady Clapper, and I, quoth the dog.

Col. Was your visit long, Miss?

Miss. Why, truly, they went all to the opera; and so poor Pilgarlic came home alone.

Neverout. Alack-a-day, poor Miss! methinks it grieves me to pity you

Miss. What! you think you said a fine thing now; well, if I had a dog with no more wit, I would hang him.

Ld Sparkish. Miss, if it is manners, may I ask which is oldest, you or Lady Scuttle?

Miss. Why, my Lord, when I die for age, she may quake for fear.

Lady Smart. She's a very great gadder abroad.

Lady Answ. Lord! she made me follow her last week through all the shops like a Tantiny pig*.

Lady Smart. I remember you told me, you had been with her from Dan to Bersheba.

Colonel spits.

Col. Lord! I shall die; I cannot spit from me.

Miss. Oh! Mr. Neverout, my little Countess has just litter'd; speak me fair, and I'll set you down for a puppy.

Neverout. Why, Miss, if I speak you fair, perhaps I may'nt tell truth.

Ld Sparkish. Ay, but Tom, smoko that, she calls you puppy by craft.

Neverout. Well, Miss, you ride the fore-horse to-day.

* St. Anthony's pig. It being fabled of St. Anthony the hermit, that he wrought a miraculous cure on an hog, it became a custom in several places to tie a bell about the neck of a pig, and maintain it at the common charge in honour to his memory. Hence the proverb, To follow like a Tantiny-pig.

Miss. Ay, many one says well, that thinks ill.

Neverout. Fie, Miss; you said that once before; and you know, too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Miss. Why, sure, we can't say a good thing too often.

Ld Sparkish. Well, so much for that, and butter for fish; let us call another cause. Pray, Madam, does your Ladyship know Mrs. Nice?

Lady Smart. Perfectly well, my Lord; she's nice by name, and nice by nature.

Ld Sparkish. Is it possible she could take that booby Tom Blunder for love?

Miss. She had good skill in horse-flesh, that could chuse a goose to ride on.

Lady Answ. Why, my Lord, 'twas her fate; they say marriage and hanging go by destiny.

Col. I believe she'll never be burnt for a witch.

Ld Sparkish. They say, marriages are made in heaven; but I doubt, when she was married, she had no friend there.

Neverout. Well, she's got out of God's blessing into the warm sun.

Col. The fellow's well enough, if he had any guts in his brains.

Lady Smart. They say, thereby hangs a tale.

Ld Sparkish. Why, he's a mere hobbledohoy, neither a man nor a boy.

Miss. Well, if I were to chuse a husband, I would never be married to a little man.

Neverout. Pray, why so, Miss? for they say, of all the evils we ought to chuse the least.

Miss. Because folks would say, when they saw us together, there goes the woman and her husband.

Col. [to Lady Smart] Will your Ladyship be on the Mall to-morrow night?

Lady Smart. No, that won't be proper; you know to-morrow's Sunday.

Ld Sparkish. What then, Madam ? they say the better day the better deed.

Lady Answ. Pray, Mr. Neverout, how do you like Lady Fruzz ?

Neverout. Pox on her ! she's as old as Poles *.

Miss. So will you be, if you ben't hang'd when you're young.

Neverout. Come, Miss, let us be friends : will you go to the park this evening ?

Miss. With all my heart, and a piece of my liver ; but not with you.

Lady Smart. I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two : I'm afraid I shall get a fit of the head-ach to-day.

Col. Oh ! Madam, don't be afraid ; it comes with a fright.

Miss. [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, one of your Ladyship's lappets is longer than t'other.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter ; they that ride on a trotting horse will ne'er perceive it.

Neverout. Indeed, Miss, your lappets hang worse.

Miss. Well I love a liar in my heart, and you fit me to a hair.

Miss rises up.

Neverout. Duce take you, Miss ; you trode on my foot : I hope you don't intend to come to my bed-side.

Miss. In troth, you are afraid of your friends, and none of them near you.

Ld Sparkish. Well said, girl ! [*giving her a chuck.*] Take that ; they say, a chuck under the chin is worth two kisses.

Lady Answ. But, Mr. Neverout, I wonder why such a handsome, strait, young gentleman as you don't get some rich widow.

* For St. Paul's church.

Ld Sparkish. Strait! ay, strait as my leg, and that's crooked at knee.

Neverout. Faith, Madam, if it rain'd rich widows, none of them would fall upon me. Egad I was born under a threepenny planet, never to be worth a groat.

Lady Answ. No, Mr. Neverout; I believe you were born with a caul on your head; you are such a favourite among the ladies. But what think you of widow Prim? she's immensely rich.

Neverout. Hang her! they say her father was a baker.

Lady Smart. Ay; but it is not, What is she? but, what has she? now-a-days.

Col. Tom, faith, put on a bold face for once, and have at the widow. I'll speak a good word for you to her.

Lady Answ. Ay; I warrant you'll speak one word for him, and two for yourself.

Miss. Well, I had that at my tongue's end.

Lady Answ. Why, Miss, they say, good wits jump

Neverout. Faith, Madam, I had rather marry a woman I lov'd, in her smock, than widow Prim, if she had her weight in gold.

Lady Smart. Come, come, Mr. Neverout, marriage is honourable, but house-keeping is a shrew.

Lady Answ. Consider, Mr. Neverout, four bare legs in a bed; and you are a younger brother.

Col. Well, Madam; the younger brother is the better gentleman. However, Tom, I would advise you to look before you leap.

Ld Sparkish. The Colonel says true; besides, you cannot expect to wive and thrive in the same year.

Miss. [*Shuddering.*] Lord! there's somebody walking over my grave.

Col. Pray, Lady Answerall, where was you last Wednesday, when I did myself the honour to wait
on

on you ! I think your Ladyship is one of the tribe of Gad.

Lady Answ. Why, Colonel I was at church.

Col. Nay, then will I be hang'd, and my horse too.

Neverout. I believe her Ladship was at a church and a chimney in it.

Miss. Lord, my petticoat ! how it hangs by jommetry !

Neverout. Perhaps the fault may be in your shape.

Miss [*looking gravely.*] Come, Mr. Neverout, there's no jest like the true jest ; but I suppose you think my back's broad enough to bear every thing.

Neverout. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon.

Miss. Well, Sir, your pardon's granted.

Neverout. Well, all things have an end, and a pudding has two, up-up-on me-my-my word. [*Stutters.*]

Miss. What ! Mr. Neverout, can't you speak without a spoon ?

Ld Sparkish. [*to Lady Smart.*] Has your Ladyship seen the Dutchess since your falling out ?

Lady Smart Never, my Lord, but once at a visit and she look'd at me as the devil look'd over Lincoln.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, take a pinch of my snuff.

Miss. What ! you break my head, and give me a plaister ; well, with all my heart ; once, and not use it.

Neverout, Well, Miss : if you wanted me and your victual, you'd want your two best friends.

Col. [*to Neverout.*] Tom, Miss and you must kiss and be friends.

Neverout salutes Miss.

Miss. Any thing for a quiet life : my nose itch'd, and I knew I should drink wine, or kiss a fool.

Col. Well, Tom, if that ben't fair, hang fair.

Neverout. I never said a rude thing to a lady in my life.

Miss. Here's a pin for that lie; I'm sure liars had need have good memories. Pray, Colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but just now?

Lady Answ. Mr. Neverout, if Miss will be angry for nothing, take my counsel, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.

Neverout. Come, Lady Answerall, I know better things; Miss and I are good friends; don't put tricks upon travellers.

Col. Tom, not a word of the pudden, I beg you.

Lady Smart. Ah, Colonel! you'll never be good nor then neither.

Ld Sparkish. Which of the goods d'ye mean? good for something, or good for nothing.

Miss. I have a blister on my tongue; yet I don't remember I told a lie.

Lady Answ. I thought you did but just now.

Ld Sparkish. Pray, Madam, what did thought do

Lady Answ. Well, for my life, I cannot conceive what your Lordship means.

Ld Sparkish. Indeed, Madam, I mean no harm.

Lady Smart. No, to be sure, my Lord, you are as innocent as a devil of two years old.

Neverout. Madam, they say, ill doers are ill deemers; but I don't apply it to your Ladyship.

Miss mending a hole in her lace.

Miss. Well, you see, I'm mending; I hope I shall be good in time; look, Lady Answerall, is it not well mended?

Lady Answ. Ay, this is something like a tansy.

Neverout. Faith, Miss, you have mended it as a tinker mends a kettle; stop one hole, and make two.

Lady Smart. Pray, Colonel, are you not very much tann'd!

Col. Yes. Madam; but a cup of Christmas ale will soon wash it off.

Ld

Ld Sparkish. Lady Smart, does not your Ladyship think Mrs Fade is mightily alter'd since her marriage?

Lady Answ. Why, my Lord, she was handsome in her time; but she can't eat her cake and have her cake: I hear she is grown a mere otomy.

Lady Smart. Poor creature! the black ox has set his foot upon her already.

Miss. Ay; she has quite lost the blue on the plum.

Lady Smart. And yet, they say, her husband is very fond of her still.

Lady Answ. Oh! Madam; if she would eat gold, he would give it her.

* *Neverout.* [*to Lady Smart.*] Madam, have you heard, that Lady Queasy was lately at the playhouse *incog*?

Lady Smart. What! Lady Queasy of all women in the world! Do you say it upon rep?

Neverout. Poz. I saw her with my own eyes; she sat among the mob in the gallery: her own ugly size: and she saw me look at her.

Col. Her Ladyship was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant it put her into the hipps.

Neverout. I smocked her huge nose, and, egad, she put me in mind of the woodcock, that strives to hide his long bill, and then thinks no body sees him.

Col. Tom, I advise you, hold your tongue; for you'll never say so good a thing again.

Lady Smart. Miss, what are you looking for?

Miss. Oh! Madam; I have lost the finest needle——

Lady Answ. Why, seek till you find it, and then you won't lose your labour.

* Here the author, for variety, runs into some cant words.

Neverout.

Neverout. The loop of my hat is broke ; how shall I mend it ! [*He fastens it with a pin.*] Well, hang him, say I, that has no shift.

Miss. Ay, and hang him that has one too many.

Lady Answ. Well, but I don't like such jesting.

Neverout. Oh, Miss ; I have heard a sad story of you.

Miss. I defy you, Mr. Neverout ; no body can say, black's my eye.

Neverout. I believe you wish they could.

Miss. Well ; but who was your author ? Come, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Neverout. Come, then, Miss, guess who it was that told me ; come, put on your considering cap.

Miss. Well, who was it ?

Neverout. Why, one that lives within a mile of an oak.

Miss. Well, go hang yourself in your own garters ; for I'm sure the gallows groans for you.

Neverout. Pretty Miss ! I was but in jest.

Miss. But, don't let that stick in your gizzard.

Col. My Lord, does your Lordship know Mrs. Talkall ?

Ld Sparkish. Only by sight ; but I hear she has a great deal of wit ; and egad, as the saying is, mettle to the back.

Lady Smart. So I hear.

Col. Why, Dick Lubber said to her t'other day, Madam, you can't cry bo to a goose : Yes, but I can, said she : and, egad, cry'd bo full in his face. We all thought we should break our heart with laughing.

Ld Sparkish. That was cutting with a vengeance : and pr'ythee how did the fool look ?

Col. Look ! egad, he look'd for all the world like an owl in an ivy-bush.

A child comes in screaming

Miss. Well, if that child was mine, I'd whip it till the blood came; peace, you little vixen! if were near you, I would not be far from you.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; batchelors wives and maids children are finely tutor'd.

Lady Answ. Come to me, master; and I'll give you a sugar plum. Why, Miss, you forget that ever you was a child yourself [*she gives the child a lump of sugar*] I have heard 'em say, boys will long.

Col. My Lord, I suppose you know that Mr. Buzzard has married again?

Lady Smart. This is his fourth wife) then he has been shod round.

Col. Why, you must know, she had a month's mind to Dick Frontless, and thought to run away with him; but her parents force'd her to take the old fellow for a good settlement.

Ld Sparkish. So the man got his mare again.

Lady Smart. I'm told he said a very good thing to Dick; said he, You think us old fellows are fools; but we old fellows know young fellows are fools.

Col. I know nothing of that; but I know he's devilish old, and she's very young.

Lady Answ. Why, they call that a match of the world's making.

Miss. What if he had been young, and she old?

Neverout. Why, Miss, that would have been a match of the devil's making; but when both are young, that's a match of God's making.

Miss searching her pockets for a thimble, brings out a nutmeg

Neverout. Oh! Miss, have a care; for if you carry a nutmeg in your pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old man.

Miss.

Miss. Well, and if I ever be married, it shall be to an old man; they always make the best husbands; and it is better to be an old man's darling, than a young man's warling.

Neverout. Faith, Miss, if you speak as you think, I'll give you my mother for a maid.

Lady Smart rings the bell.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Harkee, you fellow; run to my Lady Match, and desire she will remember to be here at six, to play at quadrille: d'ye hear? if you fall by the way, don't stay to get up again.

Footman. Madam. I don't know the house.

Lady Smart. That's not for want of ignorance; follow your nose; go, inquire among the servants.

Footman goes out, and leaves the door open.

Lady Smart. Here, come back, you fellow; why did you leave the door open? Remember that a good servant must always come when he's call'd, do what he's bid, and shoot the door after him.

The Footman goes out again, and falls down stairs.

Lady Answ. Neck or nothing; come down, or I'll fetch you down: well, but I hope the poor fellow has not sav'd the hangman a labour.

Neverout. Pray, Madam, smoke Miss yonder biting her lips, and playing with her fan.

Miss. Who's that takes my name in vain?

She runs up to them, and falls down.

Lady Smart. What, more falling! do you intend the frolic should go round?

Lady

Lady Anfw. Why, Mifs, I wifh you may not have broke her Ladyfhip's floor.

Neverout. Mifs, come to me, and I'll take you up.

Ld Sparkifb. Well, but without jeft, I hope, Mifs, you are not hurt.

Col. Nay, fhe muft be hurt for certain ; for you fee her head is all of a lump.

Mifs. Well, remember this, colonel, when I have money, and you have none.

Lady Smart. But, Colonel, when do you defign to get a houfe, and a wife, and a fire to put her in.

Mifs. Lord ! who would be married to a foldier, and carry his knapfack ?

Neverout. Oh, Madam : Mars and Venus, you know.

Col. Egad, Madam, I'd marry to-morrow, if I thought I could bury my wife juft when the honeymoon is over ; but they fay, a woman has as many lives as a cat.

Lady Anfw. I find, the Colonel thinks a dead wife under the table is the beft goods in a man's houfe.

Lady Smart. O but, Colonel, if you had a good wife, it would break your heart to part with her.

Col. Yes, Madam ; for they fay, he that has loft his wife and fixpence, has loft a tefter.

Lady Smart. But, Colonel, they fay, that every married man fhould believe there's but one good wife in the world, and that's his own.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good wife muft be befpoke ; for there's none ready made.

Mifs. I fuppofe, the gentleman's a woman hater ; but, Sir, I think you ought to remember, that you had a mother ; and pray, if it had not been for a woman, where would you have been ?

Col. Nay, Mifs, you cry'd whore firft, when you talk'd of the knapfack.

Lady

Lady Answ. But I hope you won't blame the whole sex, because some are bad.

Neverout And they say, he that hates woman, suck'd a sow.

Col. Oh! Madam: there's no general rule without an exception.

Lady Smart. Then, why don't you marry and settle?

Col. Egad, Madam, there's nothing will settle me but a bullet.

Ld Sparkish. Well, Colonel, there's one comfort, that you need not fear a cannon-bullet.

C. l. Why so, my Lord?

Ld Sparkish. Because they say, he was curs'd in his mother's belly, that was kill'd by a cannon bullet.

Miss. I suppose, the Colonel was cross'd in his first love, which makes him so severe on all the sex.

Lady Answ. Yes; and I'll hold a hundred to one, that the Colonel has been over head and ears in love with some lady that has made his heart ache.

Col. Oh! Madam, we soldiers are admirers of all the fair sex.

Miss. I wish I could see the Colonel in love till he was ready to die.

Lady Smart. Ay; but I doubt, few people die for love in these days,

Neverout Well, I confess, I differ from the Colonel; for I hope to have a rich and a handsome wife yet before I die.

Col. Ay, Tom; live horse, and thou shalt have grass.

Miss. Well, Colonel; but whatever you say against women, they are better creatures than men; for men were made of clay, but woman was made of man.

Col. Miss, you may say what you please, but, faith, you'll never lead apes in hell.

Neverout. No, no; I'll be sworn Miss has not an inch of nun's flesh about her.

Miss. I underfumble you, gentlemen.

Neverout. Madam, your humble-cum-dumble.

Ld Sparkish. Pray, Miss, when did you see your old acquaintance Mrs. Cloudy? you and she are two, I hear.

Miss. See her! marry, I don't care whether I ever see her again; God blefs my eye-sight.

Lady Answ. Lord! why, she and you were as great as two inkle-weavers. I have seen her hug you as the devil hugg'd the witch.

Miss. That's true; but I'm told for certain, she's no better than she should be.

Lady Smart. Well, God mend us all; but you must allow, the world is very censorious; I never heard that she was a naughty pack.

Col. [to *Neverout.*] Come, Sir Thomas, when the King pleases, when do you intend to march?

Ld Sparkish. Have patience. Tom, is your friend Ned Rattle married?

Neverout. Yes, faith, my Lord; he has tied a knot with his tongue, that he can never untie with his teeth.

Lady Smart. Ay, marry in haste, and repent at leisure.

Lady Answ. Has he got a good fortune with his lady? For, they say, something has some flavour, but nothing has no flavour.

Neverout. Faith, Madam, all he gets by her, he may put into his eye, and see never the worse.

Miss. Then, I believe, he heartily wishes her in Abraham's bosom.

Col. Pray, my Lord, how does Charles Limber and his fine wife agree?

Ld Sparkish. Why, they say, he's the greatest cuckold in the town.

Neverout. Oh! but, my Lord, you should always except my Lord Mayor.

Miss. Mr. Neverout !

Neverout. Hay, Madam, did you call me ?

Miss. Hay ; why, hay is for horses.

Neverout. Why, Miss, then you may kifs——

Col. Pray, my Lord, what's a clock by your oracle ?

Ld Sparkish. Faith, I can't tell, I think my watch runs upon wheels.

Neverout. Miss, pray, be so kind to call a servant to bring me a glass of small beer, I know you are at home here.

Miss. Every fool can do as they're bid. Make a page of your own age, and do it yourself.

Neverout. Chuse, proud fool ; I did but ask you.

Miss puts her hand upon her knee.

Neverout. What ! Miss, are you thinking of your sweetheart ? Is your garter slipping down ?

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, keep your breath to cool your porridge ; you measure my corn by your bushel.

Neverout. Indeed, Miss you lie——

Miss. Did you ever hear any thing so rude ?

Neverout. I mean, you lie—under a mistake.

Miss. If a thousand lies could choke you, you would have been choked many a day ago.

Miss strives to snatch Neverout's snuff-box.

Neverout. Madam, you missed that, as you missed your mother's blessing.

She tries again, and misses.

Neverout. Snap short, makes you look so lean, Miss.

Miss. Poh ! you are so robustious, you had like to put out my eye ; I assure you, if you blind me, you must lead me.

Lady

Lady Smart. Dear Miss, be quiet; and bring me a pincushion out of that closet.

Miss opens the closet door, and squalls.

Lady Smart. Lord bless the girl! what's the matter now?

Miss. I vow, Madam, I saw something in black: I thought it was a spirit.

Col. Why, Miss, did you ever see a spirit?

Miss. No, Sir, I thank God, I never saw any thing worse than myself.

Neverout. Well, I did a very foolish thing yesterday, and was a great puppy for my pains.

Miss. Very likely; for they say, many a true word's spoke in jest.

Footman returns.

Lady Smart. Well, did you deliver your message; you are fit to be sent for sorrow, you stay so long by the way.

Footman. Madam, my Lady was not at home, so I did not leave the message.

Lady Smart. This is to send a fool of an errand.

Ld Sparkish. [*looking at his watch.*] 'Tis past twelve o'clock.

Lady Smart. Well, what is that among all us?

Ld Sparkish. Madam, I must take my leave: come, Gentlemen, are you for a march?

Lady Smart. Well, but your Lordship and the Colonel will dine with us to-day; and Mr. Neverout, I hope we shall have your good company: there will be no soul else, besides my own Lord and these ladies; for every body knows I hate a croud; I would rather want vittles than elbow-room: we dine punctually at three.

Ld Sparkish. Madam, we'll be sure to attend your Ladyship.

Col. Madam; my stomach serves me instead of a clock.

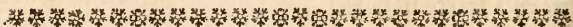
Another footman comes back.

Lady Smart. Oh! you are the t'other fellow I sent: well, have you been with my Lady Club? you are good to send of a dead man's errand.

Footman. Madam, my Lady Club begs your Ladyship's pardon: but she is engaged to night.

Miss. Well, Mr. Neverout, here's the back of my hand to you.

Neverout. Miss, I find, you will have the last word. Ladies, I am more yours than my own.



D I A L O G U E II.

Lord Smart, and the former company at three o'clock coming to dine.

After salutations.

Ld Smart. I'M sorry I was not at home this morning, when you all did us the honour to call here: but I went to the levee to-day.

Ld Sparkish. Oh! my Lord; I'm sure the loss was ours.

Lady Smart. Gentlemen and Ladies, you are come to a sad dirty house; I am sorry for it, but we have had our hands in mortar.

Lord Sparkish. Oh! Madam; your Ladyship is pleas'd to say so; but I never saw any thing so clean and so fine; I profess it is a perfect paradise.

Lady Smart. My Lord, your Lordship is always very obliging.

Ld

Ld Sparkish. Pray, Madam, whose picture is that?

Lady Smart. Why, my Lord, it was drawn for me.

Ld Sparkish. I'll swear the painter did not flatter your Ladyship.

Col. My Lord, the day is finely clear'd up.

Ld Smart. Ay, Colonel! 'tis a pity that fair weather should ever do any harm. [*To Neverout.*] Why, Tom, you are high in the mode.

Neverout. My Lord, it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion.

Ld Smart. But, Tom, I hear you and Miss are always quarrelling. I fear it is your fault; for I can assure you, she is very good-humour'd.

Neverout. Ay, my Lord; so is the devil when he's pleas'd.

Ld Smart. Miss, what do you think of my friend Tom?

Miss. My Lord, I think he's not the wisest man in the world; and truly he's sometimes very rude.

Ld Sparkish. That may be true; but yet he that hangs Tom for a fool, may find a knave in the halter.

Miss. Well, however, I wish he were hang'd, if it were only to try.

Neverout. Well, Miss, if I must be hang'd, I won't go far to chuse my gallows; it shall be about your fair neck.

Miss. I'll see your nose cheese first, and the dogs eating it. But, my Lord, Mr. Neverout's wit begins to run low; for, I vow, he said this before. Pray, Colonel, give him a pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

Ld Sparkish. My Lady Smart, your Ladyship has a very fine scarf.

Lady Smart. Yes, my Lord; it will make a flaming figure in a country-church.

Footman comes in

Footman. Madam, dinner's upon the table.

Col. Faith, I am glad of it ; my belly began to cry cup-board.

Neverout. I wish I may never hear worse news.

Miss. What ! Mr. Neverout, you are in great haste ; I believe your belly thinks your throat is cut.

Neverout. No, faith, Miss ; three meals a-day, and a good supper at night, will serve my turn.

Miss. To say the truth, I'm hungry.

Neverout. And I'm angry ; so let us both go fight.

They go in to dinner, and after the usual compliments, take their seats.

Lady Smart. Ladies and gentlemen, will you eat any oysters before dinner ?

Col. With all my heart. [*Takes an oyster.*] He was a bold man that first eat an oyster.

Lady Smart. They say oysters are a cruel meat, because we eat them alive ; then they are an uncharitable meat, for we leave nothing to the poor ; and they are an ungodly meat, because we never say grace,

Neverout. Faith, that's as well said, as if I had said it myself.

Lady Smart. Well, we are well set, if we be but as well serv'd. Come, Colonel, handle your arms : shall I help you to some beef ?

Col. If your Ladyship please : and, pray, don't cut like a mother-in-law, but send me a large slice : for I love to lay a good foundation. I vow, 'tis a noble sirloin.

Neverout. Ay ; here's cut and come again.

Miss. But, pray, why is it call'd a sir-loin ?

Ld

Ld Smart. Why, you must know, that our King James I. who lov'd good eating, being invited to dinner by one of his nobles, and seeing a large loin of beef at his table, he drew out his sword, and in a frolick he knighted it. Few people know the secret of this.

Ld Sparkish. Beef is man's meat, my Lord.

Ld Smart. But, my Lord, I say, beef is the King of meat.

Miss. Pray, what have I done, that I must not have a plate?

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answerall*] What will your Ladyship please to eat?

Lady Answ. Pray, Madam, help yourself.

Col. They say, eating and scratching wants but a beginning: if you'll give me leave, I'll help myself to a slice of this shoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you can't do a kinder thing; well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may say.

Col. They say, there are thirty and two good bits in a shoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Ay, Colonel; thirty bad bits, and two good ones: you see I understand you; but I hope you have got one of the two good ones.

Neverout. Colonel, I'll be of your mess.

Col. Then pray, Tom, carve for yourself: they say, two hands in a dish, and one in a purse. Hah! said I well, Tom?

Neverout. Colonel, you spoke like an oracle.

Miss. [to *Lady Answerall*.] Madam, will your Ladyship help me to some fish?

Ld Smart. [to *Neverout*.] Tom, they say fish should swim thrice.

Neverout. How is that, my Lord?

Ld Smart. Why, Tom, first it should swim in the sea, (do you mind me?); then it should swim in butter; and, at last, firrah, it should swim in good claret. I think I have made it out.

Footman.

Footman. [to Lord Smart.] My Lord, Sir John Linger is coming up.

Ld Smart. God so! I invited him to dine with me to-day, and forgot it; well, desire him to walk in.

Sir John Linger comes in.

Sir John. What! you are at it? why then, I'll be gone.

Lady Smart. Sir John, I beg you will sit down; come the more the merrier.

Sir John. Ay; but the fewer the better cheer.

Lady Smart. Well, I'm the worst in the world at making apologies; it was my Lord's fault. I doubt you must kiss the hare's foot.

Sir John. I see you are fast by the teeth.

Col. Faith, Sir John, we are killing that that would kill us.

Ld Sparkish. You see, Sir John, we are upon a business of life and death: come, will you do as we do? you are come in pudding-time.

Sir John. Ay; this would be doing if I were dead. What! you keep court-hours I see; I'll be going, and get a bit of meat at my inn.

Lady Smart. Why, we won't eat you, Sir John.

Sir John. It is my own fault; but I was kept by a fellow, who bought some Derbyshire oxen of me.

Neverout. You see, Sir John, we staid for you as one horse does for another.

Lady Smart. My Lord, will you help Sir John to some beef? Lady Answerall, pray eat, you see your dinner. I am sure, if we had known we should have such good company, we should have been better provided; but you must take the will for the deed. I am afraid you are invited to your loss.

Col. And pray, Sir John, how do you like the town! you have been absent a long time?

Sir

Sir John. Why, I find little London stands just where it did when I left it last.

Neverout. What do you think of Hanover-square? Why, Sir John, London is gone out of town since you saw it.

Lady Smart. Sir John, I can only say, you are heartily welcome: and I wish I had something better for you.

Col. Here's no salt; cuckolds will run away with the meat.

Ld Smart. Pray edge a little, to make more room for Sir John. Sir John, fall to; you know, half an hour is soon lost at dinner.

Sir John. I protest I can't eat a bit; for I took share of a beef-stake and two mugs of ale with my chapman, besides a tankard of March-beer, as soon as I got out of my bed.

Lady Answ. Not fresh and fasting, I hope?

Sir John. Yes, faith, Madam; I always wash my kettle, before I put the meat in it.

Lady Smart. Poh! Sir John, you have seen nine houses since you eat last; come, you have kept a corner of your stomach for a piece of venison-pasty.

Sir John. Well, I'll try what I can do when it comes up.

Lady Answ. Come, Sir John, you may go farther, and fare worse.

Miss. [to *Neverout.*] Pray, Mr. Neverout, will you please send me a piece of tongue?

Neverout. By no means, Madam; one tongue is enough for a woman.

Col. Miss, here's a tongue that never told a lie.

Miss. That was, because it could not speak. Why, Colonel, I never told a lie in my life.

Neverout. I appeal to all the company, whether that be not the greatest lie that ever was told.

Col. [to *Neverout.*] Pry'thee, Tom, send me the

two legs, and rump, and liver of that pigeon; for, you must know, I love what no body else loves.

Neverout. But what if any of the ladies should long? Well, here take it, and the d——l do you good with it.

Lady Answ. Well, this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach.

Neverout. I am sure I have lost mine.

Miss. What! the bottom of it, I suppose.

Neverout. No, really Miss; I have quite lost it.

Miss. I should be very sorry a poor body had found it.

Lady Smart. But, Sir John, we hear you are married since we saw you last: what! you have stolen a wedding, it seems.

Sir John. Well; one can't do a foolish thing once in one's life, but one must hear of it a hundred times.

Col. And pray, Sir John, how does your Lady unknown?

Sir John. My wife's well, Colonel, and at your service in a civil way. Ha, ha. [*He laughs.*]

Miss. Pray, Sir John, is your Lady tall or short?

Sir John. Why, Miss, I thank God, she is a little evil.

Ld Sparkish. Come, give me a glass of claret.

Footman fills him a bumper.

Ld Sparkish. Why do you fill so much?

Neverout. My Lord, he fills as he loves you.

Lady Smart. Miss, shall I send you some cow-comber?

Miss. Madam, I dare not touch it; for they say, cowcumbers are cold in the third degree.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, do you love pudden?

Neverout. Madam, I'm like all fools, I love every thing that is good; but the proof of the pudden is in the eating.

Col.

Col. Sir John, I hear you are a great walker, when you are at home.

Sir John. No, faith, Colonel ; I always love to walk with a horse in my hand ; but I have had devilish bad luck in horse flesh of late.

Ld Smart. Why then, Sir John, you must kiss a parson's wife.

Lady Smart. They say, Sir John, that your Lady has a great deal of wit.

Sir John. Madam, she can make a pudden ; and has just wit enough to know her husband's breeches from another man's.

Ld Smart. My Lord Sparkish, I have some excellent cyder ; will you please to taste it.

Ld Sparkish. My Lord, I should like it well enough, if it were not so treacherous.

Ld Smart. Pray, my Lord, how is it treacherous?

Ld Sparkish. Because it smiles in my face, and cuts my throat. [Here a loud laugh.]

Miss. Odd-fo, Madam ; your knives are very sharp, for I have cut my finger.

Lady Smart. I am sorry for it ; pray, which finger ? (God bless the mark).

Miss. Why, this finger ; no, 'tis this : I vow, I can't find which it is.

Neverout. Ay ; the fox had a wound, and he could not tell where, &c. Bring some water to throw in her face.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, did you ever draw a sword in anger ? I warrant you would faint at the sight of your own blood.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, shall I send you some veal ?

Neverout. No, Madam ; I don't love it.

Miss. Then pray for them that do. I desire your Ladyship will send me a bit.

Ld Smart. Tom, my service to you.

Neverout. My Lord, this moment I did myself the honour to drink to your Lordship.

Ld Smart.

Ld Smart. Why then, that's Hertfordshire kindness.

Neverout. Faith, my Lord, I pledged myself; for I drunk twice together without thinking.

Ld Sparkish. Why then, Colonel, my humble service to you,

Neverout. Pray, my Lord, don't make a bridge of my nose.

Ld Sparkish. Well, a glass of this wine is as comfortable as matrimony to an old woman.

Col. Sir John, I design, one of these days, to come and beat up your quarters at Derbyshire.

Sir John. Faith, Colonel, come, and welcome; and stay away, and heartily welcome; but you were born within the sound of Bow-bell, and don't care to stir so far from London.

Miss. Pray, Colonel, send me some fritters.

Colonel takes them out with his hand.

Col. Here, Miss; they say, fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives.

Lady Smart. Methinks this pudden is too much boil'd.

Lady Answ. Oh! Madam, they say, a pudden is poison, when it is too much boil'd.

Neverout. Miss, shall I help you to a pigeon? here's a pigeon so finely roasted, it cries, Come eat me.

Miss. No, Sir; I thank you.

Neverout. Why then, you may chuse.

Miss. I have chosen already.

Neverout. Well, you may be worse offer'd before you are twice married.

The Colonel fills a large plate of soupe.

Ld Smart. Why, Colonel, you don't mean to eat all that soupe.

Col. O, my Lord, this is my sick dish; when I'm well, I'll have a bigger.

Miss. [to *Col.*] Sup, Simon; very good broth.

Neverout. This seems to be a good pullet.

Miss. I warrant, Mr. Neverout knows what's good for himself.

Ld Sparkish. Tom, I shan't take your word for it; help me to a wing.

Neverout tries to cut off a wing.

Neverout. Egad, I can't hit the joint.

Ld Sparkish. Why then, think of a cuckold.

Neverout. Oh! now I have nick'd it.

[*Gives it to Ld Sparkish.*]

Ld Sparkish. Why, a man may eat this though his wife lay a-dying.

Col. Pray, friend, give me a glass of small beer, if it be good.

Ld Smart. Why, Colonel, they say there is no such thing as good small beer, good brown bread, or a good old woman.

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answ.*] Madam, I beg your Ladyship's pardon; I did not see you when I was cutting that bit.

Lady Answ. Oh! Madam; after you is good manners.

Lady Smart. Lord! here's a hair in the fauce.

Ld Sparkish. Then set the hounds after it.

Neverout. Pray, Colonel, help me however to some of that same fauce.

Col. Come; I think you are more fauce than pig.

Ld Smart. Sir John, cheer up; my service to you. Well, what do you think of the world to come?

Sir John. Truly my Lord, I think of it as little as I can.

Lady Smart. [putting a skewer on a plate.] Here,
VOL. IX. N take

take this skewer, and carry it down to the cook to dress it for her own dinner.

Neverout. I beg your Ladyship's pardon; but this small beer is dead.

Lady Smart. Why then, let it be bury'd.

Col. This is admirable black pudden: Miss, shall I carve you some? I can just carve pudden, and that's all: I am the worst carver in the world; I should never make a good chaplain.

Miss. No, thank ye, Colonel; for they say, those that eat black pudden will dream of the devil.

Ld Smart. O, here comes the venison-pasty: here, take the soupe away.

[He cuts it up, and tastes the venison.]

'Sbuds, this venison is musty.

Neverout eats a piece, and it burns his mouth.

Ld Smart. What's the matter, Tom? you have tears in your eyes, I think: what doest cry for, man?

Neverout. My Lord, I was just thinking of my poor grandmother; she died just this very-day seven years.

Miss takes a bit, and burns her mouth.

Neverout. And pray, Miss, why do you cry too?

Miss. Because you were not hang'd the day your grandmother died.

Ld Smart. I'd have given forty pounds, Miss, to have said that.

Col. Egad, I think the more I eat the hungrier I am.

Ld Sparkish. Why, Colonel, they say one shoulder of mutton drives down another.

Neverout. Egad, if I were to fast for my life, I would take a good breakfast in the morning, a good dinner at noon, and a good supper at night.

Ld

Ld Sparkish. My Lord, this venison is plaguily pepper'd ; your cook has a heavy hand.

Ld Smart. My Lord, I hope you are pepper-proof : come, here's a health to the founders.

Lady Smart. Ay ; and to the confounders too.

Ld Smart. Lady Answerall, does not your Ladyship love venison ?

Lady Answ. No, my Lord, I can't endure it in my sight ; therefore please to send me a good piece of meat and crust

Ld Sparkish. [*drinks to Neverout.*] Come, Tom ; not always to my friends, but once to you.

Neverout. [*drinks to Lady Smart.*] Come, Madam ; here's a health to our friends, and hang the rest of our kin.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, will your Ladyship have any of this hare ?

Lady Answ. No, Madam ; they say 'tis melancholy meat.

Lady Smart. Then, Madam, shall I send you the brains ? I beg your Ladyship's pardon ; for they say 'tis not good manners to offer brains.

Lady Answ. No, Madam ; for perhaps it will make me hair-brain'd.

Neverout. Miss, I must tell you one thing.

Miss. [*with a glass in her hand.*] Hold your tongue, Mr. Neverout ; don't speak in my tip.

Col. Well, he was an ingenious man that first found out eating and drinking.

Ld Sparkish. Of all vittles drink digests the quickest : give me a glass of wine.

Neverout. My Lord, your wine is too strong.

Lady Smart. Ay, Tom ; as much as you are too good.

Miss. This almond pudden was pure good ; but it is grown quite cold.

Neverout. So much the better, Miss ; cold pudden will settle your love.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, are you going to take a voyage?

Neverout. Why do you ask, Miss?

Miss. Because you have laid in so much beef.

Sir John. You two have eat up the whole pudding betwixt you.

Miss. Sir John, here's a little bit left; will you please to have it?

Sir John. No, thankee; I don't love to make a fool of my mouth.

Col. [*calling to the butler.*] John, is your small beer good?

Butler. An please your honour, my Lord and Lady like it; I think it is good.

Col. Why then, John, d'ye see? if you are sure your small beer is good, d'ye mark; then give me a glass of wine

[*All laugh.*]

Colonel tasting the wine.

Ld Smart. Sir John, how does your neighbour Gatherall of the Peak? I hear he has lately made a purchase.

Sir John. Oh, Dick Gatherall knows how to butter his bread as well as any man in Derbyshire.

Ld Smart. Why, he us'd to go very fine when he was here in town.

Sir John. Ay; and it became him, as a saddle becomes a fow.

Col. I know his lady, and I think she is a very good woman.

Sir John. Faith, she has more goodness in her little finger than he has in his whole body.

Ld Smart. Well, Colonel, how do you like that wine?

Col. This wine should be eaten; it is too good to be drunk.

Ld Smart. I'm very glad you like it; and pray don't spare it.

Col. No, my Lord; I'll never starve in a cook's shop.

Ld Smart. And pray, Sir John, what do you say to my wine?

Sir John. I'll take another glass first: second thoughts are best.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, Lady Smart, you sit near that ham; will you please to send me a bit?

Lady Smart. With all my heart. [*She sends him a piece.*] Pray, my Lord, how do you like it?

Ld Sparkish. I think it is a limb of Lot's wife. [*He eats it with mustard*] Egad, my Lord, your mustard is very uncivil.

Lady Smart. Why uncivil, my Lord?

Ld Sparkish. Because it takes me by the nose, egad.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, I find you are a very good carver.

Col. O Madam, that is no wonder; for you must know Tom Neverout carves o' Sundays.

Neverout overturns the salt-cellar.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, you have overturn'd the salt, and that's a sign of anger: I'm afraid Miss and you will fall out.

Lady Answ. No, no; throw a little of it into the fire, and all will be well.

Neverout. Oh, Madam, the falling out of lovers, you know.

Miss. Lovers! very fine! fall out with him! I wonder when we were in.

Sir John. For my part, I believe the young gentlewoman is his sweetheart, there's so much fooling and fidling betwixt them. I'm sure they say in our country, that shiddle come-sh—'s the beginning of love.

Miss. I own I love Mr. Neverout as the devil loves holy water: I love him like pye, I'd rather the devil had him than I.

Neverout. Miss, I'll tell you one thing.

Miss. Come, here' - t'ye to stop your mouth.

Neverout. I'd rather you would stop it with a kifs.

Miss. A kifs! marry come up, my dirty cousin; are you no ficker? Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing!

Neverout. Well, I'm very dry.

Miss. Then you're the better to burn, and the worse to fry.

Lady Answ. God bless you, Colonel; you have a good stroke with you.

Col. O Madam, formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing: I eat but one meal a-day.

Miss. What! I suppose, Colonel, that is from morning till night.

Neverout. Faith, Miss; and well was his wont.

Ld Smart. Pray, Lady Answerall, taste this bit of venison

Lady Answ. I hope your Lordship will set me a good example.

Ld Smart. Here's a glass of cyder fill'd: Miss, you must drink it.

Miss. Indeed, my Lord, I can't.

Neverout. Come, Miss; better belly burst, than good liquor be lost.

Miss. Pish! well, in life there was never any thing so teasing; I had rather shed it in my shoes. I wish it were in your guts for my share.

Ld Smart. Mr. Neverout, you ha'n't tasted my cyder yet.

Neverout. No, my Lord; I have been just eating soupe; and they say, if one drink with one's porridge, one will cough in one's grave.

Ld Smart. Come, take Miss's glass, she wish'd it was in your guts; let her have her wish for once: ladies can't abide to have their inclinations cross'd.

Lady Smart. [to Sir John.] I think, Sir John, you have not tasted the venison yet.

Sir

Sir John. I seldom eat it, Madam ; however, please to send me a little of the crust.

Ld Sparkish. Why, Sir John, you had as good eat the devil, as the broth he is boil'd in.

Col. Well, this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach, as Lady Answerall says.

Neverout. I have dined as well as my Lord Mayor.

Miss. I thought I could have eaten this wing of a chicken ; but my eye's bigger than my belly.

Ld Smart. Indeed, Lady Answerall, you have eaten nothing.

Lady Answ. Pray, my Lord, see all the bones on my plate : they say, a carpenter's known by his chips.

Neverout. Miss, will you reach me that glass of jelly ?

Miss. [giving it to him.] You see, 'tis but ask and have.

Neverout. Miss, I would have a bigger glass.

Miss. What ? you don't know your own mind ; you are neither well, full, nor fasting ; I think that is enough.

Neverout. Ay, one of the enoughts ; I am sure it is little enough.

Miss. Yes ; but you know sweet things are bad for the teeth.

Neverout. [to Lady Answ.] Madam, I don't like that part of the veal you sent me.

Lady Answ. Well, Mr. Neverout, I find you are a true Englishman ; you never know when you are well.

Col. Well, I have made my whole dinner of beef.

Lady Answ. Why, Colonel, a bellyfull's a bellyfull, if it be but of wheat straw.

Col. Well, after all, kitchen-physic is the best physic.

Lady Smart. And the best doctors in the world are

are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman.

Ld Sparkish. What do you think of a little house well fill'd.

Sir John. And a little land well till'd?

Col. Ay; and a little wife well will'd.

Neverout. My Lady Smart, pray help me to some of the breast of that goose.

Ld Smart. Tom, I have heard that goose upon goose is false heraldry.

Miss. What! will you never have done stuffing?

Ld Smart. 'This goose is quite raw: well, God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks.

Neverout. Miss, can you tell which is the gander, the white goose or the grey goose?

Miss. They say, a fool will ask more questions than the wisest body can answer.

Col. Indeed, Miss, Tom Neverout has posed you.

Miss. Why, Colonel, every dog has his day; but I believe I shall never see a goose again without thinking on Mr. Neverout.

Ld Smart. Well said, Miss; faith, girl, thou hast brought thyself off cleverly. Tom, what say you to that?

Col. Faith, Tom is nonplus'd; he looks plaguily down in the mouth.

Miss. Why, my Lord, you see he is the provokingest creature in life; I believe there is not such another in the varfal word.

Lady Answ. Oh, Miss! the world's a wide place.

Neverout. Well, Miss, I'll give you leave to call me any thing, if you don't call me spade.

Ld Smart. Well, but after all, Tom, can you tell me what's Latin for a goose?

Neverout. O my Lord, I know that; why, *brandy* is Latin for a goose, and *tace* is Latin for a candle.

Miss. Is that manners, to shew your learning before ladies? Methinks you are grown very brisk of a sudden; I think the man's glad he's alive.

Sir

Sir John. The devil take your wit, if this be wit; for it spoils company. Pray, Mr. Butler, bring me a dram after my goose; 'tis very good for the wholesomes.

Ld Smart. Come, bring me the loaf; I sometimes love to cut my own bread.

Miss. I suppose, my Lord, you lay longest a bed to-day.

Ld Smart. Miss, if I had said so, I should have told a fib; I warrant you lay a-bed till the cows came home; but, Miss, shall I cut you a little crust now my hand is in?

Miss. If you please, my Lord, a bit of under-crust.

Neverout. [*whispering Miss.*] I find you love to lie under.

Miss. [*aloud, pushing him from her.*] What does the man mean! Sir, I don't understand you at all*.

Neverout. Come, all quarrels laid aside: here, Miss, may you live a thousand years.

[*He drinks to her.*]

Miss. Pray, Sir, don't stint me.

Ld Smart. Sir John, will you taste my October? I think it is very good; but I believe not equal to yours in Derbyshire.

Sir John. My Lord, I beg your pardon; but they say, the devil made askers.

Lord Smart. [*to the Butler.*] Here bring up the great tankard full of October for Sir John.

Col. [*drinking to Miss.*] Miss, your health; may you live all the days of your life.

Lady Answ. Well, Miss, you'll certainly be soon married; here's two batchelors drinking to you at once.

Lady Smart. Indeed, Miss, I believe you were wrapt in your mother's smock, you are so well belov'd.

* Miss discovers her understanding by the manner in which she denies it; an inconsistency so common, that it deserves a note.

Miss. Where's my knife? sure I han't eaten it : Oh, here it is.

Sir John. No, Miss; but your maidenhead hangs in your light.

Miss. Pray, Sir John, is that a Derbyshire compliment? Here, Mr. Neverout, will you take this piece of rabbit that you bid me carve for you?

Neverout. I don't know.

Miss. Why take it, or let it alone.

Neverout. I will.

Miss. What will you?

Neverout. Why, I'll take it, or let it alone.

Miss. You are a provoking creature.

Sir John. [*talking with a glass of wine in his hand.*] I remember a farmer in our country —

Ld Smart. [*interrupting him.*] Pray, Sir John, did you ever hear of parson Palmer?

Sir John. No, my Lord; what of him?

Ld Smart. Why he used to preach over his liquor.

Sir John. I beg your Lordship's pardon; here's your Lordship's health: I'll drink it up if it were a mile to the bottom.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, have you been at the new play?

Neverout. Yes, Madam, I went the first night.

Lady Smart. Well, and how did it take?

Neverout. Why, Madam, the poet is damn'd.

Sir John. God forgive you! that's very uncharitable: you ought not to judge so rashly of any Christian.

Neverout. [*whispers Lady Smart.*] Was ever such a dunce? How well he knows the town! See how he stares like a stuck-pig! Well, but, Sir John, are you acquainted with any of our fine ladies yet? any of our famous toasts!

Sir John. No; damn your fireships, I have a wife of my own.

Lady

Lady Smart. Pray, my Lady Answerall, how do you like these preserv'd oranges?

Lady Answ. Indeed, Madam, the only fault I find is, that they are too good.

Lady Smart. O Madam; I have heard 'em say, that too good is stark naught.

Miss drinking part of a glass of wine.

Neverout. Pray, let me drink your snuff,

Miss. No, indeed, you shan't drink after me; for you'll know my thoughts.

Neverout. I know them already; you are thinking of a good husband. Besides, I can tell your meaning by your mumping.

Lady Smart. Pray, my Lord, did not you order the butler to brink up a tankard of our October to Sir John? I believe they stay to brew it.

The Butler brings up the tankard to Sir John.

Sir John. Won't your Lordship please to drink first?

Ld Smart. No, Sir John, 'tis in a very good hand; I'll pledge you.

Col. [to Lord Smart.] My Lord, I love October as well as Sir John; and hope you won't make fish of one, and flesh of another.

Ld Smart. Colonel, you're heartily welcome. Come, Sir John, take it by word of mouth, and then give it the Colonel.

Sir John drinks.

Ld Smart. Well, Sir John, how do you like it:

Sir John. Not as well as my own Derbyshire; 'tis plaguy small.

Lady Smart. I never taste malt-liquor; but they say 'tis well hopt.

Sir John. Hopt! why, if it had hopt a little further, it would have hopp'd into the river. O, my Lord,

Lord, my ale is meat, drink, and cloth; it will make a cat speak, and a wise man dumb.

Lady Smart. I was told, ours was very strong.

Sir John. Ay, Madam, strong of the water; I believe the brewer forgot the malt, or the river was too near him. Faith, it is mere whip belly vengeance; he that drinks most has the worst share.

Col. I believe, Sir John, ale is as plenty as water at your house.

Sir John. Why, faith, at Christmas we have many comers and goers; and they must not be sent away without a cup of Christmas ale, for fear they should p—s behind the door.

Lady Smart. I hear Sir John has the nicest garden in England; they say, 'tis kept so clean, that you can't find a place where to spit.

Sir John. O Madam; you are pleas'd to say so.

Lady Smart. But, Sir John, your ale is terrible strong and heady in Derbyshire, and will soon make one drunk and sick; what do you then?

Sir John. Why, indeed, it is apt to fox one; but our way is, to take a hare of the same dog next morning. I take a new-laid egg for breakfast; and faith, one should drink as much after an egg as after an ox.

Ld Smart. Tom Neverout, will you taste a glass of October?

Neverout. No, faith, my Lord; I like your wine, and I won't put a churl upon a gentleman; your honour's claret is good enough for me.

Lady Smart. What! is this pigeon left for manners? Colonel, shall I send you the legs and rump?

Col. Madam, I could not eat a bit more, if the house was full.

Ld Smart. [carving a partridge.] Well; one may ride to Rumford upon this knife, it is so blunt.

Lady Answ. My Lord, I beg your pardon; but they say, an ill workman never had good tools.

Ld Smart. Will your Lordship have a wing of it?

Ld Sparkish. No, my Lord; I love the wing of an ox a great deal better.

Ld Smart. I'm always cold after eating.

Col. My Lord, they say, that's a sign of long life.

Ld Smart. Ay; I believe I shall live till all my friends are weary of me.

Col. Pray, does any body here hate cheese? I would be glad of a bit.

Ld Smart. An odd kind of fellow dined with me t'other day; and when the cheese came upon the table, he pretended to faint; so somebody said, Pray take away the cheese: No, said I, pray, take away the fool: said I well?

Here a loud and large laugh.

Col. Faith, my Lord, you serv'd the coxcomb right enough; and therefore I wish we had a bit of your Lordship's Oxfordshire cheese.

Ld Smart. Come, hang saving; bring us up a half-p'orth of cheese.

Lady Answ. They say, cheese digests every thing but itself.

A footman brings a great whole cheese.

Ld Sparkish. Ay; this would look handsome, if any body should come in.

Sir John. Well; I'm weily brosten, as they sayn in Lancashire.

Lady Smart. O! Sir John; I wou'd I had something to brost you withal.

Ld Smart. Come, they say, 'tis merry in the hall when beards wag all.

Lady Smart. Mifs, shall I help you to some cheese, or will you carve for yourself?

Neverout. I'll hold fifty pounds, Mifs won't cut the chèese.

Miss. Pray, why so, Mr. Neverout?

Neverout. Oh, there is a reason, and you know it well enough.

Miss. I can't for my life understand what the gentleman means.

Ld Smart. Pray, Tom, change the discourse: in troth you are too bad.

Col. [*whispers Neverout*] Smoke Miss; faith, you have made her fret like gum taffety,

Lady Smart. Well, but, Miss, (hold your tongue, Mr. Neverout), shall I cut you a piece of cheese?

Miss. No really, Madam: I have dined this half hour.

Lady Smart. What! quick at meat, quick at work, they say.

Sir John nods.

Ld Smart. What! are you sleepy, Sir John? do you sleep after dinner?

Sir John. Yes, faith; I sometimes take a nap after my pipe*; for when the belly is full, the bones would be at rest.

Lady Smart. Come, Colonel; help yourself, and your friends will love you the better. [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, your Ladyship eats nothing.

Lady Answ. Lord, Madam, I have fed like a farmer; I shall grow as fat as a porpoise; I swear my jaws are weary of chewing.

Col. I have a mind to eat a piece of that sturgeon, but fear it will make me sick.

* It may be observed in this passage, and many others, that the author gave himself no trouble to render the drama of this piece perfect. Sir John is here supposed to have smoked, and the Lady is immediately afterwards pressed to eat. His principal view was to string all the phrases that are uttered by rote one upon another, without the assistance of any other language to introduce or correct them. The drama therefore must be regarded merely as a vehicle: and whoever considers the difficulty of that which is effected, will scarce be so unreasonable as to censure the writer for not effecting more.

Neverout. A rare foldier indeed ! let it alone, and I warrant it won't hurt you.

Col. Well ; it wou'd vex a dog to see a pudden creep.

Sir John rises.

Ld Smart. Sir John, what are you doing ?

Sir John. Swolks, I must be going, by'r Lady ; I have earnest business ; I must do as the beggars do, go away when I have got enough.

Ld Smart. Well ; but stay till this bottle's out ; you know, the man was hang'd that left his liquor behind him ; and besides, a cup in the pate is a mile in the gate ; and a spur in the head is worth two in the heel.

Sir John. Come then ; one brimmer to all your healths. [*The footman gives him a glass half full.*] Pray, friend, what was the rest of this glass made for ? an inch of the top, friend, is worth two at the bottom. [*He gets a brimmer and drinks it off.*] Well, there's no deceit in a brimmer, and there's no false Latin in this ; your wine is excellent good ; so I thank you for the next, for I am sure of this. Madam, has your Ladyship any commands in Derbyshire ? I must go fifteen miles to-night.

Lady Smart. None, Sir John, but to take care of yourself ; and my most humble service to your lady unknown.

Sir John. Well, Madam, I can but love and thank you.

Lady Smart. Here, bring water to wash ; though really, you have all eaten so little, that you have not need to wash your mouths.

Ld Smart. But, pr'ythee, Sir John stay a while longer.

Sir John. No, my Lord ; I am to smoke a pipe with a friend before I leave the town.

Col. Why, Sir John, had not you better set out to-morrow ?

Sir John. Colonel, you forgot to-morrow is Sunday.

Col. Now, I always love to begin a journey on Sundays, because I shall have the prayers of the church, to preserve all that travel by land, or by water.

Sir John. Well, Colonel; thou art a mad fellow to make a priest of.

Neverout. Fie, Sir John, do you take tobacco? How can you make a chimney of your mouth?

Sir John [*to Neverout.*] What! you don't smoke; I warrant you, but you smock. (Ladies, I beg your pardon). Colonel, do you never smoke?

Col. No, Sir John; but I take a pipe sometimes.

Sir John. I faith, one of your finical London blades dined with me last year in Derbyshire: so, after dinner, I took a pipe; so, my gentleman turn'd away his head: so, said I, What, Sir, do you never smoke? So he answered as you do, Colonel, No, but I sometimes take a pipe: so he took a pipe in his hand, and fiddled with it till he broke it: so, said I, Pray, Sir, can you make a pipe? So, he said, No: so, said I, Why then, Sir, if you can't make a pipe, you should not break a pipe: so we all laugh'd.

Ld Smart Well: but, Sir John, they say, that the corruption of pipes is the generation of stoppers.

Sir John. Colonel, I hear you go sometimes to Derbyshire; I wish you would come and fowl a plate with me.

Col. I hope you will give me a foldier's bottle.

Sir John. Come, and try. Mr. Neverout, you are a town-wit; you can tell me what kind of herb is tobacco?

Neverout. Why, an Indian herb, Sir John.

Sir John. No, 'tis a pot-herb; and so here's t'ye in a pot of my Lord's October.

Lady

Lady Smart. I hear, Sir John, since you are married, you have foreswore the town

Sir John. No, Madam; I never foreswore any thing but the building of churches.

Lady Smart. Well; but, Sir John, when may we hope to see you again in London?

Sir John. Why, Madam, not till the ducks have eat up the dirt, as the children say.

Nevercut. Come, Sir John: I foresee it will rain terribly.

Ld Smart. Come, Sir John, do nothing rashly; let us drink first.

Ld Sparkish. I know Sir John will go, though he was sure it would rain cats and dogs: but, pray, stay, Sir John; you'll be time enough to go to bed by candle-light.

Lady Smart. Why, Sir John, if you must needs go; while you stay, make use of your time: here's my service to you, a health to our friends in Derbyshire: come, sit down; let us put off the evil hour as long as we can.

Sir John. Faith, I could not drink a drop more, if the house was full.

Col. Why, Sir John, you used to love a glass of good wine in former times.

Sir John. Why, so I do still, Colonel; but a man may love his house very well, without riding on the ridge; besides, I must be with my wife on Tuesday, or there will be the devil and all to pay.

Col. Well, if you go to-day, I wish you may be wet to the skin.

Sir John. Ay, but they say the prayers of the wicked won't prevail.

Sir John takes leave and goes away.

Ld Smart. Well, Miss, how do you like Sir John!

Miss. Why, I think, he's a little upon the silly,

or so : I believe he has not all the wit in the world : but I don't pretend to be judge.

Neverout Faith, I believe, he was bred at Hog's Norton, where the pigs play upon the organs.

Ld Sparkish. Why, Tom, I thought you and he were hand and glove.

Neverout Faith, he shall have a clean threshold for me ; I never darkened his door in my life, neither in town or country ; but he's a queer old duke, by my conscience ; and yet, after all, I take him to be no more knave than fool.

Lady Smart. Well, come a man's a man, if he has but a nose on his face.

Col. I was once with him and some other company over a bottle ; and, egad, he fell asleep, and snor'd so hard, that we thought he was driving his hogs to market.

Neverout. Why, what, you can have no more of a cat than her skin ; you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Ld Sparkish. Well ; since he's gone, the devil go with him and sixpence ; and there's money and company too.

Neverout. Faith, he's a true country-put. Pray, Miss, let me ask you a question.

Miss. Well ; but don't ask questions with a dirty face. I warrant what you have to say will keep cold.

Col. Come, my Lord, against you are disposed ; here's to all that love and honour you.

Ld Sparkish. Ay, that was always Dick Nimble's health. I'm sure you know he's dead.

Col. Dead ! well, my Lord, you love to be a messenger of ill news : I'm heartily sorry : but, my Lord, we must all die.

Neverout. I knew him very well ; but pray, how came he to die ?

Miss. There's a question ! you talk like a poticary : why, because he could live no longer.

Neverout

Neverout. Well; rest his soul; we must live by the living, and not by the dead.

Ld Sparkish. You know, his house was burnt down to the ground.

Col. Yes; it was in the news. Why, fire and water are good servants, but they are very bad masters.

Lady Smart. Here, take away, and set down a bottle of Burgundy. Ladies, you'll stay and drink a glass of wine before you go to your tea.

All taken away, and the wine set down.

Miss gives Neverout a smart pinch.

Neverout. Lord, Miss, what d'ye mean? D'ye think I have no feeling?

Miss. I'm forc'd to pinch; for the times are hard.

Neverout. [*giving Miss a pinch.*] Take that, Miss; what's sauce for a goose, is sauce for a gander.

Miss. [*screaming*] Well, Mr. Neverout, if I live, that shall neither go to heaven nor hell with you.

Neverout. [*takes Miss by the hand.*] Come, Miss, let us lay all quarrels aside, and be friends.

Miss. Don't be so teasing: you plague a body so! can't you keep your filthy hands to yourself?

Neverout. Pray, Miss, where did you get that pick-tooth case?

Miss. I came honestly by't.

Neverout. I'm sure it was mine, for I lost just such a one; nay, I don't tell you a lie.

Miss. No; if you lie, it is much.

Neverout. Well; I'm sure 'tis mine.

Miss. What! you think every thing is yours, but a little the King has.

Neverout.

Neverout. Colonel, you have seen my fine pick-tooth case; don't you think this is the very same?

Col. Indeed, Miss, it is very like it.

Miss. Ay; what he says, you'll swear.

Neverout. Well; but I'll prove it to be mine.

Miss. Ay; do if you can.

Neverout. Why, what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.

Miss. Well, run on till you're weary; no body holds you.

Neverout gapes.

Col. What, Mr. Neverout, do you gape for pre-ferment?

Neverout. Faith, I may gape long enough before it falls into my mouth.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, my Lord and I intend to beat up your quarters one of these days; I hear you live high.

Neverout. Yes, faith, Madam; I live high, and lodge in a garret.

Col. But, Miss, I forgot to tell you, that Mr. Neverout got the devilishest fall in the park to-day.

Miss. I hope he did not hurt the ground: but how was it, Mr. Neverout? I wish I had been there to laugh.

Neverout. Why, Madam, it was a place where a cuckold had been buried, and one of his horns sticking out, I happened to stumble against it; that was all.

Lady Smart. Ladies, let us leave the gentlemen to themselves; I think it is time to go to our tea.

Lady Answ. and Miss. My Lords and gentlemen, your most humble servant.

Ld Smart. Well, Ladies, we'll wait on you an hour hence.

The gentlemen alone.

Ld Smart. Come, John, bring us a fresh bottle.

Col. Ay, my Lord; and pray, let him carry off the dead men, as we say in the army.

[*Meaning the empty bottles.*]

Ld Sparkish. Mr. Neverout, pray is not that bottle full?

Neverout. Yes, my Lord, full of emptiness.

Ld Smart. And d'ye hear, John, bring clean glasses.

Col. I'll keep mine ; for I think, the wine is the best liquor to wash glasses in.

XX

D I A L O G U E III.

The Ladies at their tea.

Lady Smart **W**ELL, Ladies; now let us have a cup of discourse to ourselves.

Lady Answ. What do you think of your friend Sir John Spendall?

Lady Smart. Why, Madam. 'tis happy for him that his father was born before him.

Miss. They say, he makes a very ill husband to my Lady.

Lady Answ. But he must be allowed to be the fondest father in the world.

Lady Smart. Ay, Madam. that's true; for they say, the devil is kind to his own.

Miss. I am told, my Lady manages him to admiration.

Lady Smart. That I believe ; for she's as cunning as a dead pig, but not half so honest.

Lady.

Lady Anfw. They fay, ſhe's quite a ſtranger to all his gallantries.

Lady Smart. Not at all; but you know, there's none ſo blind as they that won't ſee.

Miſs. O Madam, I am told ſhe watches him as a cat would watch a mouſe

Lady Anfw. Well, if ſhe be'nt foully belied, ſhe pays him in his own coin.

Lady Smart. Madam, I fancy I know your thoughts as well as if I were within you.

Lady Anfw. Madam, I was t'other day in company with Mrs. Clatter; I find ſhe gives herſelf airs of being acquainted with your Ladyſhip.

Miſs. Oh, the hideous creature! did you obſerve her nails? they were long enough to ſcratch her grannum out of her grave.

Lady Smart. Well, ſhe and Tom Goſling were banging compliments backwards and forwards; it look'd like two aſſes ſcrubbing one another.

Miſs. Ay, claw me, and I'll claw you; but, pray, Madam, who were the company?

Lady Smart. Why, there was all the world, and his wife; there was Mrs. Clatter. Lady Singular, the Counteſs of Talkham, (I ſhould have named her firſt), Tom Goſling, and ſome others, whom I have forgot.

Lady Anfw. I think the Counteſs is very ſickly.

Lady Smart. Yes, Madam, ſhe'll never ſcratch a grey head, I promiſe her.

Miſs. And, pray, what was your converſation?

Lady Smart. Why. Mrs. Clatter had all the talk to herſelf, and was perpetually complaining of her miſfortunes.

Lady Anfw. She brought her huſband ten thouſand pounds; ſhe has a town-houſe and a country-houſe: would the woman have her a—— hung with points?

Lady Smart. She would fain be at the top of the houſe before the ſtairs are built,

Miſs.

Miss. Well, comparisons are odious ; but she's as like her husband as if she were spit out of his mouth ; as like as one egg is to another : pray, how was she drest ?

Lady Smart. Why, she was as fine as fi'pence ; but, truly, I thought there was more cost than worship.

Lady Answ. I don't know her husband ; pray, what is he ?

Lady Smart. Why, he's a counsellor of the law ; you must know he came to us as drunk as David's sow.

Miss. What kind of creature is he ?

Lady Smart. You must know, the man and his wife are coupled like rabbits, a fat and a lean ; he's as fat as a porpus, and she's one of Pharaoh's lean kine. The ladies and Tom Gosling were proposing a party at quadrille ; but he refus'd to make one. Damn your cards, said he, they are the devil's books.

Lady Answ. A dull, unmannerly brute ! Well, God send him more wit, and me more money.

Miss. Lord ! Madam, I would not keep such company for the world.

Lady Smart. O Miss, 'tis nothing when you are used to it ; besides, you know, for want of company, welcome trumpery.

Miss. Did your Ladyship play ?

Lady Smart. Yes, and won ; so I came off with fidler's fare, meat, drink, and money.

Lady Answ. Ay ; what says Pluck ?

Miss. Well, my elbow itches ; I shall change bed-fellows.

Lady Smart. And my right hand itches ; I shall receive money.

Lady Answ. And my right eye itches ; I shall cry.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear your friend, Mistress Giddy

Giddy, has discarded Dick Shuttle : pray, has she got another lover ?

Miss. I hear of none.

Lady Smart. Why, the fellow's rich ; and I think she was a fool to throw out her dirty water before she got clean.

Lady Answ. Miss, that's a very handsome gown of yours, and finely made ; very genteel.

Miss. I am glad your Ladyship likes it.

Lady Answ. Your lover will be in raptures ; it becomes you admirably.

Miss. Ay ; I assure you I won't take it as I have done ; if this won't fetch him, the devil fetch him, say I.

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answ.*] Pray, Madam, when did you see Sir Peter Muckworm ?

Lady Answ. Not this fortnight ; I hear he's laid up with the gout.

Lady Smart. What does he do for it ?

Lady Answ. I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes use of nothing but patience and flannel.

Miss. Pray how does he and my Lady agree ?

Lady Answ. You know he loves her as the devil loves holy water.

Miss. They say she plays deep with sharpers, that cheat her of her money.

Lady Answ. Upon my word they must rise early that would cheat her of her money ; Sharp's the word with her ; diamonds cut diamonds.

Miss. Well, but I was assur'd from a good hand that she lost at one sitting to the tune of a hundred guineas : make money of that.

Lady Smart. Well, but do you hear that Mrs. Plump is brought to bed at last ?

Miss. And pray, what has God sent her ?

Lady Smart. Why, guess if you can.

Miss. A boy, I suppose.

Lady Smart. No, you are out ; guess again.

Miss. A girl, then.

Lady Smart. You have hit it ; I believe you are a witch.

Miss. O Madam, the gentlemen say all fine ladies are witches ; but I pretend to no such thing.

Lady Answ. Well, she had good luck to draw Tom Plump into wedlock ; she ris' with her a—— upwards.

Miss. Fie, Madam, what do you mean ?

Lady Smart. O Miss, 'tis nothing what we say among ourselves.

Miss. Ay, Madam ; but they say hedges have eyes, and walls have ears.

Lady Answ. Well, Miss, I can't help it ; you know I'm old tell-truth ; I love to call a spade a spade.

Lady Smart. [*mistakes the tea-tongs for the spoon.*] What ! I think my wits are a wool-gathering to-day.

Miss. Why, Madam, there was but a right and a wrong.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear that you and Lady Coupler are as great as cup and can.

Lady Answ. Ay, Miss, as great as the devil and the Earl of Kent.

Lady Smart. Nay, I am told you meet together with as much love as there is between the old cow and the hay-stack.

Miss. I own I love her very well ; but there's difference betwixt staring and stark mad.

Lady Smart. They say she begins to grow fat.

Miss. Fat ! ay, fat as a hen in the forehead.

Lady Smart. Indeed, Lady Answerall, (pray forgive me), I think your Ladyship looks thinner than when I saw you last.

Miss. Indeed, Madam, I think not ; but your Ladyship is one of Job's comforters.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter how I look ; I am bought and sold ; but really, Miss, you are so very

obliging, that I wish I were a handsome young lord for your sake.

Miss. O Madam, your love's a million.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, will your Ladyship let me wait on you to the play to-morrow.

Lady Answ. Madam, it becomes me to wait on your Ladyship.

Miss. What, then, I'm turn'd out for a wrangler.

The gentlemen come in to the ladies to drink tea.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, we wanted you sadly; you are always out of the way when you shou'd be hang'd.

Neverout. You wanted me! pray, Miss, how do you look when you lie.

Miss. Better than you when you cry Manners indeed! I find you look like sour ale in summer.

Neverout. I beg your pardon, Miss; I only meant when you lie alone.

Miss. That's well turn'd; one turn more would have turn'd you down stairs.

Neverout. Come, Miss, be kind for once, and order me a dish of coffee.

Miss. Pray, go yourself; let us wear out the oldest: besides, I can't go, for I have a bone in my leg.

Col. They say, a woman need but look on her apron-string to find an excuse.

Neverout. Why, Miss, you are grown so peevish, a dog would not live with you.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, I beg your diversion; no offence, I hope: but truly in a little time you intend to make the Colonel as bad as yourself; and that's as bad as bad can be.

Neverout. My Lord, don't you think Miss improves wonderfully of late! Why, Miss, if I spoil
the

the Colonel, I hope you will use him as you do me for you know, love me, love my dog.

Col. How's that, Tom? say that again: why, if I am a dog, shake hands, brother. [*Here a great, loud, long laugh.*]

Ld Smart. But pray, gentlemen, why always so severe upon poor Miss? On my conscience, Colonel and Tom Neverout, one of you two are both knaves.

Col. My Lady Answerall, I intend to do myself the honour of dining with your Ladyship to-morrow.

Lady Answ. Ay, Colonel, do if you can.

Miss. I'm sure you'll be glad to be welcome.

Col. Miss, I thank you; and, to reward you, I'll come and drink tea with you in the morning.

Miss. Colonel, there's two words to that bargain.

Col. [*to Lady Smart.*] Your Ladyship has a very fine watch; well may you wear it.

Lady Smart. It is none of mine, Colonel.

Col. Pray, whose is it then.

Lady Smart. Why, 'tis my Lord's; for they say, a marry'd woman has nothing of her own, but her wedding-ring and her hair-lace; but if women had been the law-makers, it would have been better.

Col. This watch seems to be quite new.

Lady Smart. No, Sir; it has been twenty years in my Lord's family; but Quare put a new case and dial-plate to it

Neverout. Why, that's for all the world like the man who swore he kept the same knife forty years, only he sometimes changed the haft, and sometimes the blade.

Ld Smart. Well, Tom, to give the devil his due, thou art a right woman's man.

Col. Odd-so! I have broke the hinge of my snuff-box: I'm undone besides the loss.

Miss. Alack-a-day, Colonel! I vow I had rather have found forty shillings.

Neverout. Why, Colonel! all that I can say to comfort you is, that you must mend it with a new one.

Miss laughs.

Col. What, Miss! you can't laugh but you must shew your teeth.

Miss. I'm sure you shew your teeth when you can't bite; well, thus it must be, if we sell ale.

Neverout. Miss, you smell very sweet; I hope you don't carry perfumes.

Miss. Perfumes! No, Sir; I'd have you to know it is nothing but the grain of my skin.

Col. Tom, you have a good nose to make a poor man's sow.

Ld Sparkish. So, Ladies and Gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another: come, box it about; 'twill come to my father at last.

Col. Why, my Lord, you see Miss has no mercy; I wish she were marry'd; but I doubt the grey mare would prove the better horse.

Miss. Well, God forgive you for that wish.

Ld Sparkish. Never fear him, Miss.

Miss. What, my Lord, do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

Ld Smart. What have you to say to that, Colonel.

Neverout. O my Lord, my friend the Colonel scorns to set his wit against a child.

Miss. Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Col. Well, Miss; they say, a woman's tongue is the last thing about her that dies; therefore, let's kiss and be friends.

Miss. Hands off! that's meat for your master.

Ld Sparkish. Faith, Colonel, you are in for ale and cakes: but, after all, Miss, you are too severe; you would not meddle with your match.

Miss.

Miss. All they can say goes in at one ear, and out at t'other for me, I can assure you; only I wish they would be quiet, and let me drink my tea.

Neverout. What! I warrant you think all is lost that goes beside your own mouth.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue for once, if it be possible; one would think you were a woman in man's cloaths by your prating.

Neverout. No, Miss; it is not handsome to see one hold one's tongue; besides, I should flobber my fingers.

Col. Miss, did you never hear, that three women and a goose are enough to make a market.

Miss. I'm sure, if Mr. Neverout or you were among them it would make a fair.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Here, take away the tea-table, and bring up candles.

Lady Answ. O Madam, no candles yet, I beseech you; don't let us burn day-light.

Neverout. I dare swear, Miss, for her part, will never burn day-light, if she can help it.

Miss. Lord! Mr. Neverout, one can't hear one's own ears for you.

Lady Smart. Indeed, Madam, it is blind-man's holiday; we shall soon be all of a colour.

Neverout. Why then, Miss, we may kiss where we like best.

Miss. Fogh! these men talk of nothing but kissing. *[She spits.]*

Neverout. What, Miss, does it make your mouth water.

Lady Smart. It is as good be in the dark as without light; therefore, pray bring in candles; they say, women and linen shew best by candle-light. Come, Gentlemen, are you for a party at quadrille?

Col. I'll make one with you three ladies.

Lady Answ. I'll sit down, and be a stander-by.

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answ.*] Madam, does your Ladyship never play?

Col. Yes; I suppose her Ladyship plays sometimes for an Egg at Esther.

Neverout. Ay; and a kiss at Christmas.

Lady Answ. Come, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue, and mind your knitting.

Neverout. With all my heart; kiss my wife, and welcome.

The Colonel, Mr. Neverout, Lady Smart, and Miss,
go to quadrille, and sit till three in the morning.

They rise from cards.

Lady Smart. Well, Miss, you'll have a sad husband, you have such good luck at cards.

Neverout. Indeed, Miss, you dealt me sad cards; if you deal so ill by your friends, what will you do with your enemies?

Lady Answ. I'm sure 'tis time for honest folks to be a-bed.

Miss. Indeed my eyes draw straws.

She's almost asleep.

Neverout. Why, Miss, if you fall asleep, somebody may get a pair of gloves.

Col. I'm going to the land of Nod.

Neverout. Faith, I'm for Bedfordshire.

Lady Smart. I'm sure I shall sleep without roking.

Neverout. Miss, I hope you'll dream of your sweetheart.

Miss. Oh, no doubt of it: I believe I shan't be able to sleep for dreaming of him.

Col. [to *Miss.*] Madam, shall I have the honour to escort you?

Miss.

Miss. No, Colonel, I thank you ; my mamma has sent her chair and footmen. Well, my Lady Smart, I'll give you revenge whenever you please.

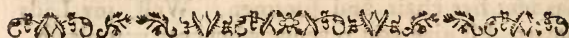
Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, the chairs are waiting.

They all take their chairs, and go off.



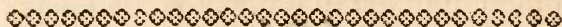
DIREC-



DIRECTIONS to SERVANTS in GENERAL * ;

And in particular to the

BUTLER,	PORTER,
COOK,	DAIRY-MAID,
FOOTMAN,	CHAMBER-MAID,
COACHMAN,	NURSE,
GROOM,	LAUNDRESS,
HOUSE-STEWARD,	HOUSEKEEPER,
and	TUTORESS, or
LAND-STEWARD,	GVERNESS.



The DUBLIN EDITOR's PREFACE.

‘ THE following treatise of *Directions to Servants*
‘ was begun some years ago by the author,
‘ who had not leifure to finish and put it into pro-
‘ per order, being engaged in many other works
‘ of greater use to his country, as may be feen by
‘ most of his writings. But, as the author’s design

* “ I have a thing in prose, begun above twenty-eight years ago,
“ and almost finished. It will make a four-shilling volume ; and is
“ such a perfection of folly, that you shall never hear of it till it is
“ printed, and then you shall be left to guess. Nay, I have another
“ or the same age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is
“ worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way.”
Swift’s Letters, in vol. 10. let. 62. alluding to *Polite Conversation*,
and *Directions to servants*.

‘ was

‘ was to expose the villanies and frauds of servants
 ‘ to their masters and mistresses, we shall make no
 ‘ apology for its publication, but give it our read-
 ‘ ers in the same manner as we find it in the origi-
 ‘ nal, which may be seen in the printer’s custody.
 ‘ The few tautologies that occur in the characters
 ‘ left unfinished, will make the reader look upon
 ‘ the whole as a rough draught, with several out-
 ‘ lines only drawn. However, that there may ap-
 ‘ pear no daubing or patchwork by other hands,
 ‘ it is thought most adviseable to give it in the au-
 ‘ thor’s own words.

‘ It is imagined that he intended to make a large
 ‘ volume of this work; but, as time and health
 ‘ would not permit him, the reader may draw,
 ‘ from what is here exhibited, means to detect the
 ‘ many vices and faults which people in that kind
 ‘ of low life are subject to.

‘ If gentlemen would seriously consider this work,
 ‘ which is written for their instruction, (although
 ‘ ironically), it would make them better oecono-
 ‘ mists, and preserve their estates and families from
 ‘ ruin.

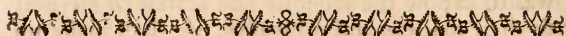
‘ It may be seen by some scattered papers, (where-
 ‘ in were given hints for a dedication and preface,
 ‘ and a list of all degrees of servants), that the
 ‘ author intended to have gone through all their
 ‘ characters.

‘ This is all that need be said as to this treatise,
 ‘ which can only be looked upon as a fragment.’

Dublin, Nov. 8.

G. F.

1745.



DIRECTIONS to SERVANTS *.

RULES that concern all SERVANTS in general.

WHEN your master or lady calls a servant by name, if that servant be not in the way, none of you are to answer; for then there will be no end of your drudgery: and masters themselves allow, that if a servant comes when he is called, it is sufficient.

When

* This tract is imperfect and unfinished. The editor tells us, that a preface and dedication were to have been added to it. I think it was not published till after the Dean's death; but I remember the manuscript handed about, and much applauded in his lifetime. To say the most that can be offered in its favour, the tract is written in so facetious a kind of low humour, that it must please many readers; nor is it without some degree of merit, by pointing out with an amazing exactness (and what in a less trivial case must have been called judgement) the faults, blunders, tricks, lies, and various knaveries of domestic servants. How much time must have been employed in putting together such a work? What an intenseness of thought must have been bestowed upon the lowest and most slavish scenes of life? It is one of those compositions, that the utmost strength of wit can scarce sustain from sinking. A man of Swift's exalted genius ought constantly to have soared into higher regions. He ought to have looked upon persons of inferior abilities, as children whom Nature had appointed him to instruct, encourage, and improve. Superior talents seem to have been intended by Providence as public benefits; and the person who possesses such blessings, is certainly answerable to Heaven for those endowments which he enjoys above the rest of mankind. Let him jest with dignity, and let him be ironical upon useful subjects; leaving poor slaves to heat their porridge, or drink their small beer, in such vessels as they shall find proper. The Dean it seems, had not this way of thinking; and having long indulged his passions, at last perhaps mistook them for his duty. The mistake is neither extraordinary nor surprising. In points of religion it has carried men into great extravagances; in those of morality, into no less: but in politics, into the greatest of all. Our inclinations are so apt

When you have done a fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured person. This will immediately put your master or lady off their mettle.

If

apt to hurry us into inconsiderate actions, that we are afterwards inclined to flatter ourselves they are right, only because they have proceeded from our own thoughts and directions. Thus Swift, when he had once established the rule of *Vive la bagatelle*, was resolved to pursue it at all hazards. I wish his thoughts had taken another turn. The lower classes of mankind pass on unnoticed, the great only are censured. They ought to be particularly attentive to every step they take. The Dean of St. Patrick's should have known himself as "*rex idem hominum Phæbique sacerdos*;" and should have remembered, that kings and priests are extremely liable to be censured. Poor Swift! why did he sink below himself before he was deprived of reason? Forgive him that error, and draw a veil of oblivion over certain excrescencies of wit and humour, you will then admire him, as an honour to the public, and a scourge to all the knaves and fools of his time.—Several of Swift's posthumous pieces are neither worthy of his pen, nor of the reader's perusal. Many of them are spurious, and many more are trifling, and in every respect improper for the public view: so that what was once ludicrously said upon a different occasion, may be applied to several of Swift's writings, as "they put us in mind of the famous machine in Winstanley's water-works, where out of the same vessel, the spectators were presented with tea, coffee, chocolate, champagne, and four small beer." *Orrery*.

For such misapplication of his talents, Swift fell under his friend Pope's correction: as appears from these lines:

"If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
 "The cordial drop of life is love alone,
 "And Swift cry wisely, *Vive la bagatelle*!
 "The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.

Pope could not bear to see a friend he so much valued, live in the miserable abuse of one of Nature's best gifts, unadmonished of his folly. Swift (as we may see by some of his posthumous pieces, so dishonourable and injurious to his memory) trifled away his old age in a dissipation that women and boys might be ashamed of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their wit only to shew their parts to edge their spleen, to pander to a faction, or, in short, to any thing but that for which Nature bestowed it, namely, to recommend and set off truth; old age, which abates the passions, will never rectify the abuses they occasioned; but the remains of wit, instead of seeking and recovering their proper channel, will run into that miserable depravity of taste here condemned; and in which Dr. Swift seems to have placed no inconsiderable part of his wisdom. "I chuse," says he

If you see your master wronged by any of your fellow-servants, be sure to conceal it, for fear of being called a tell-tale. However, there is one exception, in case of a favourite servant, who is justly hated by the whole family; who therefore are bound in prudence to lay all the faults they can upon the favourite.

The cook, the butler, the groom, the market-man, and every other servant who is concerned in the expences of the family, should act as if his master's whole estate ought to be applied to that servant's particular business. For instance, if the cook computes his master's estate to be a thousand pounds a-year, he reasonably concludes, that a thousand pounds a-year will afford meat enough, and therefore he need not be sparing; the butler makes the same judgement; so may the groom and the coachman; and thus every branch of expence will be filled to your master's honour.

When you are chid before company, (which, with submission to our masters and ladies, is an unmannerly practice), it often happens that some stranger will have the good nature to drop a word in your excuse: in such a case you will have a good title to justify yourself, and may rightly conclude, that whenever he chides you afterwards on other occasions, he may be in the wrong; in which opinion you will be the better confirmed, by stating the case to your fellow-servants in your own way, who will certainly decide in your favour: therefore, as I have said before, whenever you are chidden, complain as if you were injured.

he, in a letter to Mr. Pope, " my companions amongst those of least consequence, and most compliance; I read the most trifling books I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects." And again, in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke, " I love *la bagatelle* better than ever. I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or raillery," &c. And again, in a letter to Mr. Gay, " My rule is, *Vive la bagatelle.*" *Warburton.*

It often happens, that servants sent on messages are apt to stay out somewhat longer than the message requires, perhaps two, four, six, or eight hours, or some such trifle; for the temptation to be sure was great, and flesh and blood cannot always resist. When you return, the master storms, the lady scolds; stripping, cudgelling, and turning off, is the word. But here you ought to be provided with a set of excuses, enough to serve on all occasions. For instance, your uncle came four-score miles to town this morning on purpose to see you, and goes back by break of day to-morrow; a brother-servant, that borrowed money of you when he was out of place, was running away to Ireland; you were taking leave of an old fellow-servant, who was shipping for Barbadoes; your father sent a cow to you to sell, and you could not get a chapman till nine at night; you were taking leave of a dear cousin, who is to be hanged next Saturday; you wrenched your foot against a stone, and were forced to stay three hours in a shop, before you could stir a step; some nastiness was thrown on you out of a garret window, and you were ashamed to come home before you were cleaned, and the smell went off; you were pressed for the sea-service, and carried before a justice of peace, who kept you three hours before he examined you, and you got off with much ado; a bailiff by mistake seized you for a debtor, and kept you the whole evening in a spunging-house; you were told that your master had gone to a tavern, and came to some mischance, and your grief was so great, that you inquired for his Honour in a hundred taverns between Pall-mall and Temple-bar.

Take all tradesmens parts against your master; and when you are sent to buy any thing, never offer to cheapen it, but generously pay the full demand. This is highly to your master's honour; and may be some shillings in your pocket; and you

are to consider, if your master hath paid too much, he can better afford the loss than a poor tradesman.

Never submit to stir a finger in any business, but that for which you were particularly hired. For example, if the groom be drunk, or absent, and the butler be ordered to shut the stable-door; the answer is ready, An please your Honour, I don't understand horses. If a corner of the hanging wants a single nail to fasten it, and the footman be directed to tack it up; he may say he doth not understand that sort of work, but his Honour may send for the upholsterer.

Masters and ladies are usually quarrelling with the servants for not shutting the doors after them: but neither masters nor ladies consider, that these doors must be open before they can be shut, and that the labour is double to open and shut the doors; therefore the best, and shortest, and easiest way, is to do neither. But if you are so often teased to shut the door, that you cannot easily forget it, then give the door such a clap as you go out, as will shake the whole room, and make every thing rattle in it, to put your master and lady in mind that you observe their directions.

If you find yourself to grow into favour with your master or lady, take some opportunity, in a very mild way, to give them warning; and when they ask the reason, and seem loath to part with you, answer, That you would rather live with them than any body else; but a poor servant is not to be blamed, if he strives to better himself; that service is no inheritance; that your work is great, and your wages very small. Upon which, if your master hath any generosity, he will add five or ten shillings a quarter, rather than let you go. But if you are balked, and have no mind to go off, get some fellow-servant to tell your master, that he hath prevailed upon you to stay

Whatever

Whatever good bits you can pilfer in the day, save them to junket with your fellow-servants at night; and take in the butler, provided he will give you drink.

Write your own name, and your sweetheart's, with the smoke of a candle, on the roof of the kitchen, or the servants hall, to shew your learning.

If you are a young fightly fellow, whenever you whisper your mistress at the table, run your nose full in her cheek; or, if your breath be good, breath full in her face. This I have known to have had very good consequences in some families.

Never come till you have been called three or four times; for none but dogs will come at the first whistle: and when the master calls, *Who's there?* no servant is bound to come: for *Who's there* is no body's name.

When you have broken all your earthen drinking vessels below stairs, (which is usually done in a week), the copper-pot will do as well; it can boil milk, heat porridge, hold small beer, or, in case of necessity, serve for a jordan; therefore apply it indifferently to all these uses; but never wash or scour it, for fear of taking off the tin.

Although you are allowed knives for the servants hall at meals, yet you ought to spare them, and make use only of your master's.

Let it be a constant rule, that no chair, stool, or table, in the servants hall, or the kitchen, shall have above three legs; which hath been the ancient and constant practice in all the families I ever knew, and is said to be founded upon two reasons; first, to shew that servants are ever in a tottering condition; secondly, it was thought a point of humility, that the servants chairs and tables should have at least one leg fewer than those of their masters. I grant there hath been an exception to this rule with regard to the cook, who by old custom was allowed an easy chair to sleep in after dinner; and yet I have sel-

dom seen them with above three legs. Now, this epidemical lameness of servants chairs, is by philosophers imputed to two causes, which are observed to make the greatest revolutions in states and empires ; I mean love and war. A stool, a chair, or a table, is the first weapon taken up in a general romping or skirmish ; and after a peace, the chairs, if they be not very strong, are apt to suffer in the conduct of an amour, the cook being usually fat and heavy, and the butler a little in drink.

I could never endure to see maid-servants so ungenteel as to walk the streets with their petticoats pinned up. It is a foolish excuse to alledge, their petticoats will be dirty, when they have so easy a remedy, as to walk three or four times down a clean pair of stairs after they come home.

When you stop to tattle with some crony servant in the same street, leave your own street-door open, that you may get in without knocking when you come back ; otherwise your mistress may know you are gone out, and you must be chidden.

I do most earnestly exhort you all to unanimity and concord. But mistake me not ; you may quarrel with each other as much as you please ; only always bear in mind, that you have a common enemy, which is your master and lady, and you have a common cause to defend. Believe an old practitioner ; whoever, out of malice to a fellow-servant, carries a tale to his master, shall be ruined by a general confederacy against him.

The general place of rendezvous for all the servants, both in winter and summer, is the kitchen ; there the grand affairs of the family ought to be consulted ; whether they concern the stable, the dairy, the pantry, the laundry, cellar, the nursery, the dining-room. or my Lady's chamber : there, as in your own proper element, you can laugh and squall and romp, in full security.

When

When any servant comes home drunk, and cannot appear, you must all join in telling your master that he is gone to bed very sick; upon which your lady will be so good-natured, as to order some comfortable thing for the poor man or maid.

When your master and lady go abroad together, to dinner, or on a visit for the evening, you need leave only one servant in the house, unless you have a blackguard boy to answer at the door, and attend the children, if there be any. Who is to stay at home, is to be determined by short and long cuts; and the stayer at home may be comforted by a visit from a sweetheart, without danger of being caught together. These opportunities must never be missed, because they come but sometimes; and all is safe enough, while there is a servant in the house.

When your master or lady comes home, and wants a servant who happens to be abroad; your answer must be, that he had but just that minute step out, being sent for by a cousin who was dying.

If your master calls you by name, and you happen to answer at the fourth call, you need not hurry yourself; and if you be chidden for staying, you may lawfully say, you came no sooner, because you did not know what you were called for.

When you are chidden for a fault, as you go out of the room, and down stairs mutter loud enough to be plainly heard; this will make him believe you are innocent.

Whoever comes to visit your master or lady when they are abroad, never burden your memory with the person's name; for indeed you have too many other things to remember. Besides, it is a porter's business, and your master's fault he does not keep one; and who can remember names? and you will certainly mistake them, and you can neither write nor read.

If it be possible, never tell a lie to your master or lady, unless you have some hopes that they cannot find it out in less than half an hour. When a servant is turned off, all his faults must be told, although most of them were never known by his master, or lady; and all mischiefs done by others, charged to him. [Instance them.] And when they ask of any of you, why you never acquainted them before? the answer is, Sir, or Madam, really I was afraid it would make you angry; and besides, perhaps you might think it was malice in me. Where there are little masters and misses in a house, they are usually great impediments to the diversions of the servants; the only remedy is to bribe them with *good goodies*, that they may not tell tales to papa and mama.

I advise you of the servants, whose master lives in the country, and who expect vales, always to stand rank and file when a stranger is taking his leave; so that he must of necessity pass between you; and he must have more confidence or less money than usual, if any of you let him escape; and according as he behaves himself, remember to treat him the next time he comes.

If you are sent with ready money to buy any thing at a shop, and happen at that time to be out of pocket, sink the money, and take up the goods on your master's account. This is for the honour of your master and yourself; for he becomes a man of credit at your recommendation.

When your lady sends for you up to her chamber to give you any orders, be sure to stand at the door, and keep it open, fiddling with the lock all the while she is talking to you; and keep the button in your hand, for fear you should forget to shut the door after you.

If your master or lady happen once in their lives to accuse you wrongfully, you are a happy servant; for you have nothing more to do, than for every fault

fault you commit while you are in their service, to put them in mind of that false accusation, and protest yourself equally innocent in the present case.

When you have a mind to leave your master, and are too bashful to break the matter for fear of offending him; the best way is, to grow rude and saucy of a sudden, and beyond your usual behaviour, till he finds it necessary to turn you off; and when you are gone, to revenge yourself, give him and his lady such a character to all your brother servants who are out of place, that none will venture to offer their service.

Some nice ladies, who are afraid of catching cold, having observed that the maids and fellows below stairs often forget to shut the door after them, as they come in, or go out into the back-yards, have contrived, that a pulley and a rope, with a large piece of lead at the end, should be so fixed, as to make the door shut of itself, and require a strong hand to open it; which is an immense toil to servants, whose business may force them to go in and out fifty times in a morning: but ingenuity can do much; for prudent servants have found out an effectual remedy against this insupportable grievance, by tying up the pulley in such a manner, that the weight of the lead shall have no effect. However, as to my own part, I would rather chuse to keep the door always open, by laying a heavy stone at the bottom of it.

The servants candlesticks are generally broken, for nothing can last for ever. But you may find out many expedients. You may conveniently stick your candle in a bottle, or with a lump of butter against the wainscot; in a powder-horn, or in an old shoe, or in a cleft stick, or in the barrel of a pistol, or upon its own grease on a table; in a coffee-cup, or a drinking glass; a horn can, a teapot, a twisted napkin, a mustard-pot, an ink-horn,

a marrow-bone, a piece of dough ; or you may cut a hole in the loaf, and stick it there.

When you invite the neighbouring servants to junket with you at home in an evening, teach them a peculiar way of tapping or scraping at the kitchen-window, which you may hear, but not your master or lady, whom you must take care not to disturb or frighten at such unseasonable hours.

Lay all faults upon a lap-dog, or favourite cat, a monkey, a parrot, a magpye, a child ; or on the servant who was last turned off. By this rule you will excuse yourself, do no hurt to any body else, and save your master or lady from the trouble and vexation of chiding.

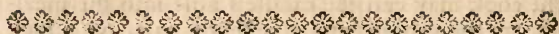
When you want proper instruments for any work you are about, use all expedients you can invent, rather than leave your work undone. For instance, if the poker be out of the way, or broken, stir the fire with the tongs ; if the tongs be not at hand, use the muzzle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire-shovel, the handle of the fire-brush, the end of a mop, or your master's cane. If you want paper to finge a fowl, tear the first book you see about the house. Wipe your shoes, for want of a clout, with the bottom of a curtain, or a damask napkin. Strip your livery lace for garters. If the butler wants a jordan, he may use the great silver cup.

There are several ways of putting out candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all. You may run the candle-end against the wainscot, which puts the snuff out immediately ; you may lay it on the ground, and tread the snuff out with your foot ; you may hold it upside down, until it is choked with its own grease : or cram it into the socket of the candlestick : you may whirl it round in your hand till it goes out. When you go to bed, after you have made water, you may dip the candle-end into the chamber-pot ; you may spit on your finger
and

and thumb, and punch the snuff till it goes out. The cook may run the candle's nose into the meal-tub, or the groom into a vessel of oats, or a lock of hay, or a heap of litter. The house-maid may put out her candle, by running it against a looking-glass; which nothing cleans so well as candle-snuff. But the quickest and best of all methods is, to blow it out with your breath; which leaves the candle clear, and readier to be lighted.

There is nothing so pernicious in a family as a tell-tale, against whom it must be the principal business of you all to unite. Whatever office he serves in, take all opportunities to spoil the business he is about, and to cross him in every thing. For instance, if the butler be a tell-tale, break his glasses whenever he leaves the pantry door open; or lock the cat or mastiff in it, who will do as well: mislay a fork or a spoon so as he may never find it. If it be the cook, whenever she turns her back, throw a lump of foot, or a handful of salt in the pot, or smother coals into the dripping-pan, or daub the roast meat with the back of the chimney, or hide the key of the jack. If a footman be suspected, let the cook daub the back of his new livery; or when he is going up with a dish of soup, let her follow him softly with a laddle-full, and dribble it all the way up stairs to the dining-room, and then let the house-maid make such a noise that her lady may hear it. The waiting-maid is very likely to be guilty of this fault, in hopes to ingratiate herself: and in this case the laundress must be sure to tear her smocks in the washing, and yet wash them but half; and when she complains, tell all the house; that she sweats so much, and her flesh is so nasty, that she fouls a smock more in one hour, than the kitchen-maid doth in a week.

DIREC-



DIRECTIONS to SERVANTS.

CHAP I.

Directions to the BUTLER.

IN my directions to servants, I find, from my long observation, that you butlers are the principal persons concerned.

Your business being of the greatest variety, and requiring the greatest exactness, I shall, as well as I can recollect, run through the several branches of your office, and order my instructions accordingly.

In waiting at the side-board, take all possible care to save your own trouble and your master's drinking glasses : therefore, first, since those who dine at the same table are supposed to be friends, let them all drink out of the same glass without washing ; which will save you much pains, as well as the hazard of breaking them. Give no person any liquor, until he hath called for it thrice at least ; by which means, some out of modesty, and others out of forgetfulness, will call the seldomer ; and thus your master's liquor be saved.

If any one desires a glass of bottled ale, first shake the bottle, to see whether any thing be in it : then taste it, to see what liquor it is, that you may not be mistaken ; and, lastly, wipe the mouth of the bottle with the palm of your hand, to shew your cleanliness.

Be more careful to have the cork in the belly of the bottle than in the mouth; and if the cork be musty, or white friars in your liquor, your master will save the more.

If an humble companion, a chaplain, a tutor, or a dependent cousin, happen to be at table, whom you find to be little regarded by the master, and the company, which no body is readier to discover and observe than we servants; it must be the business of you and the footman, to follow the example of your betters, by treating him many degrees worse than any of the rest: and you cannot please your master better, or at least your lady.

If any one calls for small beer towards the end of dinner, do not give yourself the pains of going down to the cellar, but gather the droppings and leavings out of the several cups, and glasses, and salvers, into one; but turn your back to the company for fear of being observed. On the contrary, when any one calls for ale towards the end of dinner, fill the largest tankard-cup top-full; by which you will have the greatest part left to oblige your fellow-servants, without the sin of stealing from your master.

There is likewise a perquisite full as honest, by which you have a chance of getting every day the best part of a bottle of wine for yourself; for you are to suppose, that gentlefolks will not care for the remainder of a bottle; therefore always set a fresh one before them after dinner, although there hath not been above a glass drank of the other.

Take special care that your bottles be not musty before you fill them; in order to which, blow strongly into the mouth of every bottle, and then, if you smell nothing but your own breath, immediately fill.

If you are sent down in haste to draw any drink, and find it will not run, do not be at the trouble of opening a vent, but blow strongly into the foffet,
and

and you will find it immediately pour into your mouth; or take out the vent; but do not stay to put it in again, for fear your master should want you.

If you are curious to taste some of your master's choice bottles, empty as many of them just below the neck as will make the quantity you want; but then take care to fill them up again with clean water, that you may not lessen your master's liquor.

There is an excellent invention found out of late years in the management of ale and small beer at the side-board. For instance, a gentleman calls for a glass of ale, and drinks but half; another calls for small beer: you immediately turn out the remainder of the ale into the tankard, and fill the glass with small beer; and so backwards and forwards, as long as dinner lasts. By which you answer three great ends. First, you save yourself the trouble of washing, and consequently the danger of breaking your glasses; secondly, you are sure not to be mistaken in giving gentlemen the liquor they call for; and, lastly, by this method you are certain that nothing is lost.

Because butlers are apt to forget to bring up their ale and beer time enough, be sure you remember to have up yours two hours before dinner; and place them in the sunny part of the room, to let people see that you have not been negligent.

Some butlers have a way of decanting (as they call it) bottled ale, by which they lose a good part of the bottom; let your method be to turn the bottle directly upside down; which will make the liquor appear double the quantity: by this means, you will be sure not to lose one drop, and the froth will conceal the muddiness.

Clean your plate, wipe your knives, and rub the dirty tables, with the napkins and table-cloths used that day; for it is but one washing, and besides it will save you wearing out the coarse rubbers; and

in reward of such good husbandry, my judgement is, that you may lawfully make use of the finest damask napkins for night caps for yourself.

When you clean your plate, leave the whiting plainly to be seen in all the chinks, for fear your lady should not believe you had cleaned it.

There is nothing wherein the skill of a butler more appears, than in the management of candles; whereof, although some part may fall to the share of the other servants, yet you being the principal person concerned, I shall direct my instructions upon this article to you only, leaving to your fellow-servants to apply them upon occasion.

First, to avoid burning day-light, and to save your master's candles, never bring them up till half an hour after it be dark, although they are called for never so often.

Let your sockets be full of grease to the brim, with the old snuff at the top, and then stick on your fresh candles. It is true, this may endanger their falling: but the candles will appear so much the longer and handsomer before company. At other times, for variety, put your candles loose in the sockets, to shew they are clean to the bottom.

When your candle is too big for the socket, melt it to a right size in the fire; and to hide the smoke, wrap it in paper half way up.

You cannot but observe of late years the great extravagance among the gentry upon the article of candles, which a good butler ought by all means to discourage, both to save his own pains and his master's money. This may be contrived several ways; especially when you are ordered to put candles into the sconces.

Sconces are great wasters of candles, and you, who are always to consider the advantage of your master, should do your utmost to discourage them; therefore your business must be to press the candle with both your hands into the socket, so as to make

it lean in such a manner, that the grease may drop all upon the floor, if some lady's head-dress or gentleman's periwig be not ready to intercept it. You may likewise stick the candle so loose, that it will fall upon the glass of the sconce, and break it into shatters. This will save your master many a fair penny in the year, both in candles and to the glass-man, and yourself much labour; for the sconces spoiled cannot be used.

Never let the candles burn too low, but give them, as a lawful perquisite, to your friend the cook, to increase her kitchen-stuff; or if this be not allowed in your house, give them in charity to the poor neighbours, who often run on your errands.

When you cut bread for a toast, do not stand idly watching it, but lay it on the coals, and mind your other business; then come back, and if you find it toasted quite through, scrape off the burnt side, and serve it up.

When you dress up your side board, set the best glasses as near the edge of the table as you can: by which means they will cast a double lustre, and make a much finer figure; and the consequence can be at most but the breaking half a dozen, which is a trifle in your master's pocket.

Wash the glasses with your own water, to save your master's salt.

When any salt is spilt on the table, do not let it be lost; but, when dinner is done, fold up the table-cloth with the salt in it, then shake the salt out into the salt-cellar to serve next day. But the shortest and surest way is, when you remove the cloth, to wrap the knives, forks, spoons, salt-cellars, broken bread, and scraps of meat, all together in the table-cloth, by which you will be sure to lose nothing; unless you think it better to shake them out of the window amongst the beggars, that they may with more convenience eat the scraps.

Leave

Leave the dregs of wine, ale, and other liquors, in the bottles: to rinse them is but loss of time, since all will be done at once in a general washing; and you will have a better excuse for breaking them.

If your master hath many musty, or very foul and crusted bottles, I advise you, in point of conscience, that those may be the first you truck at the next ale-house for ale or brandy.

When a message is sent to your master, be kind to your brother-servant who brings it; give him the best liquor in your keeping, for your master's honour; and at the first opportunity he will do the same to you.

After supper, if it be dark, carry your plate and china together in the same basket, to save candle-light; for you know your pantry well enough to put them up in the dark.

When company is expected at dinner, or in the evenings, be sure to be abroad, that nothing may be got which is under your key; by which your master will save his liquor, and not wear out his plate.

I come now to a most important part of your œconomy, the bottling of a hoghead of wine; wherein I recommend three virtues; cleanliness, frugality, and brotherly love. Let your corks be the longest kind you can get; which will save some wine in the neck of every bottle. As to your bottles, chuse the smallest you can find; which will increase the number of dozens, and please your master; for a bottle of wine is always a bottle of wine, whether it hold more or less; and if your master hath his proper number of dozens, he cannot complain.

Every bottle must be first rinsed with wine, for fear of any moisture left in the washing. Some, out of a mistaken thrift, will rinse a dozen of bottle with the same wine: but I would advise you for more caution, to change the wine at every se-

cond bottle; a gill may be enough. Have bottles ready by to save it; and it will be a good perquisite either to sell, or drink with the cook.

Never draw your hoghead too low; nor tilt it, for fear of disturbing your liquor. When it begins to run flow, and before the wine grows cloudy, shake the hoghead, and carry a glass of it to your master, who will praise you for your discretion, and give you all the rest as a perquisite to your place. You may tilt the hoghead the next day, and in a fortnight get a dozen or two of good clear wine, to dispose of as you please.

In bottling wine, fill your mouth full of corks, together with a large plug of tobacco; which will give to the wine the true taste of the weed, so delightful to all good judges in drinking.

When you are ordered to decant a suspicious bottle, if a pint be out, give your hand a dexterous shake, and shew it in a glass that it begins to be muddy.

When a hoghead of wine, or any other liquor, is to be bottled off, wash your bottles immediately before you begin; but be sure not to drain them; by which good management your master will save some gallons in every hoghead.

This is the time, that, in honour to your master, you ought to shew your kindness to your fellow-servants, and especially to the cook; for what signify a few flagons out of a whole hoghead? But make them be drank in your presence, for fear they should be given to other folks, and so your master be wronged: but advise them, if they get drunk, to go to bed, and leave word they are sick; which last caution I would have all the servants observe, both male and female.

If your master finds the hoghead to fall short of his expectation, what is plainer than that the vessel leaked; that the wine-cooper had not filled it in proper

proper time ; that the merchant cheated him with a hogſhead below the common meaſure?

When you are to get water on for tea after dinner, (which in many families is part of your office), to ſave firing, and to make more haſte, pour it into the tea-kettle from the pot where cabbage or fiſh have been boiling, which will make it much wholeſomer, by curing the acid and corroding quality of the tea.

Be ſaving of your candles ; and let thoſe in the ſconces of the hall, the ſtairs, and in the lantern, burn down into the ſockets, until they go out of themſelves ; for which your maſter and lady will commend your thriftineſs, as ſoon as they ſhall ſmell the ſnuff,

If a gentleman leaves a ſnuff-box or pick-tooth-caſe on the table after dinner, and goeth away, look upon it as part of your vales ; for ſo it is allowed by all ſervants, and you do no wrong to your maſter or lady.

If you ſerve a country-ſquire, when gentlemen and ladies come to dine at your houſe, never fail to make their ſervants drunk, and eſpecially the coachman, for the honour of your maſter ; to which, in all your actions you muſt have a ſpecial regard, as being the beſt ; for the honour of every family is depoſited in the hands of the cook, the butler, and the groom, as I ſhall hereafter demonſtrate.

Snuſſ the candles at ſupper as they ſtand on the table ; which is much the ſecureſt way ; becauſe, if the burning ſnuff happens to get out of the ſnuffers, you have a chance that it may fall into a diſh of ſoup, ſack-poſſet, rice-milk, or the like, where it will be immediately extinguished with very little ſtink.

When you have ſnuſſed the candles, always leave the ſnuffers open ; for the ſnuff will of it-
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ſelf

self burn away to ashes, and cannot fall out, and dirty the table, when you snuff the candles again.

That the salt may lie smooth in the salt-cellar, smooth it down with your moist palm.

When a gentleman is going away after dining with your master, be sure to stand full in his view, and follow him to the door, and, as you have opportunity, look full in his face; perhaps it may bring you a shilling; but if the gentleman hath lain there a night, get the cook, the house-maid, the stable-man, the scullion, and the gardener, to accompany you, and to stand in his way to the hall, in a line on each side of him. If the gentleman performs handsomely, it will do him honour, and cost your master nothing.

You need not wipe your knife to cut bread for the table, because, in cutting a slice or two, it will wipe itself.

Put your finger into every bottle to feel whether it be full; which is the surest way, for feeling hath no fellow.

When you go down to the cellar to draw ale or small beer, take care to observe directly the following method. Hold the vessel between the finger and thumb of your right hand, with the palm upwards; then hold the candle between your fingers, but a little leaning towards the mouth of the vessel; then take out the spiggot with your left hand, and clap the point of it in your mouth, and keep your left hand to watch accidents; when the vessel is full, withdraw the spiggot from your mouth, well wetted with spittle, which being of a slimy consistence will make it stick faster in the socket: if any tallow drops into the vessel, you may easily (if you think of it) remove it with a spoon, or rather with your finger.

Always lock up a cat in the closet where you keep your china plates, for fear the mice may steal in and break them.

A good buttler always breaks off the point of his bottle-screw in two days, by trying which is hardest, the point of the screw, or the neck of the bottle: in this case, to supply the want of a screw, after the stump hath torn the cork in pieces, make use of a silver fork; and when the scraps of the cork are almost drawn out, flirt the mouth of the bottle into the cistern three or four times, until you quite clear it.

If a gentleman dines often with your master, and gives you nothing when he goes away, you may use several methods to shew him some marks of your displeasure, and quicken his memory. If he calls for bread or drink, you may pretend not to hear, or send it to another who called after him; if he asks for wine, let him stay a while, and then send him small beer; give him always foul glasses; send him a spoon when he wants a knife; wink at the footman to leave him without a plate. By these, and the like expedients, you may probably be a better man by half a crown before he leaves the house, provided you watch an opportunity of standing by, when he is going.

If your lady loves play, your fortune is fixed for ever. Moderate gaming will be a perquisite of ten shillings a week; and in such a family I would rather chuse to be butler than chaplain, or even rather than be steward. It is all ready money, and got without labour; unless your lady happens to be one of those who either obligeth you to find wax-candles, or forceth you to divide it with some favourite servants: but, at worst, the old cards are your own; and if the gamesters play deep, or grow peevish, they will change the cards so often, that the old ones will be a considerable advantage, by selling them to coffeehouses, or families who love play, but cannot afford better than cards at second hand. When you attend at the service, be sure to
leave

leave new packs within the reach of the gamesters, which those who have ill luck, will readily take to change their fortune; and now and then an old pack mingled with the rest will easily pass. Be sure to be very officious on play-nights, and ready with your candles to light out your company, and have salvers of wine at hand to give them when they call; but manage so with the cook, that there be no supper; because it will be so much saved in your master's family, and because a supper will considerably lessen your gains.

Next to cards, there is nothing so profitable to you as bottles; in which perquisite you have no competitors except the footmen, who are apt to steal and vend them for pots of beer. But you are bound to prevent any such abuses in your master's family: the footmen are not to answer for what are broken at a general bottling; and those may be as many as your discretion will make them.

The profit of glasses is so very inconsiderable, that it is hardly worth mentioning: it consists only in a small present made by the glassman, and about four shillings in the pound added to the prices for your trouble and skill in chusing them. If your master hath a large stock of glasses, and you or your fellow servants happen to break any of them without your master's knowledge, keep it a secret till there are not enough left to serve the table: then tell your master that the glasses are gone: this will be but one vexation to him, which is much better than fretting once or twice a-week; and it is the office of a good servant, to discompose his master and his lady as seldom as he can: and here the cat and dog will be of great use to take the blame from you. Note, That bottles missing are supposed to be half stolen by stragglers and other servants, and the other half broken by accident, and a general washing.

Whet

Whet the backs of your knives until they are as sharp as the edge ; which will have this advantage, that when gentlemen find them blunt on one side they may try the other. And to shew you spare no pains in sharpening the knives, whet them so long, till you wear out a good part of the iron, and even the bottom of the silver handle. This doth credit to your master ; for it shews good house-keeping, and the goldsmith may one day make you a present.

Your lady, when she finds the small beer or ale dead, will blame you for not remembering to put the peg into the vent-hole. This is a great mistake ; nothing being plainer, than that the peg keeps the air in the vessel, which spoils the drink, and therefore ought to be let out : but if she insists upon it, to prevent the trouble of pulling out the peg, and putting it in a dozen times a-day, which is not to be borne by a good servant, leave the spiggot half out at night, and you will find, with only the loss of two or three quarts of liquor, the vessel will run freely.

When you prepare your candles, wrap them up in a piece of brown paper, and so stick them into the socket : let the paper come half way up the candle, which looks handsome, if any body should come in.

Do all in the dark, to save your master's candles.



C H A P. II.

Directions to the Cook.

Although I am not ignorant that it hath been a long time since the custom began among people

ple of quality to keep men cooks, and generally of the French nation; yet because my treatise is chiefly calculated for the general run of knights, 'squires, and gentlemen, both in town and country, I shall therefore apply to you, Mrs Cook, as a woman. However, a great part of what I intend may serve for either sex. And your part naturally follows the former; because the butler and you are joined in interest: your vales are generally equal, and paid when others are disappointed: you can junket together at nights upon your own progue, when the rest of the house are abed; and have it in your power to make every fellow-servant your friend; you can give a good bit or a good sup to the little masters and misses, and gain their affections: a quarrel between you is very dangerous to you both, and will probably end in one of you being turned off; in which fatal case perhaps it will not be so easy in some time to cotton with another. And now Mrs. Cook, I proceed to give you my instructions; which I desire you will get some fellow-servant in the family to read to you constantly one night in every week when you are going to bed, whether you serve in town or country, for my lessons shall be fitted for both.

If your lady forgets at supper that there is any cold meat in the house, do not you be so officious as to put her in mind; it is plain she did not want it; and if she recollects it the next day, say she gave you no orders, and it is spent; therefore, for fear of telling a lie, dispose of it with the butler, or any other crony, before you go to bed.

Never send up a leg of fowl at supper, while there is a cat or a dog in the house that can be accused for running away with it: but if there happen to be neither, you must lay it upon the rats, or a strange grey-hound.

It is ill housewifery to foul your kitchen-rubbers with wiping the bottom of the dishes you send up,
since

since the table-cloth will do as well, and is changed every meal.

Never clean your spits after they have been used; for the grease left upon them by meat, is the best thing to preserve them from rust; and when you make use of them again, the same grease will keep the inside of the meat moist.

If you live in a rich family, roasting and boiling are below the dignity of your office, and which it becomes you to be ignorant of; therefore leave that work wholly to the kitchen-wench, for fear of disgracing the family you live in.

If you are employed in marketing, buy your meat as cheap as you can; but when you bring in your accounts, be tender of your masters honour, and set down the highest rate: which besides is but justice; for no body can afford to sell at the same rate that he buys; and I am confident that you may charge safely; swear that you gave no more than what the butcher and poulterer asked.

If your lady orders you to set up a piece of meat for supper, you are not to understand that you must set it up all, therefore you may give half to yourself and the butler.

Good cooks cannot abide what they justly call fiddling work, where abundance of time is spent and little done. Such, for instance, is the dressing small birds, requiring a world of cookery and clutter, and a second or third spit: which, by the way, is absolutely needless; for it will be a very ridiculous thing indeed, if a spit which is strong enough to turn a surloin of beef, should not be able to turn a lark. However, if your lady be nice, and is afraid that a large spit will tear them, place them handsomely in the dripping-pan, where the fat of roasted mutton or beef falling on the birds, will serve to baste them, and so save both time and butter: for what cook of any spirit would lose her time in picking larks, wheat-ears, and other small birds?

birds? Therefore, if you cannot get the maids, or the young misses to assist you, e'en make short work, and either finge or flay them; there is no great loss in the skins, and the flesh is just the same.

If you are employed in-market, do not accept a treat of a beef-stake and a pot of ale from the butcher, which I think in conscience is no better than wronging your master; but do you always take that perquisite in money if you do not go in trust, or in poundage when you pay the bills.

The kitchen-bellows being usually out of order with stirring the fire with the muzzle, to save the tongs and poker, borrow the bellows out of your lady's bed-chamber. which, being least used, are commonly the best in the house; and if you happen to damage or grease them, you have a chance to have them left entirely for your own use.

Let a blackguard boy be always about the house, to send on your errands, and go to market for you on rainy days; which will save your cloaths, and make you appear more creditable to your mistress.

If your mistress allows you the kitchen-stuff, in return of her generosity, take care to boil and roast your meat sufficiently. If she keeps it for her own profit, do her justice, and rather than let a good fire be wanting, enliven it now and then with the dripping, and the butter that happens to turn to oil.

Send up your meat well stuck with skewers, to make it look round and plump; and an iron skewer, rightly employed now and then, will make it look handsomer.

When you roast a long joint of meat, be careful only about the middle, and leave the two extreme parts raw; which may serve another time, and will also save firing.

When you scour your plates and dishes, bend the brim inward, so as to make them hold more.

Always keep a large fire in the kitchen, when

there is a small dinner, or the family dines abroad, that the neighbours seeing the smoke may commend your master's housekeeping: but when much company is invited, then be as sparing as possible of your coals, because a great deal of the meat being half raw will be saved, and serve next day.

Boil your meat constantly in pump-water, because you must sometimes want river or pipe water; and then your mistress observing your meat of a different colour, will chide you when you are not in fault.

When you have plenty of fowl in the larder, leave the door open in pity to the poor cat, if she be a good mouser.

If you find it necessary to go to market in a wet day, take out your mistress's riding-hood and cloak, to save your cloaths.

Get three or four chairwomen to attend you constantly in the kitchen, whom you pay at small charges, only with the broken meat, a few coals, and all the cinders.

To keep troublesome servants out of the kitchen, always leave the winter sticking on the jack to fall on their heads.

If a lump of foot falls into the soup, and you cannot conveniently get it out, stir it well, and it will give the soupe a high French taste.

If you melt your butter to oil, be under no concern, but send it up, for oil is a genteeler sauce than butter.

Scrape the bottom of your pots and kettles with a silver spoon, for fear of giving them a taste of copper.

When you send up butter for sauce, be so thrifty as to let it be half water; which is also much wholesomer.

If your butter when it is melted tastes of brass, it is your master's fault, who will not allow you a silver saucepan; besides, the less of it will go farther,

ther, and new tinning is very chargeable. If you have a silver saucepan, and the butter smells of smoke, lay the fault upon the coals.

Never make use of a spoon in any thing that you can do with your hands, for fear of wearing out your master's plate.

When you find that you cannot get dinner ready at the time appointed, put the clock back, and then it may be ready to a minute.

Let a red hot coal now and then fall into the dripping-pan, that the smoke of the dripping may ascend, and give the roast meat a high taste.

You are to look upon the kitchen as your dressing-room; but you are not to wash your hands till you have gone to the necessary-house, and spitted your meat, trussed your fowl, picked your fallad, nor indeed till after you have sent up your second course; for your hands will be ten times fouler with the many things you are forced to handle; but when your work is over, one washing will serve for all.

There is but one part of your dressing that I would admit while the victuals are boiling, roasting, or stewing; I mean the combing your head, which loseth no time, because you can stand over your cookery, and watch it with one hand, while you are using your comb with the other.

If any of the combings happen to be sent up with the victuals, you may safely lay the fault upon any of the footmen that hath vexed you: as those gentlemen are sometimes apt to be malicious, if you refuse them a sop in the pan, or a slice from the spit, much more when you discharge a ladleful of hot porridge on their legs, or send them up to their masters with a dishcloth pinned at their tails.

In roasting and boiling, order the kitchen-maid to bring none but the large coals, and save the small ones for the fires above-stairs; the first are properest for dressing meat: and when they are out,

out, if you happen to miscarry in any dish, you may fairly lay the fault upon want of coals; besides, the cinder-pickers will be sure to speak ill of your master's house-keeping, where they do not find plenty of large cinders mixed with fresh large coals. Thus you may dress your meat with credit, do an act of charity, raise the honour of your master, and sometimes get share of a pot of ale for your bounty to the cinder-woman.

As soon as you have sent up the second course, you have nothing to do (in a great family) until supper: therefore scour your hands and face, put on your hood and scarf, and take your pleasure among your cronies, till nine or ten at night.— But dine first.

Let there be always a strict friendship between you and the butler; for it is both your interests to be united: the butler often wants a comfortable tit-bit, and you much oftener a cool cup of good liquor. However, be cautious of him; for he is sometimes an inconstant lover, because he hath great advantage to allure the maids with a glass of sack, or white wine and sugar.

When you roast a breast of veal, remember your sweet-heart the butler loves a sweet-bread; therefore set it aside till evening; you can say, the cat or the dog has run away with it, or you found it tainted, or fly-blown; and besides it looks as well at the table without it as with it.

When you make the company wait long for dinner, and the meat be over-done, which is generally the case, you may lawfully lay the fault upon your lady, who hurried you so to send up dinner, that you was forced to send it up too much boiled and roasted.

If your dinner miscarries in almost every dish, how could you help it? You were teased by the footmen coming into the kitchen; and to prove it true, take occasion to be angry, and throw a ladle-

ful of broth on one or two of their liveries: besides, Friday and Childermas day are two cross days in the week, and it is impossible to have good luck on either of them; therefore on those two days you have a lawful excuse.

When you are in haste to take down your dishes, tip them in such a manner, that a dozen will fall together upon the dresser, just ready for your hand.

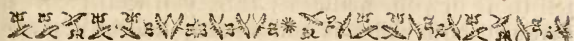
To save time and trouble, cut your apples and onions with the same knife; and well-bred gentry love the taste of an onion in every thing they eat.

Lump three or four pounds of butter together with your hand, then dash it against the wall just over the dresser, so as to have it ready to pull by pieces as you have occasion for it.

If you have a silver saucepan for the kitchen-use, let me advise you to batter it well, and keep it always black: this will be for your master's honour; for it shews there has been constant good house-keeping: and make room for the saucepan by wriggling it on the coals, &c.

In the same manner, if you are allowed a large silver spoon for the kitchen, let half the bole of it be worn out with continual scraping and stirring, and often say merrily, This spoon owes my master no service.

When you send up a mess of broth, water-gruel, or the like, to your master in a morning, do not forget with your thumb and two fingers to put salt on the side of the plate; for if you make use of a spoon, or the end of a knife, there may be danger that the salt would fall, and that would be a sign of ill luck. Only remember to lick your thumb and fingers clean before you offer to touch the salt.



C H A P. III.

Directions to the FOOTMAN.

YOur employment being of a mixed nature, extends to a great variety of business, and you stand in a fair way of being the favourite of your master or mistress, or of the young masters and misses; you are the fine gentleman of the family, with whom all the maids are in love, You are sometimes a pattern of dress to your master, and sometimes he is so to you. You wait at table in all companies, and consequently have the opportunity to see and know the world, and to understand men and manners. I confess your vales are but few, unless you are sent with a present, or attend the tea in the country; but you are called Mr. in the neighbourhood, and sometimes pick up a fortune; perhaps your master's daughter; and I have known many of your tribe to have good commands in the army. In town you have a seat reserved for you in the play-house, where you have an opportunity of becoming wits and critics. You have no professed enemy except the rabble, and my Lady's waiting woman, who are sometimes apt to call you skip-kennel. I have a true veneration for your office, because I had once the honour to be one of your order, which I foolishly left by demeaning myself with accepting an employment in the custom-house. But that you, my brethren, may come to better fortunes, I shall here deliver my instructions, which have been the fruits of much thought and observation, as well as of seven years experience.

In order to learn the secrets of other families, tell those of your master's ; thus you will grow a favourite both at home and abroad, and be regarded as a person of importance,

Never be seen in the streets with a basket or bundle in your hands, and carry nothing but what you can hide in your pocket, otherwise you will disgrace your calling : to prevent which, always retain a blackguard boy to carry your loads ; and if you want farthings, pay him with a good slice of bread, or scrap of meat.

Let a shoeboy clean your own shoes first, for fear of fouling the chamber, then let him clean your master's ; keep him on purpose for that use, and to run of errands, and pay him with scraps. When you are sent on an errand, be sure to edge in some business of your own, either to see your sweetheart, or drink a pot of ale with some brother-servant ; which is so much time clear gained.

There is a great controversy about the most convenient and genteel way of holding your plate at meals. Some stick it between the frame and the back of the chair ; which is an excellent expedient, where the make of the chair will allow it. Others, for fear the plate should fall, grasp it so firmly, that their thumb reacheth to the middle of the hollow : which however, if your thumb be dry, is no secure method ; and therefore, in that case, I advise your wetting the ball of it with your tongue. As to that absurd practice, of letting the back of the plate lie leaning on the hollow of your hand, which some ladies recommend, it is universally exploded, being liable to so many accidents. Others again are so refined, that they hold their plate directly under the left arm-pit ; which is the best situation for keeping it warm : but this way may be dangerous in the article of taking away a dish, where your plate may happen to fall upon some of the company's heads. I confess myself to have objected against all these ways,

ways, which I have frequently tried ; and therefore I recommend a fourth, which is to stick your plate, up to the rim inclusive, in the left side between your waistcoat and your shirt. This will keep it at least as warm as under your arm-pit, or ockster (as the Scots calls it) ; this will hide it, so as strangers may take you for a better servant, too good to hold a plate ; this will secure it from falling ; and thus disposed, it lies ready for you to whip out in a moment, ready warmed, to any guest within your reach, who may want it : and, lastly, there is another convenience in this method, that if any time during your waiting, you find yourself going to cough or sneeze, you can immediately snatch out the plate, and hold the hollow part close to your nose or mouth, and thus prevent spirting any moisture from either upon the dishes or the ladies head-dress. You see gentlemen and ladies observe a like practice on such an occasion, with a hat or a handkerchief : yet a plate is less fouled and sooner cleaned than either of these : for when your cough or sneeze is over, it is but returning your plate to the same position, and your shirt will clean it in the passage.

Take off the largest dishes, and set them on, with one hand, to shew the ladies your vigour and strength of back ; but always do it between two ladies, that if the dish happens to slip. the soup or sauce may fall on their cloaths, and not daub the floor. By this practice, two of our brethren, my worthy friends, got considerable fortunes.

Learn all the new-fashion words, and oaths, and songs and scraps of plays that your memory can hold. Thus you will become the delight of nine ladies in ten, and the envy of ninety-nine beaux in a hundred.

Take care, that at certain periods, during dinner especially, when persons of quality are there, you and your brethren be all out of the room together ;
by

by which you will give yourselves some ease from the fatigue of waiting, and at the same time leave the company to converse more freely, without being constrained by your presence.

When you are sent on a message, deliver it in your own words, although it be to a duke or to a duchess, and not in the words of your master or lady; for how can they understand what belongs to a message as well as you, who have been bred to the employment? But never deliver the answer till it is called for, and then adorn it with your own style.

When dinner is done, carry down a great heap of plates to the kitchen; and when you come to the head of the stairs, trundle them all before you. There is not a more agreeable sight or sound, especially if they be silver, besides the trouble they save you; and there they will lie ready near the kitchen door for the skullion to wash them.

If you are bringing up a joint of meat in a dish, and it falls out of your hand, before you get into the dining-room, with the meat on the ground, and the sauce spilled, take up the meat gently, wipe it with the flap of your coat, then put it again into the dish, and serve it up; and when your lady misses the sauce, tell her it is to be sent up in a plate by itself.

When you carry up a dish of meat, dip your fingers in the sauce, or lick it with your tongue, to try whether it be good, and fit for your master's table.

You are the best judge of what acquaintance your lady ought to have: and therefore, if she sends you on a message of compliment or business to a family you do not like, deliver the answer in such a manner as may breed a quarrel between them, not to be reconciled: or, if a footman comes from the same family on the like errand, turn the answer she orders you to deliver, in such
a manner

DIRECTIONS TO THE FOOTMAN. 213

a manner as the other family may take it for an affront.

When you are in lodgings, and no shoeboy to be got, clean your master's shoes with the bottom of the curtains, a clean napkin, or your landlady's apron.

Ever wear your hat in the house, but when your master calls; and as soon as you come into his presence, pull it off, to shew your manners.

Never clean your shoes on the scraper, but in the entry, or at the foot of the stairs; by which you will have the credit of being at home almost a minute sooner, and the scraper will last longer.

Never ask leave to go abroad; for then it will be always known that you are absent, and you will be thought an idle rambling fellow; whereas, if you go out and no body observes, you have a chance of coming home without being missed; and you need not tell your fellow-servants where you are gone; for they will be sure to say, you were in the house but two minutes ago, which is the duty of all servants.

Snuff the candles with your fingers, and throw the snuff on the floor, then tread it out, to prevent stinking; this method will very much save the snuffers from wearing out. You ought also to snuff them close to the tallow; which will make them run, and so increase the perquisite of the cook's kitchen-stuff; for she is the person you ought in prudence to be well with.

While grace is saying after meat, do you and your brethren take the chairs from behind the company, so that when they go to sit down again, they may fall backwards, which will make them all merry; but be you so discreet as to hold your laughter till you get to the kitchen, and then divert your fellow-servants.

When you know your master is most busy in company, come in and pretend to fettle about the
room;

room ; and if he chides, say, you thought he rung the bell. This will divert him from plodding on business too much, or spending himself in talk, or racking his thoughts, all which are hurtful to his constitution.

If you are ordered to break the claw of a crab or a lobster, clap it between the sides of the dining-room door between the hinges. Thus you can do it gradually without mashing the meat ; which is often the fate of the street-door key, or the pestle.

When you take a foul plate from any of the guests, and observe the foul knife and fork lying on the plate, shew your dexterity, take up the plate, and throw off the knife and fork on the table, without shaking off the bones or broken meat that are left : then the guest, who hath more time than you, will wipe the fork and knife already used.

When you carry a glass of liquor to any person who hath called for it, do not bob him on the shoulder, or cry, Sir, or Madam, here's the glass ; that would be unmannerly, as if you had a mind to force it down one's throat ; but stand at the person's left shoulder, and wait his time ; and if he strikes it down with his elbow by forgetfulness, that was his fault, and not yours.

When your mistress sends you for a hackney-coach in a wet day, come back in the coach to save your cloaths, and the trouble of walking ; it is better the bottom of her petticoats should be dragged with your dirty shoes, than your livery be spoiled, and yourself get a cold.

There is no indignity so great to one of you station, as that of lighting your master in the streets with a lantern ; and therefore it is very honest policy to try all arts how to evade it ; besides, it shews your master to be either poor or covetous, which are the two worst qualities you can meet with in any service. When I was under these circumstances,

I made

I made use of several wise expedients, which I here recommend to you. Sometimes I took a candle so long, that it reached to the very top of the lantern, and burned it; but my master, after a good beating, ordered me to paste it over with paper. I then used a middling candle, but stuck it so loose in the socket, that it leaned towards one side, and burned a whole quarter of the horn. Then I used a bit of candle of half an inch, which sunk in the socket, and melted the folder, and forced my master to walk half the way in the dark. Then he made me stick two inches of candle in the place where the socket was; after which I pretended to stumble, put out the candle, and broke all the tin part to pieces. At last, he was forced to make use of a lantern-boy, out of perfect good husbandry.

It is much to be lamented, that gentlemen of our employment have but two hands to carry plates, dishes, bottles, and the like, out of the room at meals; and the misfortune is still the greater, because one of those hands is required to open the door, while you are incumbered with your load. Therefore, I advise, that the door may be always left at jar, so as to open it with your foot; and then you may carry out plates and dishes from your belly up to your chin, besides a good quantity of things under your arms, which will save you many a weary step; but take care that none of the burden falls till you are out of the room, and, if possible, out of hearing.

If you are sent to the post-office with a letter in a cold rainy night, step to the ale-house, and take a pot, until it is supposed you have done your errand; but take the next fair opportunity to put the letter in carefully, as becomes an honest servant.

If you are ordered to make coffee for the ladies after dinner, and the pot happens to boil over, while you are running up for a spoon to stir it, or thinking

ing of something else, or struggling with the chambermaid for a kiss; wipe the sides of the pot clean with a dishclout, carry up your coffee boldly; and when your lady finds it too weak, and examines you whether it has not run over, deny the fact absolutely; swear you put in more coffee than ordinary, that you never stirred an inch from it, that you strove to make it better than usual, because your mistress had ladies with her, that the servants in the kitchen will justify what you say. Upon this you will find that the other ladies will pronounce your coffee to be very good? and your mistress will confess that her mouth is out of taste, and she will for the future suspect herself, and be more cautious in finding fault. This I would have you do from a principle of conscience; for coffee is very unwholesome; and out of affection to your lady, you ought to give it her as weak as possible. And upon this argument, when you have a mind to treat any of the maids with a dish of fresh coffee, you may, and ought to subtract a third part of the powder, on account of your lady's health, and getting her maid's good-will.

If your master sends you with a small trifling present to one of his friends, be as careful of it as you would be of a diamond ring; therefore, if the present be only half a dozen pippins, send up the servant who received the message, to say, that you were ordered to deliver them with your own hands. This will shew your exactness, and care to prevent accidents or mistakes; and the gentleman or lady cannot do less than give you a shilling. So when your master receives the like present, teach the messenger who brings it to do the same, and give your master hints that may stir up his generosity; for brother-servants should assist one another, since it is all for their master's honour, which is the chief point to be consulted by every good servant, and of which he is the best judge.

When you step but a few doors off to tattle with a wench, or take a running pot of ale, or to see a brother footman going to be hanged, leave the street-door open, that you may not be forced to knock, and your master discover you are gone out; for a quarter of an hour's time can do his service no injury.

When you take away the remaining pieces of bread after dinner, put them on foul plates, and press them down with other plates over them, so as no body can touch them; and so they will be a good perquisite to the blackguard boy in ordinary.

When you are forced to clean your master's shoes with your own hand, use the edge of the sharpest case-knife, and dry them with the toes an inch from the fire; because wet shoes are dangerous; and besides, by these arts you will get them the sooner for yourself.

In some families the master often sends to the tavern for a bottle of wine, and you are the messenger. I advise you therefore, to take the smallest bottle you can find; but however make the drawer give you a full quart; then you will get a good sup for yourself, and your bottle will be filled. As for a cork to stop it, you need be at no trouble, for the thumb will do as well, or a bit of dirty chewed paper.

In all disputes with chairmen and coachmen for demanding too much, when your master sends you down to chaffer with them, take pity of the poor fellows, and tell your master that they will not take a farthing less; it is more for your interest to get share of a pot of ale, than to save a shilling for your master, to whom it is a trifle.

When you attend your lady in a dark night, if she useth her coach, do not walk by the coach-side so as to tire and dirt yourself, but get up into your proper place behind it; and so hold the flambeau sloping

forward over the coach roof; and when it wants snuffing dash it against the corners.

When you leave your lady at church on Sundays, you have two hours safe to spend with your companions at the alehouse, or over a beef-stake and a pot of beer at home with the cook and the maids; and indeed poor servants have so few opportunities to be happy, that they ought not to lose any.

Never wear socks when you wait at meals, on account of your own health, as well as of them who sit at table; because as most ladies like the smell of young mens toes, so it is a sovereign remedy against the vapours.

Chuse a service, if you can, where your livery colours are least tawdry and distinguishing. Green and yellow immediately betray your office; and so do all kinds of lace, except silver; which will hardly fall to your share, unless with a duke, or some prodigal just come to his estate. The colours you ought to wish for, are blue, or filemot, turned up with red; which, with a borrowed sword, a borrowed air, your master's linen, and a natural and improved confidence, will give you what title you please, where you are not known.

When you carry dishes, or other things, out of the room at meals, fill both your hands as full as possible: for although you may sometimes spill, and sometimes let fall; yet you will find at the year's end you have made great dispatch, and saved abundance of time.

If your master or mistress happens to walk the streets, keep on one side, and as much on the level with them as you can; which people observing, will either think you do not belong to them, or that you are one of their companions; but if either of them happen to turn back and speak to you, so that you are under the necessity to take off
your

your hat, use but your thumb and one finger, and scratch your head with the rest.

In winter-time light the dining-room fire but two minutes before dinner is served up, that your master may see how saving you are of his coals.

When you are ordered to stir up the fire, clean away the ashes from betwixt the bars with the fire-brush.

When you are ordered to call a coach, although it be midnight, go no farther than the door, for fear of being out of the way when you are wanted; and there stand bawling, Coach, coach for half an hour.

Although you gentlemen in livery have the misfortune to be treated scurvily by all mankind, yet you make a shift to keep up your spirits, and sometimes arrive at considerable fortunes. I was an intimate friend to one of our brethren, who was footman to a court-lady. She had an honourable employment, was sister to an earl, and the widow of a man of quality. She observed something so polite in my friend, the gracefulness with which he tript before her chair, and put his hair under his hat, that she made him many advances: and, one day, taking the air in her coach, with Tom behind it, the coachman mistook the way, and stopped at a privileged chapel; where the couple were married, and Tom came home in the chariot by his lady's side: but he unfortunately taught her to drink brandy, of which she died, after having pawned all her plate to purchase it; and Tom is now a journeyman maltster.

Boucher, the famous gamester, was another of our fraternity; and when he was worth 50,000 l. he dunned the Duke of Buckingham for an arrear of wages in his service. And I could instance many more, particularly another, whose son had the chief employments at court; and is sufficient to give the following advice; which is, to be pert

and sawcy to all mankind, especially to the chaplain, the waiting-woman, and the better sort of servants, in a person of quality's family: and value not now and then a kicking, or a caning; for your insolence at last will turn to good account; and from wearing a livery, you may probably soon carry a pair of colours.

When you wait behind a chair at meals, keep constantly wriggling the back of the chair, that the person behind whom you stand may know you are ready to attend him.

When you carry a parcel of China plates, if they chance to fall, as it is a frequent misfortune, your excuse must be, that a dog ran across you in the hall; that the chamber-maid accidentally pushed the door against you; that a mop stood across the entry, and tript you up; that your sleeve stuck against the key or button of the lock.

When your master and lady are talking together in their bedchamber, and you have some suspicion that you or your fellow-servants are concerned in what they say, listen at the door for the public good of all the servants, and join all to take proper measures for preventing any innovations that may hurt the community.

Be not proud in prosperity. You have heard, that fortune turns on a wheel; if you have a good place, you are at the top of the wheel. Remember how often you have been stripped, and kicked out of doors, your wages all taken up before hand, and spent in translated red-heeled shoes, second-hand toupees, and repaired lace-ruffles, besides a swinging debt to the alewife and the brandy-shop. The neighbouring tapster, who before would beckon you over to a savoury bit of ox-cheek in the morning, give it you *gratis*, and only score you up for the liquor, immediately after you were packed off in disgrace, carried a petition to your master to be paid out of your wages, whereof
not

not a farthing was due, and then pursued you with bailiffs into every blind cellar. Remember how soon you grew shabby, thread-bare, and out at heels; was forced to borrow an old livery-coat, to make your appearance while you were looking for a place; and sneak to every house where you have an old acquaintance, to steal you a scrap to keep life and soul together; and upon the whole, were in the lowest station of human life, which, as the old ballad says, is that of a skip-kennel turned out of place: I say, remember all this now in your flourishing condition, Pay your contributions duly to your late brothers the cadets, who are left to the wide world: take one of them as your dependent, to send on your lady's messages when you have a mind to go to the alehouse; slip him out privately now and then a slice of bread, and a bit of cold meat; your master can afford it; and if he be not yet put upon the establishment for a lodging, let him lie in the stable, or the coach-house, or under the back-stairs; and recommend him to all the gentlemen who frequent your house as an excellent servant.

To grow old in the office of a footman, is the highest of all indignities; therefore, when you find years coming on without hopes of a place at court, a command in the army, a succession to the stewardship, an employment in the revenue, (which two last you cannot obtain without reading and writing), or running away with your master's niece or daughter; I directly advise you to go upon the road, which is the only post of honour left you. There you will meet many of your old comrades, and live a short life, and a merry one, and make a figure at your exit; wherein I will give you some instructions.

The last advice I give you, relates to your behaviour when you are going to be hanged; which either for robbing your master, for house-breaking,

or going upon the highway, or in a drunken quarrel, by killing the first man you meet, may very probably be your lot ; and is owing to one of these three qualities ; either a love of good fellowship, a generosity of mind, or too much vivacity of spirits. Your good behaviour on this article will concern your whole community. Deny the fact with all solemnity of imprecations. A hundred of your brethren, if they can be admitted, will attend about the bar, and be ready upon demand to give you a good character before the court. Let nothing prevail on you to confess, but the promise of a pardon for discovering your comrades. But I suppose all this to be in vain ; for, if you escape now, your fate will be the same another day. Get a speech to be written by the best author of Newgate : some of your kind wenches will provide you with a Holland shirt, and white cap, crowned with a crimson or black riband. Take leave chearfully of all your friends in Newgate ; mount the cart with courage ; fall on your knees ; lift up your eyes ; hold a book in your hands, although you cannot read a word ; deny the fact at the gallows ; kiss and forgive the hangman ; and so farewell. You shall be buried in pomp at the charge of the fraternity: the surgeon shall not touch a limb of you ; and your fame shall continue until a successor of equal renown succeeds in your place.

C H A P. IV.

Directions to the COACHMAN.

YOU are strictly bound to nothing, but to step into the box, and carry your master or lady.

Let your horses be so well trained, that when you attend your lady at a visit, they will wait until you slip into a neighbouring alehouse to take a pot with a friend.

When you are in no humour to drive, tell your master, that the horses have got a cold; that they want shoeing; that rain does them hurt, and roughens their coat, and rots the harness. This may likewise be applied to the groom.

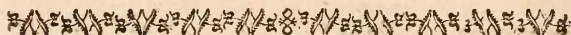
If your master dines with a country friend, drink as much as you can get; because it is allowed, that a good coachman never drives so well as when he is drunk; and then shew your skill, by driving to an inch by a precipice; and say you never drive so well as when drunk.

If you find any gentleman fond of one of your horses, and willing to give you a consideration beside the price; persuade your master to sell him, because he is so vicious that you cannot undertake to drive with him. and is foundered into the bargain.

Get a blackguard boy to watch your coach at the church-door on Sundays, that you and your brother-coachmen may be merry together at the ale-house, while your master and lady are at church,

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Take care that your wheels be good; and get a new set bought as often as you can, whether you are allowed the old as your perquisite or not. In one case it will turn to your honest profit; and in the other it will be a just punishment on your master's covetousness; and probably the coachmaker will consider you too.



CHAP. V.

Directions to the GROOM.

YOU are the servant upon whom the care of your master's honour in all journies entirely depends; your breast is the sole repository of it. If he travels the country, and lodgeth at inns, every dram of brandy, every pot of ale extraordinary that you drink, raiseth his character; and therefore his reputation ought to be dear to you; and I hope you will not stint yourself in either. The smith, the saddler's journeyman, the cook at the inn, the ostler, and the boot-catcher, ought all by your means to partake of your master's generosity. Thus his fame will reach from one county to another; and what is a gallon of ale, or a pint of brandy in his worship's pocket? And although he should be in the number of those who value their credit less than their purse, yet your care of the former ought to be so much the greater. His horse wanted two removes; your horse wanted nails; his allowance of oats and beans was greater than the journey required; a third part may be retrenched. and turned into ale or brandy; and thus his honour may be preserved by your discretion,
and

and less expence to him : or if he travels with no other servant, the matter is easily made up in the bill between you and the tapster.

Therefore, as soon as you alight at the inn, deliver your horses to the stable-boy, and let him gallop them to the next pond : then call for a pot of ale ; for it is very fit that a Christian should drink before a beast. Leave your master to the care of the servants in the inn, and your horses to those in the stable. Thus both he and they are left in the properest hands. But you are to provide for yourself ; therefore get your supper, drink freely, and go to bed without troubling your master, who is in better hands than yours. The ostler is an honest fellow, and loves horses in his heart ; and would not wrong the dumb creatures for the world. Be tender of your master, and order the servants not to wake him too early. Get your breakfast before he is up, that he may not wait for you. Make the ostler tell him the roads are very good, and the miles short ; but advise him to stay a little longer till the weather clears up, for he is afraid there will be rain, and he will be time enough after dinner.

Let your master mount before you out of good manners. As he is leaving the inn, drop a good word in favour of the ostler, what care he took of the cattle ; and add, that you never saw civilier servants. Let your master ride on before, and do you stay until your landlord has given you a dram ; then gallop after him through the town or village with full speed, for fear he should want you, and to shew your horsemanship.

If you are a piece of a ferrier, as every good groom ought to be, get sack, brandy, or strong beer, to rub your horses heels every night ; and be not sparing, for (if any be spent) what is left, you know how to dispose of.

Consider your master's health ; and rather than
let

let him take long journeys, say the cattle are weak, and fallen in their flesh with hard riding : tell him of a very good inn five miles nearer than he intended to go ; or leave one of his horse's fore-shoes loose in the morning ; or contrive that the saddle may pinch the beast in his withers ; or keep him without corn all night and morning, so that he may tire on the road ; or wedge a thin plate of iron between the hoof and the shoe to make him halt ; and all this in perfect tenderness to your master.

When you are going to be hired, and the gentleman asks you, whether you are apt to be drunk ? own freely that you love a cup of good ale ; but that it is your way, drunk or sober, never to neglect your horses.

When your master hath a mind to ride out for the air, or for pleasure ; if any private business of your own makes it inconvenient for you to attend him, give him to understand, that the horses want bleeding or purging ; that his own pad hath got a surfeit ; or that the saddle wants stuffing, and his bridle is gone to be mended. This you may honestly do, because it will be no injury to the horses or your master ; and at the same time shews the great care you have of the poor dumb creatures.

If there be a particular inn in the town whither you are going, and where you are well acquainted with the ostler or tapster, and the people of the house, find fault with the other inns, and recommend your master thither : it may probably be a pot and a dram or two more in your way, and to your master's honour.

If your master sends you to buy hay, deal with those who will be the most liberal to you ; for service being no inheritance, you ought not to let slip any lawful and customary perquisite. If your master buys it himself, he wrongs you ; and to teach him his duty, be sure to find fault with the hay as long

long as it lasts ; and if the horses thrive with it, the fault is yours.

Hay and oats, in the management of a skilful groom, will make excellent ale, as well as brandy ; but this I only hint.

When your master dines or lies at a gentleman's house in the country, although there be no groom, or he be gone abroad, or that the horses have been quite neglected, be sure employ some of the servants to hold the horse when your master mounts. This I would have you do, when your master only alights to call in for a few minutes ; for brother-servants must always befriend one another ; and that also concerns your master's honour ; because he cannot do less than give a piece of money to him who holds his horse.

In long journeys, ask your master leave to give ale to the horses ; carry two quarts full to the stable ; pour half a pint into a bowl ; and if they will not drink it, you and the ostler must do the best you can ; perhaps they may be in a better humour at the next in, for I would have you never fail to make the experiment.

When you go to air your horses in the park, or the fields, give them to a horse-boy, or one of the black guards, who being lighter than you, may be trusted to run races with less damage to the horses, and teach them to leap over hedges and ditches, while you are drinking a friendly pot with your brother-grooms : but sometimes you and they may run races yourselves, for the honour of your horses, and of your masters.

Never stint your horses at home in hay and oats, but fill the rack to the top, and the manger to the brim, for you would take it ill to be stinted yourself ; although perhaps they may not have the stomach to eat ; consider they have no tongues to ask. If the hay be thrown down, there is no loss ; for it will make litter, and save straw.

When

When your master is leaving a gentleman's house in the country, where he hath lain a night ; then consider his honour ; let him know how many servants there are of both sexes, who expect vales ; and give them their cue to attend in two lines, as he leaves the house ; but desire him not to trust the money with the butler, for fear he should cheat the rest : this will force your master to be more generous ; and then you may take occasion to tell your master, that 'squire such-a-one, whom you lived with last, always gave so much a-piece to the common servants, and so much to the house-keeper, and the rest, naming at least double to what he intended to give ; but be sure to tell the servants what a good office you did them. This will gain you love, and your master honour.

You may venture to be drunk much oftener than the coachman, whatever he pretends to alledge in his own behalf, because you hazard no body's neck but your own ; for the horse will probably take so much care of himself, as to come off with only a strain or a shoulder-flip.

When you carry your master's riding-coat in a journey, wrap your own in it, and buckle them up close with a strap : but turn your master's inside out, to preserve the outside from wet and dirt. Thus, when it begins to rain, your master's coat will be first ready to be given him ; and if it get more hurt than yours, he can afford it better ; for your livery must always serve its year's apprenticeship.

When you come to your inn with the horses wet and dirty after hard riding, and are very hot, make the ostler immediately plunge them into water up to their bellies, and allow them to drink as much as they please ; but be sure to gallop them full speed a mile at least, to dry their skins, and warm the water in their bellies. The ostler understands his business ; leave all to his discretion, while you

get a pot of ale and some brandy at the kitchen-fire, to comfort your heart.

If your horse drop a fore-shoe, be so careful to alight and take it up: then ride with all the speed you can (the shoe in your hand that every traveller may observe your care) to the next smith on the road, make him put it on immediatly, that your master may not wait for you, and that the poor horse may be as short a time as possible without a shoe.

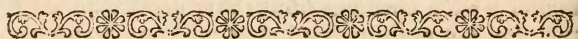
When your master lies at a gentleman's house, if you find the hay and oats are good, complain aloud of their badness; this will get you the name of a diligent servant: and be sure to cram the horses with as much oats as they can eat, while you are there, and you may give them so much the less for some days at the inns, and turn the oats into ale. When you leave the gentleman's house, tell your master what a covetous hunk that gentleman was, that you got nothing but butter-milk or water to drink: this will make your master out of pity allow you a pint of ale the more at the next inn. But if you happen to get drunk in a gentleman's house, your master cannot be angry, because it cost him nothing; and so you ought to tell him as well as you can in your present condition, and let him know it is both for his and the gentleman's honour to make a friend's servant welcome.

A master ought always to love his groom, to put him in a handsome livery, and to allow him a silver-laced hat. When you are in this equipage, all the honours he receives on the road are owing to you alone: that he is not turned out of the way by every carrier, is caused by the civility he receives at second hand from the respect paid to your livery.

You may now and then lend your master's pad to a brother-servant, or your favourite maid, for a short jaunt, or hire him for a day, because the

horse is spoiled for want of exercise; and if your master happens to want his horse, or hath a mind to see the stable, curse that rogue the helper who is gone out with the key.

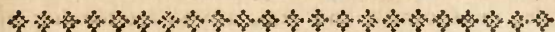
When you want to spend an hour or two with your companions at the alehouse, and that you stand in need of a reasonable excuse for your stay, go out of the stable-door, or the back-way, with an old bridle, girth, or stirrup-leather in your pocket, and on your return come home by the street-door with the same bridle, girth, or stirrup-leather, dangling in your hands as if you came from the saddler's, where you were getting the same mended; (if you were not missed, all is well); but if you are met by your master, you will have the reputation of a careful servant. This I have known practised with good success.



CHAP. VI.

Directions to the HOUSE-STEWARD, and LAND-STEWARD.

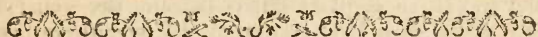
Lord Peterborough's steward, that pulled down his house, sold the materials, and charged my Lord with repairs. Take money for forbearance from tenants. Renew leases, and get by them, and sell woods. Lend my Lord his own money. Gil Blas said much of this, to whom I refer.



C H A P. VII.

Directions to the PORTER.

IF your master be a minister of state, let him be at home to none but his pimp, or chief flatterer, or one of his pensionary writers, or his hired spy, and informer, or his printer in ordinary, or his city solicitor, or a land-jobber, or his inventor of new funds, or a stock-jobber.



C H A P. VIII.

Directions to the CHAMBER-MAID.

THE nature of your employment differs according to the quality, the pride, or the wealth of the lady you serve; and this treatise is to be applied to all sorts of families; so that I find myself under great difficulty to adjust the business for which you are hired. In a family where there is a tolerable estate, you differ from the house-maid, and in that view I give my directions. Your particular province is your lady's chamber, where you make the bed, and put things in order; and if you live in the country, you take care of rooms, where ladies lie who come into the house; which brings in all the vales that fall to your share. Your usual lover, as I take it, is the coachman; but if you are under twenty, and tolerably handsome, perhaps a footman may cast his eyes on you.

Get your favourite footman to help you in making

ing your lady's bed ; and if you serve a young couple, the footman and you, as you are turning up the bed-cloaths, will make the prettiest observations in the world, which whispered about will be very entertaining to the whole family, and get among the neighbourhood.

Do not carry down the necessary vessels for the fellows to see ; but empty them out of the window, for your lady's credit. It is highly improper for men-servants to know, that fine ladies have occasion for such utensils ; and do not scour the chamber-pot, because the smell is wholesome.

If you happen to break any china with the top of the whisk on the mantle-tree, or the cabinet, gather up the fragments, put them together as well as you can, and place them behind the rest ; so that when your lady comes to discover them, you may safely say they were broke long ago, before you came to the service. This will save your lady many an hour's vexation.

It sometimes happens, that a looking glass is broken by the same means ; while you are looking another way, as you sweep the chamber, the long end of the brush strikes against the glass, and breaks it to shivers. This is the extremest of all misfortunes, and all remedy desperate in appearance, because it is impossible to be concealed. Such a fatal accident once happened in a great family, where I had the honour to be a footman ; and I will relate the particulars, to shew the ingenuity of the poor chamber maid on so sudden and dreadful an emergency, which perhaps may help to sharpen your invention, if your evil star should ever give you the like occasion. The poor girl had broken a large japan glass of great value with a stroke of her brush ; she had not considered long, when, by a prodigious presence of mind, she locked the door, stole into the yard, brought a stone of three pound weight into the chamber, laid it on the hearth just under the
looking-

looking-glass, then broke a pain in the sash-window that looked into the same yard, so shut the door, and went about her other affairs. Two hours after, the lady goes into the chamber, sees the glass broken, the stone lying under, and a whole pane in the window destroyed; from all which circumstances she concluded, just as the maid could have wished, that some idle straggler in the neighbourhood, or perhaps one of the out-servants, had, through malice, accident, or carelessness, flung in the stone, and done the mischief. Thus far all things went well, and the girl concluded herself out of danger. But it was her ill fortune, that a few hours after in came the parson of the parish; and the lady (naturally) told him the accident, which you may believe had much discomposed her. But the minister, who happened to understand mathematics, after examining the situation of the yard, the window, and the chimney, soon convinced the lady, that the stone could never reach the looking-glass, without taking three turns in its flight from the hand that threw it; and the maid being proved to have swept the room the same morning, was strictly examined: but constantly denied that she was guilty upon her salvation, offering to take her oath upon the Bible before his reverence, that she was as innocent as the child unborn: yet the poor wench was turned off; which I take to have been hard treatment, considering her ingenuity. However, this may be a direction to you in the like case, to contrive a story that will better hang together. For instance, you might say, that while you were at work with the mop or brush, a flash of lightening came suddenly in at the window, which almost blinded you; that you immediately heard the ringing of broken glass on the hearth; that as soon as you recovered your eyes, you saw the looking-glass all broken to pieces: or you may alledge, that observing the glass a little covered with dust, and

going very gently to wipe it, you suppose the moisture of the air had dissolved the glue or cement, which made it fall to the ground: or, as soon as the mischief is done, you may cut the cords that fastened the glass to the wainscot, and so let it fall flat on the ground! run out in a fright, tell your lady, curse the upholsterer, and declare how narrowly you escaped, that it did not fall upon your head. I offer these expedients from a desire I have to defend the innocent; for innocent you certainly must be, if you did not break the glass on purpose, which I would by no means excuse, except upon great provocations.

Oil the tongs, poker, and fire-shovel, up to the top, not only to keep them from rusting, but likewise to prevent meddling people from wasting your master's coals with stirring the fire.

When you are in haste, sweep the dust into a corner of the room; but leave your brush upon it, that it may not be seen, for that would disgrace you.

Never wash your hands, or put on a clean apron, till you have made your lady's bed, for fear of rumpling your apron, or fouling your hands again.

When you bar the window-shuts of your lady's bed-chamber at nights, leave open the sashes, to let in the fresh air, and sweeten the room against morning.

In the time when you leave the windows open for air, leave books or something else on the window-seat, that they may get air too.

When you sweep your lady's room, never stay to pick up foul smocks, handkerchiefs, pinnars, pin-cushions, tea spoons, ribands, slippers, or whatever lies in your way; but sweep all into a corner, and then you may take them up in a lump, and save time.

Making beds in hot weather is a very laborious work, and you will be apt to sweat; therefore, when you find the drops running down from your forehead, wipe them off with a corner of the sheet, that they may not be seen on the bed.

When your lady sends you to wash a china-cup, and it happen to fall, bring it up, and swear you did but just touch it with your hand, when it broke into *three halves*. And here I must inform you, as well as all your fellow-servants, that you ought never to be without an excuse; it doth no harm to your master, and it lessens your fault: as in this instance, I do not commend you for breaking the cup; it is certain you did not break it on purpose; and the thing is possible, that it might break in your hand.

You are sometimes desirous to see a funeral, a quarrel, a man going to be hanged, a wedding, a bawd carted, or the like. As they pass by in the street, you lift up the sash suddenly, there by misfortune it sticks: this was no fault of yours; young women are curious by nature; you have no remedy but to cut the cord, and lay the fault upon the carpenter, unless no body saw you, and then you are as innocent as any servant in the house.

Wear your lady's smock when she has thrown it off; it will do you credit, save your own linen, and be not a pin the worse.

When you put a clean pillow-case on your lady's pillow, be sure to fasten it well with three corking pins, that it may not fall off in the night.

When you spread bread and butter for tea, be sure that all the holes in the loaf be left full of butter, to keep the bread moist against dinner; and let the mark of your thumb be seen only upon one end of every slice, to shew your cleanliness.

When you are ordered to open or lock any door, trunk, or cabinet, and miss the proper key, or cannot distinguish it in the bunch, try the first key that you can thrust in, and turn it with all your strength,

strength, till you open the lock, or break the key; for your lady will reckon you a fool to come back and do nothing.



C H A P. IX.

Directions to the WAITING-MAID.

TWO accidents have happened to lessen the comforts and profits of your employment; first, that execrable custom got among ladies, of trucking their old cloaths for china, or turning them to cover easy chairs, or making them into patch-work for screens, stools, cushions, and the like. The second is, the invention of small chests and trunks, with lock and key, wherein they keep the tea and sugar; without which it is impossible for a waiting-maid to live; for by this means you are forced to buy brown sugar, and pour water upon the leaves, when they have lost all their spirit and taste. I cannot contrive any perfect remedy against either of these two evils. As to the former, I think there should be a general confederacy of all the servants in every family, for the public good, to drive those china hucksters from the doors. And as to the latter, there is no other method to relieve yourselves, but by a false key; which is a point both difficult and dangerous to compass; but, as to the circumstances of honesty in procuring one, I am under no doubt, when your mistress gives you so just a provocation, by refusing you an ancient and legal perquisite. The mistress of the tea-shop may now and then give you half an ounce, but

but that will only be a drop in the bucket : therefore I fear you must be forced, like the rest of your sisters, to run in trust, and pay for it out of your wages, as far as they will go ; which you can easily make up otherwise, if your Lady be handsome, or her daughters have good fortunes.

If you are in a great family, and my Lady's woman, my Lord may probably like you, although you are not half so handsome as his own lady. In this case take care to get as much out of him as you can ; and never allow him the smallest liberty, not the squeezing of your hand, unless he puts a guinea into it ; so by degrees make him pay accordingly for every new attempt, doubling upon him in proportion to the concessions you allow, and always struggling, and threatening to cry out, or tell your lady, although you receive his money. Five guineas for handling your breast is a cheap pennyworth, although you seem to resist with all your might ; but never allow him the last favour under a hundred guineas, or a settlement of twenty pounds a year for life.

In such a family, if you are handsome, you will have the choice of three lovers ; the chaplain, the steward, and my Lord's gentleman. I would first advise you to chuse the steward ; but if you happen to be young with child by my Lord, you must take up with the chaplain. I like my Lord's gentleman the least of the three ; for he is usually vain and saucy from the time he throws off his livery ; and if he misseth a pair of colours, or a tide-waiter's place, he hath no remedy but the highway.

I must caution you particularly against my Lord's eldest son. If you are dextrous enough, it is odds that you may draw him to marry you, and make you a lady : if he be a common rake, (and he must be one or t'other), avoid him like Satan ; for he stands less in awe of a mother than my Lord does of a wife ; and after ten thousand promises, you will

will get nothing from him, but a big belly or a clap, or probably both together.

When your lady is ill, and, after a very bad night, is getting a little nap in the morning, if a footman comes with a message to inquire how she doth, do not let the compliment be lost, but shake her gently until she wakes ; then deliver the message, receive her answer, and leave her to sleep.

If you are so happy as to wait on a young lady with a great fortune, you must be an ill manager, if you cannot get five or six hundred pounds for disposing of her. Put her often in mind, that she is rich enough to make any man happy ; that there is no real happiness but in love ; that she hath liberty to chuse who-ever she pleaseth, and not by the directions of parents, who never give allowances for an innocent passion ; that there are a world of handsome, fine, sweet, young gentlemen in town, who would be glad to die at her feet ; that the conversation of two lovers is a heaven upon earth ; that love, like death, equals all conditions ; that if she should cast her eyes upon a young fellow below her in birth and estate, his marrying her would make him a gentleman ; that you saw yesterday on the Mall the prettiest ensign ; and that if you had forty thousand pounds, it should be at his service. Take care that every body should know what lady you live with ; how great a favourite you are ; and that she always takes your advice. Go often to St. James's park ; the fine fellows will soon discover you, and contrive to slip a letter into your sleeve or your bosom ; pull it out in a fury, and throw it on the ground, unless you find at least two guineas along with it ; but, in that case, seem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the wag with you. When you come home, drop the letter carelessly in your lady's chamber ; she finds it, is angry ; protest you knew nothing of it, only you remember that a gentleman in the park struggled to kiss you,
and

and you believe it was he that put the letter into your sleeve or petticoat; and indeed he was as pretty a man as ever you saw: that she may burn the letter if she pleaseth. If your lady be wise, she will burn some other paper before you, and read the letter when you are gone down. You must follow this practice as often as you safely can; but let him who pays you best with every letter, be the handsomest man. If a footman presumes to bring a letter to the house to be delivered to you for your lady, although it come from your best customer, throw it at his head; call him impudent rogue and villain, and shut the door in his face: run up to your lady, and, as a proof of your fidelity, tell her what you have done.

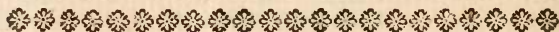
I could enlarge very much upon this subject; but I trust to your own discretion.

If you serve a lady who is a little disposed to gallantries, you will find it a point of great prudence how to manage. Three things are necessary, First, how to please your lady; secondly, how to prevent suspicion in the husband, or among the family: and, lastly, but principally, how to make it most for your own advantage. To give you full directions in this important affair, would require a large volume. All assignations at home are dangerous both to your lady and yourself; and therefore contrive as much as possible to have them in a third place; especially if your lady, as it is a hundred odds, entertains more lovers than one, each of whom is often more jealous than a thousand husbands; and very unlucky rencounters may often happen under the best management. I need not warn you to employ your good offices chiefly in favour of those whom you find most liberal. Yet, if your lady should happen to cast an eye upon a handsome footman, you should be generous enough to bear with her humour; which is no singularity, but a very natural appetite. It is still the safest of
all

all home-intrigues, and was formerly the least suspected, until of late years it hath grown more common. The great danger is, least this kind of gentry, dealing too often in bad ware, may happen not to be found; and then your lady and you are in a very bad way, although not altogether desperate.

But to say the truth, I confess it is a great presumption in me, to offer you any instructions in the conduct of your lady's amours, wherein your whole sisterhood is already so expert, and deeply learned; although it be much more difficult to compass, than that assistance which my brother-footmen give their masters on the like occasion: and therefore I leave this affair to be treated by some abler pen.

When you lock up a silk mantua, or laced head, in a trunk or chest, leave a piece out, that when you open the trunk again, you may know where to find it.



C H A P X.

Directions to the HOUSE-MAID.

IF your master and lady go into the country for a week or more, never wash the bed-chamber or dining-room, until just the hour before you expect them to return. Thus the rooms will be perfectly clean to receive them, and you will not be at the trouble to wash them so soon again.

I am very much offended with those ladies who are so proud and lazy, that they will not be at the pains of stepping into the garden to pluck a rose, but keep an odious impliment, sometimes in the bed-

bed-chamber itself, or at least in a dark closet adjoining, which they make use of to ease their worst necessities; and you are the usual carriers away of the pan; which maketh not only the chamber, but even their cloaths, offensive to all who come near. Now, to cure them of this odious practice, let me advise you on whom the office lies to convey away this utensil, that you will do it openly, down the great stairs. and in the presence of the footmen; and if any body knocks, to open the street-door, while you have the vessel filled in your hands. 'This, if any thing can, will make your lady take the pains of avacuating her person in the proper place, rather than expose her filthiness to all the men-servants in the house.

Leave a pail of dirty water with the mop in it, a coal-box, a bottle, a broom, a chamber-pot, and such other unsightly things, either in a blind entry, or upon the darkest part of the back-stairs, that they may not be seen; and if people break their shins by trampling on them, it is their own fault.

Never empty the chamber-pots until they are quite full. If that happeneth in the night, empty them into the street; if in the morning, into the garden: for it would be an endless work to go a dozen times from the garret and upper room, down to the back-side. But never wash them in any other liquor except their own. What cleanly girl would be dabbling in other folks urine? and besides, the smell of stale, as I observed before, is admirable against the vapours; which, a hundred to one, may be your lady's case.

Brush down the cobwebs with a broom that is wet and dirty; which will make them stick the faster to it, and bring them down more effectually.

When you rid up the parlour hearth in a morning, throw the last night's ashes into a sieve; and

what falls through, as you carry it down, will serve instead of sand for the room and the stairs.

When you have scoured the brasses and irons in the parlour chimney, lay the foul wet clout upon the next chair, that your lady may see you have not neglected your work. Observe the same rule when you clean the brass locks; only with this addition, to leave the mark of your fingers on the doors, to shew you have not forgot.

Leave your lady's chamber-pot in her bed-chamber-window all day to air.

Bring up none but large coals to the dining-room, and your lady's chamber; they make the best fires; and if you find them too big, it is easy to break them on the marble hearth.

When you go to bed, be sure take care of fire; and therefore blow the candle out with your breath, and then thrust it under your bed. Note, The smell of the snuff is very good against vapours.

Persuade the footman who got you with child, to marry you before you are six months gone; and if your lady asks you, why you would take a fellow who was not worth a groat? let your answer be, That service is no inheritance.

When your lady's bed is made, put the chamber-pot under it, but in such a manner, as to thrust the valance along with it, that it may be full in sight, and ready for your lady when she hath occasion to use it.

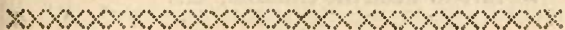
Lock up a cat or a dog in some room or closet, so as to make such a noise all over the house, as may frighten away the thieves, if any should attempt to break or steal in.

When you wash any of the rooms towards the street, over night, throw the foul water out of the street-door; but be sure not to look before you, for fear those on whom the water lights, might think you uncivil, and that you did it on purpose. If he who suffers, breaks the windows in revenge,
and

and your lady chides you, and gives positive orders that you should carry the pail down, and empty it in the sink, you have an easy remedy. When you wash an upper room, carry down the pail so as to let the water dribble on the stairs all the way down to the kitchen; by which not only your load will be lighter, but you will convince your lady, that it is better to throw the water out of the windows, or down the street-door steps. Besides, this latter practice will be very diverting to you and the family in a frosty night, to see a hundred people falling on their noses or backsides before your door, when the water is frozen.

Polish and brighten the marble-hearths and chimney-pieces with a clout dipt in grease; nothing maketh them shine so well; and it is the business of the ladies to take care of their petticoats.

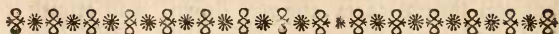
If your lady be so nice, that she will have the room scoured with freestone, be sure to leave the marks of the freestone six inches deep round the bottom of the wainscot, that your lady may see your obedience to her orders,



C H A P. XI.

Directions to the DAIRY-MAID.

FAtigue of making butter; put scalding water in your churn, although in summer, and churn close to the kitchen-fire, and with cream of a week old. Keep cream for your sweetheart.



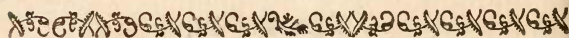
C H A P. XII.

Directions to the CHIDRENS MAID.

IF a child be sick, give it whatever it wants to eat or drink, although particularly forbid by the doctor; for what we long for in sickness, will do us good: and throw the physic out of the window; the child will love you the better; but bid it not tell. Do the same for your lady when she longs for any thing in sickness, and engage it will do her good.

If your mistress cometh to the nursery, and offer to whip a child, snatch it out of her hands in a rage, and tell her, she is the cruellest mother you ever saw; she will chide, but love you the better. Tell the children stories of spirits, when they offer to cry, &c.

Be sure to wean the children, &c.



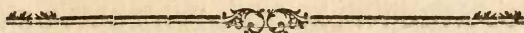
C H A P. XIII.

Directions to the NURSE.

IF you happen to let the child fall, and lame it, be sure never to confess it; and if it dies, all is safe.

Contrive to be with child as soon as you can, while you are giving suck, that you may be ready for another

another service, when the child you nurse dies, or is weaned.



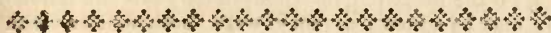
C H A P. XIV.

Directions to the LAUNDRESS.

IF you singe the linen with the iron, rub the place with flour, chalk, or white powder; and if nothing will do, wash it so long till it be either not to be seen, or torn to rags.

About tearing linen in washing.

When your linen is pinned on the line, or on a hedge, and it rains, whip it off, although you tear it, &c. But the place for hanging them, is on young fruit-trees, especially in blossom; the linen cannot be torn, and the trees give them a fine smell.

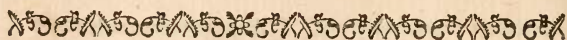


C H A P. XV.

Directions to the HOUSEKEEPER.

YOU must always have a favourite footman whom you can depend upon; and order him to be very watchful when the second course is taken off, that it be brought safely to your office,

that you and the steward may have a tit bit together.



C H A P. XVI.

Directions to the TUTORESS, or GOVER- NESS.

SAY, the children have sore eyes : Miss Betty won't take to her book, &c.

Make the misses read French and English novels, and French romances, and all the comedies writ in King Charles II. and King William's reigns, to soften their nature, and make them tender-hearted, &c.



[To the preceding directions to servants the following may be added, as they were both written with the same design, though in a very different manner. It will easily be perceived, that these are to be understood literally, and others ironically; nor is it improbable, that the thought of giving them an ironical turn was conceived after the general design was formed, and in some part executed. If the literal instruction be more useful, it must be confessed, that the irony is more entertaining; and if both had been completed the peculiar advantages of each would have been so evident, that the public would have had reason to complain, if either of them had been suppressed.]

The

The duty of SERVANTS at inns.

BE mounted before your master. When you see him mounted, ride out before him. When he baits at noon, enter the inn-gate before him, and call the ostler to hold your master's horse while he alights. Leave your master to the servants of the inn; go you with the horses into the stable; chuse a place farthest from the stable-door; see the standing be dry; send immediately for fresh straw, see all the old hay out of the rack, and get fresh put in; see your horses girths be loosed and stuffed; take not off the bridles till they are cool, nor saddles in an hour; see their hoofs be well picked; try if the heads of the nails be fast, and whether they be well clinched; if not, send presently for a smith; always stand by while the smith is employed. Give the oats the last thing. Water your horses while you are within a mile of the inn. Never keep above forty yards before or behind your master, unless he commands you. Try the oats by smelling and weighing them: see you have good measure: stand by while your horses are eating their oats. When you enter your evening-inn, let your horses feet be stuffed with cow-dung every night.

Observe the same rules; only be sure if any thing be wanting for a smith, let it be done over night.

Know the time your master will set out in the morning: allow him a full hour to get himself ready. Contrive both at morn and noon to eat, so that your master need not stay for you. Do not let the drawer carry the bill to your master, but examine it first carefully and honestly, and then bring it yourself and be able to account for every article. If the servants have not been civil, tell
your

your master before their faces when he is going to give them money.

Duty of the other Servants where there are two.

Ride forty yards behind your master, but be mounted before him. Observe now and then whether his horse's shoes be right. When you come to an inn at noon, give your horse to the ostler; bestir yourself to get a convenient room for your master; bring all his things into his room full in his sight; inquire what is in the house; see it yourself, and tell your master how you like it. Step yourself now and then into the kitchen, to hasten dinner or supper; and observe whether they be cleanly. Taste the ale, and tell your master whether it be good or bad. If he wants wine, go you with the drawer, and chuse a bottle well filled and stopp'd: if the wine be in hogsheds, desire to taste and smell it; if it be sour, or not clear, or ill-tasted, let your master know it, that he may not be at the charge of wine not fit to be drank. See the salt be dry and powdered, the bread new and clean, the knives sharp. At night observe the same rules; but first chuse him a warm room, with a lock and key in order: then call immediately for the sheets; see them well aired and at a large fire; feel the blankets, bed, bolster, pillow, whether they be dry, and whether the floor under the bed be damp. Let the chamber be that which hath been last lain in; inquire about it. If the bed itself be damp, let it be brought before a large fire, and air it on both sides. That you may forget nothing in the inn, have a fair list of what you want to take out; and when you put them up, compare them with your list.

You are to step now and then into the stable, to see whether the groom performs his duty.

For

For packing up your things have a list of linen, &c. In packing, take care that no two hard things be together, and that they be wrapped up in paper or towels. Have a good provision of large coarse paper, and other waste-paper. Remember to put every thing in their proper places in the portmanteau. Stuff the shoes and slippers at the toes with a small lock of hay; fold up the cloaths so as that they may not be rumpled. When your master is in his room at night, put all his things in such a manner as he has them at home. Learn to have some skill in cookery, that at a pinch you may be able to make your master easy.

The groom. Carry with you a stirrup-leather, an awl, twelve horse-nails, and a horse's fore-shoes, pick, and an hammer for fear of an accident; and some ends, and packthread, a bottle screw, knife and penknife, needles, pins, thread, silk, worsted, &c.; some plaisters and scissars.

Item. The servants to carry their own things. Have a pocket-book, keep all the bills, date the time and place; and indorse the numbers.

Inquire in every town, if there be any thing worth seeing. Observe the country-seats, and ask who they belong to; and enter them, and the counties where they are.

Search under your master's bed when he is gone up, lest a cat, or something else, may be under it.

When your master's bed is made, and his things ready, lock the chamber-door, and keep the key till he goes to bed; then keep it in your pocket till morn.

Let the servants of the inn be sure to wake you above an hour before your master is to go, that he may have an hour to prepare himself.

If the ostler hath been knavish or negligent, do not let him hold your master's horse. Observe the same rule at a gentleman's house. If the groom
hath

hath not taken care of your horses, do not let him hold your master's.

Inquire at every inn where you stay, what is the best inn in the next town you are to come to ; yet do not rely on that, but likewise as you enter into any town to stay, ask the people which is the best inn ; and go to that which most people commend.

See that your master's boots be dried and well liquored over night.



On

On GOOD MANNERS and GOOD BREEDING *.

GOOD manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse.

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.

As the best law is founded upon reason, so are the best manners. And as some lawyers have introduced unreasonable things into common law; so likewise many teachers have introduced absurd things into common good manners.

One principal point of this art is, to suit our behaviour to the three several degrees of men; our superiors, our equals, and those below us.

For instance, to press either of the two former to eat or drink, is a breach of manners; but a farmer or a tradesman must be thus treated, or else it will be difficult to persuade them that they are welcome.

Pride, ill nature, and want of sense, are the three great sources of ill manners: without some one of these defects, no man will behave himself ill for want of experience; or of what, in the language of fools, is called "knowing the world."

I defy any one to assign an incident wherein reason will not direct us what we are to say or do in company, if we are not misled by pride or ill nature.

Therefore I insist, that good sense is the principal foundation of good manners. But because the former is a gift which very few among mankind

* This essay is annexed to J. R's Observations upon Lord Orrery's remarks on Swift's life and writings; and was never inserted in any former edition of the Dean's works.

are possessed of, therefore all the civilized nations of the world have agreed upon fixing some rules for common behaviour, best suited to their general customs, or fancies, as a kind of artificial good sense to supply the defects of reason. Without which the gentlemanly part of dunces would be perpetually at cuffs, as they seldom fail when they happen to be drunk, or engaged in squabbles about women or play. And, God be thanked, there hardly happens a duel in a year, which may not be imputed to one of those three motives. Upon which account I should be exceedingly sorry to find the legislature make any new laws against the practice of duelling; because the methods are easy and many, for a wise man to avoid a quarrel with honour, or engage in it with innocence. And I can discover no political evil in suffering bullies, sharpers, and rakes, to rid the world of each other by a method of their own, where the law hath not been able to find an expedient.

As the common forms of goodmanners were intended for regulating the conduct of those who have weak understandings; so they have been corrupted by the persons for whose use they were contrived. For these people have fallen into a needless and endless way of multiplying ceremonies, which have been extremely troublesome to those who practise them, and insupportable to every body else; inso-much that wise men are often more uneasy at the over-civility of these refiners, than they could possibly be in the conversation of peasants or mechanics.

The impertinences of this ceremonial behaviour are no where better seen than at those tables where ladies preside, who value themselves upon account of their good-breeding; where a man must reckon upon passing an hour without doing one thing he has a mind to do, unless he will be so hardy to break through all the settled decorum of the family. She determines what he loves best, and how much he

shall eat; and if the master of the house happens to be of the same disposition, he proceeds in the same tyrannical manner to prescribe in the drinking part: at the same time, you are under the necessity of answering a thousand apologies for your entertainment. And although a good deal of this humour is pretty well worn off among many people of the best fashion, yet too much of it still remains, especially in the country; where an honest gentleman assured me, that having been kept four days, against his will, at a friend's house, with all the circumstances of hiding his boots, locking up the stable, and other contrivances of the like nature; he could not remember, from the moment he came into the house, to the moment he left it, any one thing wherein his inclination was not directly contradicted; as if the whole family had entered into a combination to torment him.

But besides all this, it would be endless to recount the many foolish and ridiculous accidents I have observed among these unfortunate proselytes to ceremony. I have seen a duchess fairly knocked down by the precipitancy of an officious coxcomb, running to save her the trouble of opening a door. I remember, upon a birth day, at court, a great lady was utterly desperate by a dish of sauce let fall by a page directly upon her head-dress, and brocade, while she gave a sudden turn to her elbow upon some point of ceremony with the person who sat next her. *Monf. Buys*, the Dutch envoy, whose politics and manners were much of a size, brought a son with him, about thirteen years old, to a great table at court. The boy and his father, whatever they put on their plates, they first offered round in order, to every person in the company; so that we could not get a minute's quiet during the whole dinner. At last, their two plates happened to encounter, and with so much violence, that, being

china, they broke in twenty pieces, and stained half the company with wet sweetmeats and cream.

There is a pedantry in manners, as in all arts and sciences, and sometimes in trades. Pedantry is properly the over-rating any kind of knowledge we pretend to. And if that kind of knowledge be a trifle in itself, the pedantry is the greater. For which reason, I look upon fiddlers, dancing-masters, heralds, masters of the ceremonies, &c. to be greater pedants than Lipsius, or the elder Scaliger. With these kind of pedants, the court, while I knew it, was always plentifully stocked: I mean from the gentlemen-usher at least inclusive, downward to the gentleman-porter; who are, generally speaking, the most insignificant race of people that this island can afford, and with the smallest tincture of good manners, which is the only trade they profess. For being wholly illiterate, and conversing chiefly with each other, they reduce the whole system of breeding within the forms and circles of their several offices: and as they are below the notice of ministers, they live and die in court under all revolutions, with great obsequiousness to those who are in any degree of favour or credit, and with rudeness or insolence to every body else. From whence I have long concluded, that good manners are not a plant of the court-growth: for if they were, those people who have understanding, directly of a level for such acquirements, and who have served such long apprenticeships to nothing else, would certainly have picked them up. For as to the great officers who attend the prince's person or councils, or preside in his family, they are a transient body, who have no better a title to good manners than their neighbours, nor will probably have recourse to gentlemen-ushers for instruction. So that I know little to be learned at court upon this head, except in the material circumstances of dress; wherein the authority of the maids of honour must indeed

indeed be allowed to be almost equal to that of a favourite actress.

I remember a passage my Lord Bolingbroke told me, that going to receive Prince Eugene of Savoy at his landing, in order to conduct him immediately to the Queen; the Prince said, he was much concerned that he could not see her Majesty that night; for Monf. Hoftman (who was then by) had assured his Highness, that he could not be admitted into her presence with a tied-up periwig; that his equipage was not arrived, and that he had endeavoured in vain to borrow a long one among all his valets and pages. My Lord turned the matter to a jest, and brought the Prince to her Majesty: for which he was highly censured by the whole tribe of gentleman-ushers; among whom Monf. Hoftman, an old dull resident of the Emperor's, had picked up this material point of ceremony; and, which, I believe, was the best lesson he had learned in five and twenty years residence.

I make a difference between good manners and good breeding; although, in order to vary my expression, I am sometimes forced to confound them. By the first, I only understand the art of remembering and applying certain settled forms of general behaviour. But good-breeding is of a much larger extent: for besides an uncommon degree of literature, sufficient to qualify a gentleman for reading a play or a political pamphlet, it takes in a great compass of knowledge; no less than that of dancing, fighting, gaming, making the circle of Italy, riding the great horse, and speaking French; not to mention some other secondary or subaltern accomplishments, which are more easily acquired: so that the difference between good breeding and good manners lies in this; that the former cannot be attained to by the best understandings, without study and labour: whereas a tolerable degree of reason

will instruct us in every part of good manners, without other assistance.

I can think of nothing more useful upon this subject, than to point out some particulars, wherein the very essentials of good manners are concerned, the neglect or perverting of which doth very much disturb the good commerce of the world, by introducing a traffic of mutual uneasiness in most companies.

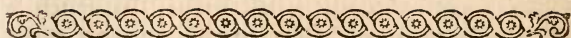
First, a necessary part of good manners, is a punctual observance of time at our own dwellings, or those of others, or at third places; whether upon matters of civility, business, or diversion: Which rule, though it be a plain dictate of common reason, yet the greatest minister * I ever knew, was the greatest trespasser against it; by which all his business doubled upon him, and placed him in a continual arrear. Upon which I often used to rally him, as deficient in point of good manners. I have known more than one ambassador and secretary of state, with a very moderate portion of intellectuals, execute their offices with good success and applause, by the mere force of exactness and regularity. If you duly observe time for the service of another, it doubles the obligation; if upon your own account, it would be manifest folly, as well as ingratitude, to neglect it. If both are concerned, to make your equal or inferior attend on you, to his own disadvantage, is pride and injustice.

Ignorance of forms cannot properly be styled ill manners; because forms are subject to frequent changes; and consequently, being not founded upon reason, are beneath a wise man's regard. Besides, they vary in every country; and, after a short period of time, very frequently in the same. So that a man who travels must needs be at first a

† The Earl of Oxford.

stranger to them in every court through which he passes: and perhaps, at his return, as much a stranger in his own; and, after all, they are easier to be remembered or forgotten, than faces or names.

Indeed, among the many impertinences that superficial young men bring with them from abroad, this bigotry of forms is one of the principal, and more prominent than the rest; who look upon them, not only as if they were matters capable of admitting of choice, but even as points of importance, and therefore zealous upon all occasions to introduce and propagate the new forms and fashions they have brought back with them. So that, usually speaking, the worst-bred person in the company is a young traveller just returned from abroad.



LETTERS to and from Dr. SWIFT.

A CRITICISM on these LETTERS, by the Earl
of ORRERY.

THIS volume contains Swift's epistolary correspondence. It is an acknowledged observation, that no part of an author's writings gives a greater insight into his natural disposition than his letters, especially when written with freedom and sincerity. Swift's epistles, and the answers of his friends, afford materials to form conjectures upon the different characters, not only of the Dean, but of his correspondents. The reader is probably become acquainted with Dr. Swift, from the account of his life in the first volume ; but the manners and opinions of those persons with whom he corresponded, are, in every respect so blended with his own, as not to be easily separated ; and in such a kind of united views they will mutually reflect light upon each other.

To a young gentleman just entering into the world, the subject may prove of particular importance : as it may guide him, not only in the choice of his correspondents, but in his manner of writing to them.

The freedom of the press is to be watched and defended with the most jealous eye. It is one of the chief articles of that great charter of liberty to which the people of England are intitled. But as no human institution can be perfect, even this branch of liberty has its excrescencies that might be pruned, I mean particularly, that licence which
has

has of late too much prevailed, of publishing epistolary correspondences. Such a fashion, for I know not what else to call it, is extremely pernicious. At present, it satisfies the curiosity of the public; but for the future, it will tend to restrain that unsuspicious openness, which is the principal delight of writing to our friends. I am sorry to say by experience, that the letters which contains the most sincere, and perhaps hasty observations, upon persons, times, circumstances, are often reserved as treasures, and hoarded up as misers hoard gold; like which, they lie concealed in cabinets and strong boxes for some time, till chancing to fall into the hands of an extravagant heir, or an injudicious executor, they are not only brought into light, but dispersed and exposed, so as to become the property of the whole world. A young man therefore, when he gives his opinion upon any important subject, should consider it well, before he commit his thoughts to paper. He should express himself with diffidence, preserve a prudent restraint over the sallies of wit and humour, and be cautious in all declarations of friendship; as the very common offers of civility are too often explained into undesigned engagements.

I own I find myself under no small difficulty in discussing Swift's letters. General criticisms will be attended with obscurity; and it would be tedious to consider them in their exact order. I shall endeavour therefore to take a review only of what seems to deserve the reader's attention. The correspondence between Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope had commenced in a very early part of Mr. Pope's life, and was carried on, with scarce any interruption, from the death of Q. Anne. If we may judge of Mr. Pope from his works, his chief aim was to be esteemed a man of virtue. His letters are written in that style. His last volumes are all of the moral kind. He has avoided trifles, and consequently
has

has escaped a rock which has proved very injurious to Swift's reputation. He had given his imagination full scope, and yet has preserved a perpetual guard upon his conduct. The constitution of his body and mind might early incline him to habits of caution and reserve. The treatment which he met afterwards from an innumerable tribe of adversaries, confirmed those habits, and made him slower than the Dean in pronouncing his judgment upon persons and things. His prose writings are little less harmonious than his verse : and his voice in common conversation was so naturally musical, that I remember honest Tom Southerne used always to call him *the little nightingale*. His manners were delicate, easy, and engaging, and he treated his friends with a politeness that charmed, and a generosity that was much to his honour. Every guest was made happy within his doors. Pleasure dwelt under his roof, and elegance presided at his table. Dr. Swift was of a different disposition. To his domestics he was passionate and churlish ; to his equals and superiors rather an entertaining than a desirable companion. He told a story in an admirable manner : his sentences were short and perspicuous, his observations were piercing. He had seen the great world, and had profited much by his experience. He had not the least tincture of vanity in his conversation. He was perhaps, as he said himself, too proud to be vain. When he was polite, it was in a manner entirely his own. In his friendships he was constant and undisguised. He was the same in his enmities. He generally spoke as he thought in all companies, and at all times. I remember to have heard, that he dined once at a Lord Mayor's feast in Dublin, and was attacked and teased by an opulent, boisterous, half-intoxicated 'squire, who happened to sit next him : he bore the awkward raillery for some time, and then on a sudden called out in a loud voice to the Mayor,

Mayor, " My Lord, here is one of your bears at my
 " shoulder ; he has been worrying me this half hour ;
 " I desire you will order him to be taken off." In
 these last particulars he differed widely from his
 friend Pope, who could stifle resentment, and wait
 with patience till a more distant, and perhaps a
 more seasonable hour of revenge. But notwith-
 standing the dissimilitude of mind and manners,
 which was apparent between these two great men,
 yet the same sort of friendship seems to have sub-
 sisted between them as between Virgil and Horace.
 The mutual affection of the two English poets ap-
 pears throughout their works. And therefore in
 this place I cannot avoid taking notice of a re-
 port very industriously spread, and not without
 some degree of success, " That the friendship be-
 " tween Pope and Swift was not so firm and per-
 " fect at the latter end, as at the beginning of their
 " lives." On Dr. Swift's side, I am certain it ever
 remained unalterable : nor did it appear less fer-
 vent on the side of Mr. Pope. Their letters are the
 best evidence to determine the doubt. In one of
 Swift's latest letters to me, not long before he was
 lost to all human comforts, he says, " When you
 " see my dear friend Pope, tell him, I will
 " answer his letter soon ; I love him above all
 " the rest of mankind." In my long correspon-
 dence with Mr. Pope, I scarce received the least
 billet from him, without the kindest mention of
 Dr. Swift, and the tenderest anxiety for his state of
 health. Judge by the following paragraphs.—
July 12. 1737. " My Lord, The pleasure you gave
 " me, in acquainting me of the Dean's better
 " health, is one so truly great, as might content even
 " your own humanity ; and whatever my sincere
 " opinion and respect of your Lordship prompts
 " me to wish from your hands for myself, your
 " love for him makes me as happy. Would to
 " God my weight added to yours, could turn his
 " inclina-

“ inclinations to this side, that I might live to en-
 “ joy him here through your means, and flatter
 “ myself it was partly through my own ! But this,
 “ I fear, will never be the case ; and I think it more
 “ probable, his attraction will draw me on the o-
 “ ther side, which, I protest, nothing less than a
 “ probability of dying at sea, considering the weak
 “ frame of my breast, would have hindered me
 “ from, two years past. In short, whenever I
 “ think of him, it is with the vexation of all impo-
 “ tent passions, that carry us out of ourselves, on-
 “ ly to spoil our quiet, and make us return to a
 “ resignation, which is the most melancholy of all
 “ virtues.” — *April 2 1738.* “ I write by the
 “ same post that I received your very obliging and
 “ humane letter. The consideration you shew to-
 “ wards me, in the just apprehension that my news
 “ of the Dean’s condition might alarm me, is most
 “ kind and generous. The very last post I writ to
 “ him a long letter, little suspecting him in that
 “ dangerous circumstance. I was so far from fear-
 “ ing his health, that I was proposing schemes, and
 “ hoping possibilities for our meeting once more in
 “ this world. I am weary of it ; and shall have one
 “ reason more, and one of the strongest that rea-
 “ son can give me, (even when she is shaking my
 “ weak frame to pieces), to be willing to leave
 “ this world, when our dear friend is on the edge
 “ of the other. Yet I hope, I would fain hope, he
 “ may yet hover a while on the brink of it, to pre-
 “ serve to this wretched age a relic and example of
 “ the last.” — *Twitnam, Nov. 7.* “ When you
 “ get to Dublin, (whither I direct this, supposing
 “ you will see our dear friend as soon as possible),
 “ pray put the Dean in mind of me, and tell him
 “ I hope he received my last. Tell him how dearly
 “ I love, and how greatly I honour him ; how
 “ greatly I reflect on every testimony of his friend-
 “ ship ; how much I resolve to give the best I can
 “ of

“ of my esteem for him to posterity ; and assure
 “ him the world has nothing in it I admire so much,
 “ nothing the loss of which I should regret so
 “ much, as his genius and his virtues.”

My excuse, for I stand in need of none, by having inserted those scraps of letters, is my real desire of convincing the reader, that the affection of Swift and Pope subsisted as intire and uninterrupted as their friends could wish, or their enemies regret. It must be owned, that we as seldom see a mutual attachment between poets, as between statesmen. “ True friendship,” “ as Tully observes, “ proceeds from a reciprocal esteem, and a virtuous
 “ resemblance of manners.” When such is the basis, the variety in certain tenets and opinions is of no ill consequence to the union ; and will scarce ever unloose the social ties of love, veneration, and esteem. Thus the friendship between Atticus and Hortensius, although they were of different sects, one a stoic, and the other an Epicurean, subsisted, like Mr. Pope’s and Dr. Swift’s, firm and constant to the last ; when that of Anthony, Lepidus, and Augustus, continued no longer than while it was subservient to their views of interest. Cataline says, *Idem velle, ac idem nolle, ea demum amicitia est.* This often attends a vitious conspiracy ; and perhaps an agreement so perfectly mutual, is scarce to be met with in any other instance. Emulation generally breaks the chain of friendship between poets. They are running with the utmost eagerness to the same good : no wonder, if in the race, they endeavour to trip up each other’s heels.

As I have often reverted in my mind certain particulars relating to my two poetical friends, I have always thought, that the circumstance of their pursuing different roads in poetry, and living in different kingdoms, was probably one of the happiest incidents in their lives. Such a separation prevented all personal dissensions, and fixed them in a

correspondence, that constantly tended to establish their endearments ; when, perhaps, a residence near each other might have had a very contrary effect. It is much easier to rectify any mistake, or to cool any animosity that may have arisen, in a letter, than to recal a passionate verbal answer, especially if uttered with all the actions and vehemence of anger. The impression of such a scene remains long upon the mind of the person offended, and the old adage is transposed. *Vox audita manet, litera scripta perit.* Few men can submit to contradiction. Swift was certainly not of the number ; and therefore I am persuaded, that his distance from his English friends proved a strong incitement to their mutual affection. But I must again repeat, that, throughout the long series of letters which have been published, not the least alterations appear to have happened between Swift and Pope.

In all Swift's writings, you will find his own peculiar vein of humour. The same liberty of expression would have been improper and absurd in any other writer ; but it produced the consequences which he desired. His seeming arrogance gained him more favour, than the humility and affected benevolence of others. His raillery and freedom of censure, are conveyed in a manner more prevalent, and perhaps often more agreeable than flattery. He seldom praised, but where merit was conspicuous. A single stroke of his pen pleased more, and gave more honour, than a long flattering dedication from any other author. His style was masterly, correct, and strong ; never diffusive, yet always clear ; and if we consider it in comparison with his predecessors, he has outdone them all, and is one, perhaps the chief, of those few select English writers, who have excelled in elegance and propriety of language.

Lord Bacon is the first author who has attempted any style that can be relishable to the present

age ; for I must own, that I think Swift, and his cotemporaries, have brought our language to the utmost degree of perfection, without the help of a Longinus, a Quintilian, or even of a dictionary, or a grammar. Lord Bacon has written with an infinite fund of knowledge : every science that he treats upon, is discussed by him with the greatest learning and dignity ; and he shews himself at once a philosopher, an historian, a politician, and a divine : but his dialect (for that demands our present attention) is quibbling and pedantic ; and never more so than when he condescends to flatter his royal master, and the minions of that court.

Consider the prosaical works of Milton, you will find them more nervous than elegant ; more distinguished by the strength of reason, than by the rules of rhetoric ; his diction is harsh, his periods tedious ; and when he becomes a prose writer, the majesty that attends his poetry, vanishes, and is entirely lost. Yet, with all his faults, and exclusive of his character as a poet, he must ever remain the only learned author of that tasteless age in which he flourished : and it is probable, that his great attention to the Latin language might have rendered him less correct, than he otherwise would have been, in his native tongue.

Harrington has his admirers ; he may possibly have his merits, but they *flow not* in his style. A later writer, of the same republican principles, has far excelled him ; I mean Algernon Sydney, whose discourses concerning government are admirably written, and contain great historical knowledge, and a remarkable propriety of diction ; so that his name, in my opinion, ought to be much higher established in the temple of literature, than I have hitherto found it placed.

Lord Clarendon is an historian whose dignity of expression has justly given him the preference to any of our biographical authors. But his periods are

^the *periods of a mile*. His parentheses imbarrafs the sense of his narration, and certain innaccuracies appearing throughout his works, are delivered with a formality that renders them still more conspicuous.

Among our English writers, few men may have gained a greater character for elegance and correctness, than Sprat Bishop of Rochester, and few men have deserved it less. When I have read his works, I have always wondered from whence such a piece of good fortune might have arisen; and could only attribute it to Mr. Cowley, who in a very delicate copy of verses, has celebrated his friend Dr. Sprat for eloquence, wit, and a certain *candid style*, which the poet compares to the river Thames gliding with an even current, and displaying the most beautiful appearances of nature. Poets and painters have their favourites, whom they transmit to posterity in what colours and attitudes they please. But I am mistaken, if, upon a review of Sprat's works, his language will not sooner give an idea of one of the insignificant tottering boats upon the Thames, than of the smooth noble current of the river itself.

Sir William Temple is an easy, careless, incorrect writer, elegantly negligent, politely learned, and engagingly familiar.

Thus I have cursorily mentioned some of the brightest sons of Fame among our English authors, only to point out the preference due to Dr. Swift. But he is not intitled alone to the olive garland: he had his coadjutors in the victory. The triumvirate, to whom we owe an elegance and propriety unknown to our forefathers, are *Swift*, *Addison*, and *Bolingbroke*. At the sight of such names, no dispute can arise in preferring the English moderns to the English ancients. The present century, and indeed all future generations, may be congratulated upon the acquisition of three such men.

But

But to return more closely to Swift: He has perfectly studied the drama of human life, and particularly the tendency and irregularities of its different characters. He has chosen to recommend virtue, by representing vice in a disagreeable and ridiculous light. As his temper was naturally full of acrimony, a certain innate severity runs throughout all his letters. In the advice which he offers to his friends, and in the general account which he gives of his own conduct, he is too close an œconomist. This parsimony proceeded from a desire of being independent; and since that was the cause, he will be forgiven, or at least excused by all honest men.

Mr. Pope had different talents from his friend Swift. His imagination was fine and delicate, his fancy was ever on the wing. In his earlier time of life, his way of thinking was diffusive, and consequently his judgement was unconfined. As that judgement ripened with years, he shewed the full strength of it in his *Ethic epistles*, and his *Essay on man*. There the poet has almost yielded to the philosopher; and his moral system has charmed more by the force of truth and reason, than even by the numbers with which he adorned it.

I cannot avoid thinking that, in this particular branch of learning, Mr. Pope owed the exertion of his talents to Lord Bolinbroke, who had studied the procedure and limits of the human understanding, as exactly as Swift had considered the irregularities of the passions in different characters of the human species. Lord Bolingbroke had early made himself master of books and men; but in his first career of life, being immersed at once in business and pleasure, he ran through a variety of scenes in a surprising and eccentric manner. When his passions subsided by years and disappointments, and when he improved his rational faculties by more grave studies and reflection, he shone out in his retirement with a lustre peculiar to himself; tho'

not seen by vulgar eyes. The gay statesman was changed into a philosopher equal to any of the sages of antiquity. The wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of Horace, appeared in all his writings and conversation.

To declare my opinion of the whole collection of letters in this volume, I own it has not answered my expectation. The index at the beginning will make one hope for great treasures, from the illustrious names that are there inserted; but he will scarce find any remarkable instructions of morality, or even the common reasonings and refinements that might naturally arise from so high a class of men, in the ordinary current of their thoughts. What is more surprising, he will seldom discover any keen strokes of satire, or any instantaneous sallies of vivacity. I have often heard Swift say, "When I sit down to write a letter, I never lean upon my elbow, till I have finished it." By which expression he meant, that he never studied for particular phrases, or polished paragraphs. His letters therefore are the truer representations of his mind. They are written in the warmth of his affections; and when they are considered in the light of kindness and sincerity, they illustrate his character to a very high degree. Throughout his various correspondence you will discover very strong marks of an anxious, benevolent friend: and to my great pleasure, I find the misanthrope often lost in the good natured man. Read his letters to Mr. Gay, and you will be of my sentiment; read also those to Dr. Sheridan, and you will be further confirmed in that opinion. We may compound therefore to lose satire and raillery, when we gain humanity and tenderness in their stead. Yet even in some of his highest scenes of benevolence, his expressions are delivered in such a manner, as to seem rather the effects of haughtiness than of good nature. But you must never look upon him as a traveller in
the

the common road. He must be viewed through a *camera obscura*, that turns all objects the contrary way. When he appears most angry, he is most pleased; when most humble, he is most assuming. Such was the man, and in such variegated colours must he be painted.

The letters from Lord Bolingbroke are written with an elegance and politeness that distinguish them from all the rest. We see they were not intended for the press; but how valuable are the most careless strokes of such a pen?

Gay's letters have nothing in them striking or commendatory. His sentiments are those of an honest, indolent, good natured man. He loved Swift to a degree of veneration; and the friendship was returned with great sincerity. Swift writes to him in the same strain as he would have written to a son; and seems to distinguish him as the correspondent to whom he has not the least grain of reserve. In the several accounts which he gives of his situation at Dublin, and the idle manner of his passing his time there, he writes sometimes in an ironical, and sometimes in a contrary style.

I should have been much pleased, in finding some of Dr. Arbuthnot's letters among this collection. Although he was justly celebrated for wit and learning, there was an excellence in his character more amiable than all his other qualifications: I mean the excellence of his heart. He has shewed himself equal to any of his cotemporaries in humour and vivacity; and he was superior to most men in acts of humanity and benevolence: his very sarcasms are the satirical strokes of good nature: they are like slaps in the face given in jest, the effects of which may raise blushes, but no blackness will appear after the blows. He laughs as jovially as an attendant upon Bacchus, but continues as sober and considerate as a disciple of Socrates. He is seldom serious, except in his attacks upon vice; and then his

spirit rises with a manly strength, and noble indignation. His epitaph upon Charters (allowing one small alteration, the word *permitted*, instead of *connived at*) is a compleat and masterly composition in its kind*. No man exceeded him in the moral duties of life; a merit still more to his honour, as the ambitious powers of wit and genius are seldom submissive enough to confine themselves within the limitations of morality. In his letter to Mr. Pope†, written as it were upon his deathbed, he discovers such a noble fortitude of mind, at the approach of his dissolution, as could only be inspired by a clear conscience, and the calm retrospect of an uninterrupted series of virtue. The Dean laments the loss of him with a pathetic sincerity. “The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor [Arbuthnot] hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from Lord Bolingbroke.*” I have chosen this last quotation, not more in honour of Swift’s tenderness and affection to those whom he esteemed, than with a design of specifying to you as fine a group of friends, [Bolingbroke, Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay], as have appeared since the Augustan age. As their letters were not intended for the public, perhaps I was unreasonable in looking for medals, and not being contented with the common current species. In our prejudices of favour or aversion we are apt to be deceived by names: nor can it be doubted, that such writers might have furnished us with familiar

* See this epitaph in vol. 7.

† See Pope’s works, vol. 8. let. 47.

‡ See Swift’s letter to Pope, May 12. 1735;

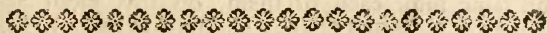
letters, very different from those which have been collected in this volume. They are filled indeed (especially in the correspondence between Swift and Pope) with the strongest expressions of mutual esteem; but those expressions are repeated too often. When friendship has subsisted so long the time cannot increase, nor words improve it, the commerce of affection between friends ought to be carried on in a style that neither sinks below politeness, nor rises into forced compliments. I cannot avoid observing the epistolary conciseness that was in fashion among the ancients, especially their conclusive sentences, *Vale*; or again, *Si valeas, bene est; valeo*; which I own seems preferable to our method of loading every letter with compliments, not only to wives and children, but to uncles, aunts, and cousins: and, of consequence, every relation that is not particularly named, is particularly affronted. It will appear too minute a criticism to affirm, that the English language is not well adapted for epistolary writings. Be that as it may, it is certainly inferior to the French; which engages, and perhaps improves us by a successive flow of phrases that are peculiar to that nation. Madame de Sevigne has filled four volumes of letters, all addressed to her daughter: they contain nothing, except different scenes of maternal fondness: yet, like a classic, the oftener they are read, the more they are relished. Monsieur de Pellisson has published three volumes of letters, which he calls *Lettres historiques*, and which are little else than materials for a gazette. They inform us at what time the Grand Monarque awoke, when he went to bed, at what hour he dined, and what he said while he was at supper: yet all these trifles are told in so agreeable a manner, and appear so natural and easy, that I can scarce think the skill of Ovid greater, who, in his *Fasti*, has turned the Roman calendar into elegant poetry,

and

and has versified a set of old almanacks. I need not mention Voiture, or Balzac ; and perhaps it was wrong to turn aside into the Roman and the French territories, when I ought to have confined myself to the British islands. But I love to wander about with you, and, in writing as in walking, to peep into every corner that may afford us entertainment.



LETTERS



LETTERS to and from Dr. SWIFT.

From the year 1713 to 1737.

LETTER I.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT *.

SIR,

Binfield, Dec. 8. 1713.

NOT to trouble you at present with a recital of all my obligations to you, I shall only mention two things, which I take particularly kind of you ; your desire that I should write to you ; and your proposals of giving me twenty guineas to change my religion : which last you must give me leave to make the subject of this letter.

Sure, no clergyman ever offered so much out of his own purse for the sake of any religion. 'Tis almost as many pieces of gold, as an apostle could get of silver from the priests of old, on a much more valuable consideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propose a change of my faith by subscription, than a translation of Homer. And to convince you how well disposed I am to the reformation, I shall be content, if you can prevail

* This letter was wrote by Mr. Pope in answer to one from Dr. Swift, wherein he had jocosely made an offer to his friend of a sum of money, *ex causa religionis*, or, in plain English, to induce Mr. Pope to change his religion. *Errery*. — It was never inserted in any former edition of Swift's works.

with my Lord Treasurer and the ministry to rise to the same sum, each of them, on this pious account, as my Lord Halifax has done in the profane one. I am afraid there is no being at once a poet and a good Christian; and I am very much straitened between two, while the Whigs seem willing to contribute as much, to continue me the one, as you would, to make me the other. But if you can move every man in the government, who has above ten thousand pounds a-year, to subscribe as much as yourself, I shall become a convert, as most men do, when the Lord turns it to my interest. I know they have the truth of religion so much at heart, that they'd certainly give more to have one good subject translated from Popery to the church of England, than twenty Heathenish authors out of any unknown tongue into ours. I therefore commission you, Mr. DEAN, with full authority, to transact this affair in my name, and to propose as follows. First, That as to the head of our church, the Pope, I may engage to renounce his power, whensoever I shall receive any particular indulgences from the head of your church, the Queen.

As to communion in one kind, I shall also promise to change it for communion in both, as soon as the ministry will allow me.

For invocations to saints, mine shall be turned to dedications to sinners, when I shall find the great ones of the world as willing to do me any good, as I believe those of the other are.

You see I shall not be obstinate in the main points. But there is one article I must reserve, and which you seemed not unwilling to allow me, prayer for the dead. There are people to whose souls I wish as well as to my own; and I must crave leave humbly to lay before them, that though the subscriptions above mentioned will suffice for myself, there are necessary perquisites and additions, which I must

I must demand on the score of this charitable article. It is also to be considered, that the greater part of those whole souls I am most concerned for, were unfortunately heretics, schismatics, poets, painters, or persons of such lives and manners, as few or no churchers are willing to save. The expence will therefore be the greater to make an effectual provision for the said souls.

Old Dryden, though a Roman Catholic, was a poet; and it is revealed in the visions of some ancient saints, that no poet was ever saved under some hundred of masses. I cannot set his delivery from purgatory at less than fifty pounds Sterling.

Walsh was not only a Socinian, but (what you'll own is harder to be saved) a Whig. He cannot modestly be rated at less than an hundred.

L'Estrange, being a Tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds; which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to keep him from damning in the next life, considering they never gave him sixpence to keep him from starving in this.

All this together amounts to one hundred and seventy pounds.

In the next place, I must desire you to represent, that there are several of my friends yet living, whom I design, God willing, to outlive, in consideration of legacies; out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed church, that not a farthing shall be allowed to save their souls who gave them.

There is one **** who will die within these few months, with ***** one Mr. Jervas, who hath grievously offended in making the likeness of almost all things in heaven above and earth below; and one Mr. Gay, an unhappy youth, who writes pastorals during the time of divine service; whose case is the more deplorable, as he hath miserably lavished away all that silver he should have reserved for his soul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.

I cannot

I cannot pretend to have these people honestly saved under some hundred pounds, whether you consider the difficulty of such a work, or the extreme love and tenderness I bear them, which will infallibly make me push this charity as far as I am able. There is but one more whose salvation I insist upon, and then I have done; but indeed it may prove of so much greater charge than all the rest, that I will only lay the case before you and the ministry, and leave to their prudence and generosity, what sum they shall think fit to bestow upon it.

The person I mean, is Dr. Swift, a dignified clergyman, but one, who, by his own confession, has composed more libels than sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, That too much wit is dangerous to salvation, this unfortunate gentleman must certainly be damned to all eternity. But I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent conversation with great men, will cause him (as it has some others) to have less and less wit every day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his: for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was sick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems, on purpose that he might alter them, &c.

I once thought I could never have discharged my debt to his kindness; but have lately been informed, to my unspeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Mons. de Montagne has assured me, "that the person who receives a benefit, obliges the giver:" for since the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who administers both the matter and occasion, is the man who is liberal. At this rate it is impossible Dr. Swift should be ever out of my debt,

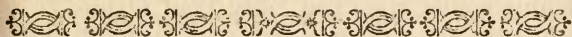
as matters stand already; and for the future, he may expect daily more obligations from

His most faithful, affectionate,

humble servant,

A. POPE.

I have finished *The Rape of the Lock*; but I believe I may stay here till Christmas, without hindrance of business.



L E T T E R II.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

June 18. 1714.

Whatever apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has owned himself as splenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumstance, I know by experience, a letter is a very useful, as well as amusing thing. If you are too busied in state-affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures; either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twisting it into a serpentine form: or, if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to resist and rejoin the broken lines together. All these amusements I am no stranger to in the country: and doubt not but, by this time, you begin to relish them in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country. But my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken ; for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you upon this score. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with, in a very arrogant style ; and tell them, you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat* : but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting epistle from you. My Lord Oxford says, you have not written to him once since you went. But this perhaps may be only policy in him or you ; and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous state-treatise from your retirement ; and a wit who affects to imitate Balsac, says that the ministry now are like those Heathens of old, who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper, that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus*.

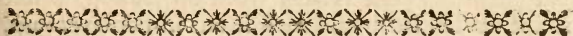
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* Some time before the death of Queen Anne, when her ministers were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a friend's house in Berkshire, and never saw them after. *Dub. edit.*

* This project (in which the principal persons engaged were Dr. Arbuthnot, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Pope) was to write a complete satire in prose upon the abuses in every branch of science, comprised in the history of the life and writings of Scriblerus. Of which only some detached parts and fragments were done ; such as, " The Memoirs
" of

This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest ; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the by. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I can't name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgements which I shall ever owe you on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would tell you, you are like the sun ; and while men imagine you to be retired or absent, are hourly exerting your influence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation ; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper ; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the most impertinent. I am, with the truest affection,

Your's, &c.



L E T T E R III.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Dublin, June 28. 1715.

MY Lord Bishop of Clogher * gave me your kind letter, full of reproaches for not writing. I am naturally no very exact correspondent ; and when I leave a country without probability of

“ of Scriblerus, The Travels of Gulliver, The Treatise of the Profound, The literal criticism on Virgil,” &c. *Wab.*

* Dr. St. George Ash, formerly a fellow of Trinity college, Dublin, (to whom the Dean was pupil), afterwards Bishop of Clogher, and translated to the see of Derry in 1716-17. *Dub. edit.*

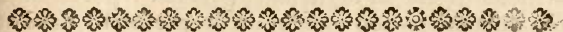
returning, I think as seldom as I can of what I loved or esteemed in it, to avoid the *desiderium* which of all things makes life most uneasy. But you must give me leave to add one thing; that you talk at your ease, being wholly unconcerned in public events: for if your friends the Whigs continue, you may hope for some favour: if the Tories return, you are at least sure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolinbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me. Do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.* — Do you imagine I can be easy, when I think of the probable consequences of these proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of so many hundred thousand good subjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my silence to the eclipse, but it was that eclipse which happened on the 1st of August.

I borrowed your Homer from the Bishop, (mine is not yet landed), and read it out in two evenings. If it pleaseth others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation. Yet I am angry at some bad rhimes and triplets: and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable rhymes to *war* and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know: only in one or two places you are a little obscure; but I expected you to be so in one or two and twenty. I have heard no soul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in judges, at least I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and so are your preface and essay. You were pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that preface. I saw the Key to the Lock but yesterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the present times †.

† Put these two last observations together, and it will appear, that
Mr.

God be thanked, I have yet no parliamentary business; and if they have none with me, I shall never seek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for some years past, not when I thought them tolerably, good; and therefore, if I can get leave to be absent, I shall be much inclined to be on that side, when there is a parliament on this. But truly I must be a little easy in my mind before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to understand, that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house. My family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board-wages; and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment, (which last is very rare), I eat a mutton-pye, and drink half a pint of wine. My amusements are, defending my small dominion against the Archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur hac inter misero lux.* I desire you will present my humble service to Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, and Mr. Rowe, and Gay. I am, and will be always, extremely
Yours, &c.



LETTER IV.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

June 20. 1716.

I Cannot suffer a friend to cross the Irish seas, without bearing a testimony from me of the

Mr. Pope was neither wanting to his friends for fear of party, nor would insult a ministry to humour his friends. He said of himself, and I believe he said truly, that "he never wrote a line to gratify the animosity of any one party at the expense of another." *Warb.*

constant esteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he should tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts, and in our cups, and how I learn to sleep less *, and drink more, whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland, as upon a friend in the other world, whom (Popishly speaking) I believe constantly well disposed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that state of separation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addressees to him but very rarely. A Protestant divine cannot take it amiss, that I treat him in the same manner with my patron saint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not sufficiently wonder at, that I suffer many things as an author militant; whereof, in your days of probation, you have been a sharer, or you had not arrived at that triumphant state you now deservedly enjoy in the church. As for me, I have not the least hopes of the cardinalet, though I suffer for my religion in almost every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the psalms of David, if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a scandalous one in my name *. This report I dare not discourage too much, in a prospect I have at present of a post under the Marquis de Langallerie †; wherein, if I can but do some signal service against the Pope, I may be considerably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it should happen hereafter, that I should write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me. Every one must live, and I beg you will not be the

* Alluding to his constant custom of sleeping after dinner. *Warb.*

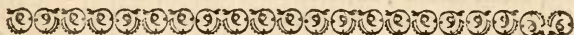
* In Curl's collection.

† One who made a noise then, as Count Bonneval has done since.

man to manage the controversy against me. The church of Rome I judge (from many modern symptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition ; that of England will in a short time be scarce able to maintain her own family ; so churches sink as generally as banks in Europe, and for the same reason ; that religion and trade, which at first were open and free, have been reduced into the management of companies, and the roguery of directors.

I don't know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you ; but this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpose. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity, which I would not venture to export ; and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I shall say, is, that I am, and always will be, with the utmost sincerity,

Yours, &c.



LETTER V.

From DR. SWIFT to MR. POPE.

Aug. 30. 1716.

I Had the favour of your's by Mr F. ; of whom, before any other question relating to your health or fortune, or success as a poet, I inquired your principles, in the common form, " Is he a Whig, " or a Tory ? " I am sorry to find they are not so well tallied to the present juncture as I could wish. I always thought the terms of *facto* and *jure* had been introduced by the poets, and that possession

sion of any sort in kings was held an unexceptionable title in the courts of Parnassus. If you do not grow a perfect good subject in all its present latitudes, I shall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power; whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you and the world, and posterity, will be utterly ignorant of their virtues. For either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past, or power confers virtue, as naturally as five of your popish sacraments do grace.—You sleep less, and drink more;—but your master Horace was *vinī somnique benignus*: and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to mine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the custom to sleep in temples, for those who would consult the oracles, “Who dictates to me slumbering *,” &c.

You are an ill catholic, or a worse geographer; for I can assure you, Ireland is not a paradise; and I appeal even to any Spanish divine, whether addresses were ever made to a friend in hell or purgatory? And who are all these enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curl, Gildon, 'Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others, whose fame I have forgot. Tools, in my opinion, are as necessary for a good writer, as pen, ink, and paper. And besides, I would fain know, whether every draper doth not shew you three or four damn'd pieces of stuff to set off his good one? However, I will grant, that one thorough book-selling rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his cotemporary scribblers in critic or satire, not only by stolen copies of what was incorrect, or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other mens dulness at your door. I had a long design upon the ears of that Curl, when

* Milton.

I was in credit; but the rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, although the historian pretends to have been an eye-witness: but I beg pardon, sack might do it, although ratsbane would not. I never saw the thing you mention as falsely imputed to you; but I think the frolics of merry hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends, until Curl and his ressemblers are hanged.

With submission to the better judgement of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and disgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home, because we would oblige you to be a Christian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious Quaker in this town, who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical quaker should do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint, that a set of Quaker pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay* could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject. Pray hear what he says. I believe further, the pastoral ridicule is not exhausted; and that a porter, footman, or chairman's

* Gay wrote a pastoral of this kind, which is published in his works. *Warb.*

pastoral † might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate pastoral, among the whores and thieves there?

Lastly, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an obscure scene, where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer yours, which I promise to do after a fort, whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can assure you, the scene and the times have depressed me wonderfully; for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which have slipped by since I had the happiness to see you. I am, with the truest esteem,

Yours, &c.



LETTER VI. *

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE. †

Dublin, Jan. 10. 1721.

A Thousand things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather chuse to appeal to you than to

† Swift himself wrote one of this kind, intitled, “ Dermot and Sheelah.”

* This letter Mr. Pope never received, nor did he believe it was ever sent. *Pope and Warb.*

† This letter deserves the greater attention, as it seems to furnish more materials of Dr. Swift’s life and principles, than any other of his epistolary writings. The letter breathes an air of sincerity and freedom, and is addressed to a particular friend, at a time when the views of ambition were at an end. It may therefore be considered as a confession of one departing from this world, who only is desirous to vindicate his own character, and is anxious that his ashes may rest in peace.

It was written immediately after the arbitrary conduct of a judge in Ireland, who endeavoured to destroy the freedom of juries, and consequently the very essence of that liberty and safety which we have a right to possess by the constitution of our state. Swift very generously

to my Lord Chief Justice Whitshed, under the situation I am in. For I take this cause properly to lie before you. You are a much fitter judge of what concerns the credit of a writer, the injuries that

rously declares himself averse to all rigorous proceedings against persons suspected of preblematical guilt, "By such strict inquiries," says he, "a gate is left open to the whole tribe of informers; the most accused, prostitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind." Upon this subject I cannot avoid recollecting some particulars from a book, which has lately given me great delight and instruction, and which I recommend very warmly to your perusal. I mean *L'esprit des loix*. The author M. de Montesquieu, observes, "that informers have been chiefly encouraged under the most tyrannical governments. In the reign of Tiberius, triumphal ornaments were conferred upon them, and statues erected to their honour. In the reign of Nero, upon the discovery and punishment of a pretended conspiracy, triumphal dignities were allotted to Turpilianus, Cocceius Nerva, and Tigillinus." In another part of his book, the Baron de Montesquieu takes notice, "that in Turkey, where little regard is shewn to the honour, lives, or estates of the subject, all causes are determined by the presiding Basha: and in Rome, the judges had no more to do than to declare, that the person accused was guilty of a particular crime, and then the punishment was found in the laws." From these and other examples of arbitrary government, this elegant author takes a particular pleasure in distinguishing and admiring the civil constitution of England; where, he says, "the jury determine, whether the fact brought under their cognisance be proved or not; if it be proved, the judge pronounces the punishment inflicted by the law for such a particular fact: and for this," adds the Baron, "he need only open their eyes." But if M. de Montesquieu had read Swift's letter, or indeed had recollected many notorious facts of our history, he must have observed, that the judges have been often so deaf to the repeated voice of the jury, and have not only shut their eyes against our excellent laws, but have assumed "that terrible and menacing air which Commodus ordered to be given to his statues."

The method of trials by juries, is generally looked upon as one of the most excellent branches of our constitution. In theory it certainly appears in that light. According to the original establishment, the jurors are to be men of competent fortunes in the neighbourhood; and are to be so avowedly indifferent between the parties concerned, that no reasonable exception can be made to them on either side. In treason, the person accused has a right to challenge five and thirty, and in felony twenty, without shewing cause of challenge. Nothing can be more equitable. No prisoner can desire a fairer field. But the misfortune is, that our juries are often composed of men of mean estates, and low understandings. Many difficult points of law are brought before them, and submitted to their verdict, when perhaps

that are done him, and the réparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt whether the arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence, would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the long robe

haps they are not capable of determining, properly and judiciously, such nice matters of justice, although the judges of the court explain the nature of the case, and the law which arises upon it. But if they are not defective in knowledge, they are sometimes, I fear, from their station and indigence, liable to corruption. This indeed is an objection more to the privilege lodged with juries, than to the institution itself. The point most liable to objection, is the power which any one or more of the twelve have to starve the rest into a compliance with their opinion; so that the verdict may possibly be given by strength of constitution, not by conviction of conscience; "and wretches hang that jurymen may dine."

In this letter is most evidently displayed Swift's immutable attachment to Ireland. Such a kind of patriotism must have proceeded from a true love of liberty; for he hated individuals, and despised most of the men of property and power in that kingdom: he owed them no obligations; and while by his writings he laboured to make their posterity happy, he forced from themselves an involuntary, but universal applause. His conduct was so uniform and constant in the cause of Ireland, that he not only gained the praise, but the confidence of that whole nation; who are a people seldom, if ever, inclined to study and pursue their own interest, and who are always exceedingly apt to suspect any advice that is contrary, or in defiance to a ministerial direction.

Swift's principles of government seem to have been founded upon that excellent maxim, "*Salus populi suprema est lex.*" He begins by clearing himself from Jacobitism. He speaks of the revolution as a necessary but dangerous expedient, which has since been attended with unavoidable bad consequences. He declares his mortal antipathy to standing armies in time of peace. He adores the wisdom of that institution which rendered our parliaments annual. He prefers the landed to the monied interest, and expresses a noble abhorrence to the suspension of those laws upon which the liberty of the subject depends. When these articles of his political tenets are examined, they will leave no room for any one particular party to assume the honour of having had him in their alliance. He was neither Whig nor Tory, neither Jacobite nor Republican. He was Dr. Swift.

His judgement in relation to the visible decay of literature and good sense, is perfectly just. He attributes this national calamity to the prevailing luxury of the times; which he instances in the encouragement of factions, and of several public diversions, all tending to the increase of folly, ignorance, and vice. His sentiments are delivered more with the air of a philosopher than of a divine: and the conclusion of the letter is so proper and so excellent a defence of his own manner of acting and thinking, that, in regard to his memory, I

robe to those in furs, upon whose decision about the difference of style or sentiments, I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind, (altho' you cannot easily forget it), that, about ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkshire; where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a discourse which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but, upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great minister now abroad, the publishing of it was deferred so long, that the Queen died; and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever since in safe hands. In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent princess, I came to my station here; where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy, and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the royal family which now reigns, further than the prayer-book informs me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party-zeal.

I had indeed written some memorials of the four last years of the Queen's reign, with some other informations which I received, as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an em-

must be at the trouble of transcribing it. [Here the last paragraph of the letter is inserted.]

In short, this letter is one of the most serious and best performances that he has given us in the epistolary way. *Orrery.*

ployment then designed me * : but as it was at the disposal of a person who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.

These papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting into order by one sheet at a time † ; for I dare not venture any further, lest the humour of searching and seizing papers should revive ; not that I am in pain of any danger to myself, (for they contain nothing of present times or persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a cat or a spaniel in the house), but to preserve them from being lost among messengers and clerks.

I have written, in this kingdom, a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England ‡ . This treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm. He sent in haste for the Chief Justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet lately published, with a design of setting the two kingdoms

* Historiographer.

† These papers some years after were brought finished by the Dean into England, with an intention to publish them. But a friend on whose judgement he relied, (the same I suppose whom he mentions above, as being abroad at the time of writing this letter), dissuaded him from that design. He told the Dean, there were several facts he knew to be false, and that the whole was so much in the spirit of party-writing, that though it might have made a seasonable pamphlet in the time of their administration, it was a dishonour to just history. The Dean would do nothing against his friend's judgement ; yet it extremely chagrined him : and he told a common friend that since *** did not approve his history, he would cast it into the fire, though it was the best work he had ever written. However, it did not undergo this fate, and is said to be yet in being.

‡ A proposal for the universal use of Irish manufactures.

at variance ; directing at the same time, that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law. The Chief Justice had so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the country and city were practised effectually with, to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets ; for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentiments published for several weeks in all the news-papers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry ; the Chief Justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until, being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a special verdict. During the trial, the Chief Justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly, that the author's design was to bring in the pretender ; although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known, that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles, publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the Duke of Gr—ft—n the Lord Lieutenant's arrival, his Grace, after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *Noli prosequi*.

This is the more remarkable, because it is said that the man is no ill decider in common cases of property, where party is out of the question : but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to push it forward, it must needs confound any man of little spirit and low birth, who hath no other endowment than that sort of knowledge, which,

however possessed in the highest degree, can possibly give no one good quality to the mind*.

It is true, I have been much concerned for several years past, upon account of the public, as well as for myself, to see how ill a taste for wit and sense prevails in the world, which politics, and South-sea, and party, and operas, and masquerades, have introduced. For, besides many insipid papers which the malice of some hath intitled me to, there are many persons appearing to wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my stile and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me, of which any man of common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a treatise called a "Dedication upon dedications," which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read. But, above all, there is one circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been author of a treatise, wherein there are several pages containing a panegyric on

* This is a very strange assertion. To suppose that a consummate knowledge of the laws, by which civilized societies are governed, can "give no one good quality to the mind," is making ethics (of which public laws are so considerable a part) a very unprofitable study. The best division of the sciences is that old one of Plato, into ethics, physics, and logic. The severer philosophers condemn a total application to the two latter, because they have no tendency to mend the heart; and recommend the first as our principal study, for its efficacy in this important service. And, sure, if any human speculations can mend the heart, they must be these which have man for their object, as a reasonable, a social, and a civil being. And these are all included under ethics, whether you call the science *morality* or *law*. And with regard to the law of England, we must be much prejudiced against it, not to allow, that what Tully affirms concerning the law of the twelve tables, may with more justice be applied to ours. "Fremant omnes licet, dicam quod sentio: bibliothecas mehercule omnium philosophorum, unum mihi videtur Pandectarum volumen, et autoritatis pondere et utilitatis ubertate, superare." But the best proof of its moral efficacy, is the manners of its professors; and these, in every age, have been such as were the first improved, or the last corrupted, *Warb.*

King

King George ; of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to inquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed, I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely whether I were asked or no ; but never affected to be a counsellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far outdone by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a scholar, and too good a courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great ministers ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take advice : and this pedantry ariseth from a maxim themselves do not believe, at the same time they practise by it, That there is something profound in politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others who had more concern and more influence would have acted their parts ; and if this had succeeded, the public interest, both of church and state, would not have been the worse, nor the Protestant succession endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other party ; for many of which I was a constant advocate with the Earl of Oxford ; and for this I appeal to his Lordship. He knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steele ; although I freely confess, that his Lordship's kindness to them

was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For I can never forget the answer he gave to the late Lord Hallifax, who, upon the first change of the ministry, interceded with him to spare Mr. Congreve. It was by repeating these two lines of Virgil,

*Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe.*

Pursuant to which he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of his constant favour and protection; and adding, that he would study to do something better for him

I remember it was in those times a usual subject of raillery towards me among the ministers, That I never came to them without a Whig in my sleeve; which I do not say with any view towards making my court: for the new principles * fixed to those of that denomination, I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predecessors. I have conversed in some freedom with more ministers of state of all parties than usually happens to men of my level: and I confess, in their capacity as ministers, I look upon them as a race of people whose acquaintance no man would court, otherwise than upon the score of vanity or ambition. The first quickly wears off, (and is the vice of low minds; for a man of spirit is too proud to be vain), and the other was not my case. Besides, having never received more than one small favour, I was under no necessity of being a slave to men in power, but chose

* He means particularly the principle at that time charged upon them by their enemies, of an intention "to proscribe the Tories."
Warb.

my friends by their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently conversed with Mr. Addison, and the others I named, (except Mr. Steele), during all my Lord Oxford's ministry; and Mr. Addison's friendship to me continued inviolable, with as much kindness as when we used to meet at my Lord Sommers * or Halifax, who were leaders of the opposite party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injustice I have these many years been pelted by your pamphleteers, merely upon account of some regard which the Queen's last ministers were pleased to have for me: and yet in my conscience I think I am a partaker in every ill design they had against the Protestant succession, or the liberties and religion of their country; and can say with Cicero, "that I should be proud to be included with them" "in all their actions, *tanquam in equo Trojano*." But if I have never discovered, by my words, writings, or actions, any party-virulence †, or dangerous designs against the present powers; if my friendship and conversation were equally shewn among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort, when they were in distress; I cannot but think it hard, that I am not suffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the thing we called a Whig in England, is a creature altogether differ-

* Lord Sommers had very warmly recommended Dr. Swift to the favour of Lord Wharton, when he went the Queen's Lieutenant into Ireland in the year 1709. *Warb.*

† The "Examiners," I suppose, were not then published amongst the Dean's works. *Warb.*

ent from those of the same denomination here ; at least it was so during the reign of her late Majesty. Whether those on your side hath changed or no, it hath not been my business to inquire. I remember my excellent friend, Mr. Addison, when he first came over hither secretary to the Earl of Wharton, then Lord Lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the chief managers here. He told me they were a sort of people who seemed to think, that the principles of a Whig consisted in nothing else but damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed religion.

I was discoursing some years ago with a certain minister about that Whiggish or Fanatical genius so prevalent among the English of this kingdom : his Lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the fourest leaven, and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands and their principles. However, it must be confessed, that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, because interest, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end ; for it is hardly worth contending who shall be an exciseman, a country-vicar, a crier in the courts, or an under-clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a person so ill treated as I have been, must, at some time or other, have discovered very dangerous opinions in government. In answer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious Majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.

First, I always declared myself against a Popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood. Neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts ; first, as it was established by law ; and, secondly,

as it hath much weight in the opinions of the people; for necessity may abolish any law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar; right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topics: and therefore in great changes, when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and discontent among the meaner people, which, under a weak prince and corrupt administration, may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any state.

As to what is called a revolution principle, my opinion was this, That whenever those evils which usually attend and follow a violent change of government, were not in probability so pernicious as the grievances we suffer under a present power, then the public good will justify such a revolution. And this I took to have been the case in the Prince of Orange's expedition; although in the consequences it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against standing armies in times of peace; because I always took standing armies to be only servants hired by the master of the family for keeping his own children in slavery; and because I conceived, that a prince who could not think himself secure without mercenary troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his subjects; although I am not ignorant of those artificial necessities which a corrupted ministry can create for keeping up forces to support a faction against the public interest.

As to parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that Gothic institution which made them annual; and I was confident our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation, until that ancient law were restored among us. For who sees not, that while such assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the ministry and the deputies, wherein
they

they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of liberty ? which traffic would neither answer the design nor expence, if parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated that scheme of politics, (now about thirty years old), of setting up a moneyed interest in opposition to the landed. For I conceived there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, 'That the possessors of the soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, funds of credit and South-sea projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any law upon which the liberty of the most innocent persons depended; neither do I think this practice hath made the taste of arbitrary power so agreeable, as that we should desire to see it repeated. Every rebellion subdued and plot discovered, contribute to the firmer establishment of the prince. In the latter case the knot of conspirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages: so that those diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons, to every person whose face a minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that maxim, which declareth it better that ten guilty men should escape, than one innocent suffer; but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole tribe of informers, the most accursed, and prostitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

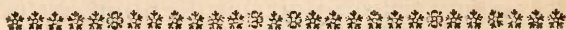
It is true the Romans had a custom of chusing a dictator, during whose administration the power of other magistrates was suspended. But this was done upon the greatest emergencies; a war near their doors, or some civil dissention: for armies must be governed by arbitrary power. But when
the

the virtue of that commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of dictator became perpetual, in the persons of the Cæsars and their successors, the most infamous tyrants that have any where appeared in story.

These are some of the sentiments I had relating to public affairs, while I was in the world. What they are at present, is of little importance either to that or myself : neither can I truly say I have any at all ; or, if I had, I dare not venture to publish them : for however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midsummer. And indeed I have often wished, for some time past, that a political catechism might be published by authority four times a-year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak, write, and act, during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of such an instructor : for intending to make my court to some people on the prevailing side, by advancing certain old Whiggish principles, which it seems had been exploded about a month before, I have passed for a disaffected person. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is for a man in obscurity to attempt defending his reputation as a writer, while the spirit of faction hath so universally possessed the minds of men, that they are not at leisure to attend to any thing else. They will just give themselves time to libel and accuse me ; but cannot spare a minute to hear my defence. So in a plot-discovering age, I have often known an innocent man seized and imprisoned, and forced to lie several months in chains, while the ministers were not at leisure to hear his petition, until they had prosecuted and hanged the number they proposed.

All I can reasonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a subject, nor so stupid an author, as I have been represented

represented by the virulence of libellers ; whose malice hath taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained ; and insipid productions, which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been soured by personal ill treatment, or by melancholy prospects for the public, I am too much a politician to expose my own safety by offensive words. And if my genius and spirit be sunk by increasing years, I have at least enough discretion left, not to mistake the measure of my own abilities, by attempting subjects where those talents are necessary, which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.



L E T T E R V I I.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8. 1722-3.

COMING home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table ; and little expected when I opened it, to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England ; there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned forever to another country. What is in prudence to be done ? I think, to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*. What can the design of your letter be but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which however is better than none ? I am towards nine years older since I left you ; yet that is the least of my alterations : my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements

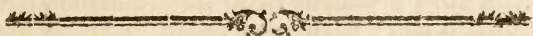
amusements in writing. Yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough, if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses, nor my garden, for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dispossessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you; but I have been stopt by too many reasons, besides years and laziness: and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year amongst you, there would be to me *desiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myself to the scene, and the business to which fortune hath condemned me; and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides, what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threaten myself with the journey, and am every summer practising to get health to bear it: the only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic. Do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always, *Et tibi quos mihi dempsset apponet annos*. I am heartily sorry you have any dealings with that ugly distemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish they could have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter, by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, &c.; but you mention only Mr. Pope, who, I believe, is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great mens favour, and could heartily wish that you were in his. I have been

considering why poets have such ill success in making their court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers. The defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth; they will give things under their hand, which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt anti-chambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original sin by the dedication of your eclogues to Lord Bolinbroke? I am an ill judge at this distance; and, besides, am, for my ease, utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world: but if all courts have a sameness in them, (as the parsons phrase it), things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to parliament men's friends, who had been useful in elections, and there was always a huge list of names in arrears at the treasury, which would at least take up your seven years expedient to discharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be, to get your friend who lodgeth in your house to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here, for a good civil employment, or to be one of his secretaries; which your parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a-week at the deanery-house; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you, because they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here; or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late court, and the successors; and by the force of too much honesty
or

or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and money; be less modest, and more active; or else turn parson, and get a bishopric here; would to God they would send us as good ones from your side!

I am ever, &c.



L E T T E R VIII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 12. 1723.

I Find a rebuke in a late letter of yours, that both stings and pleaseth me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a postscript to my friend Gay's, makes me content to write less than a whole letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of friendship. Indeed, as I cannot but own the laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us hath both had and given *) a surfeit of writing; so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly intitled to my friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine stood in need of any further deeds or writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate state at this distance, and in this absence, Dean Swift lives still in England, in every place and company where he would chuse to live; and I find him in all the conversations I keep, and in all the hearts in which I desire any share.

* Alluding to his large work on Homer.

We have never met these many years without mention of you. Besides my old acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date are such as were yours before. Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley, may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you. Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other hereditary rights : and indeed he seems grown so much a philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them as little, as upon the poet you gave him. It is sure my ill fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I most lived, must be banished. After both of you left England, my constant host was the bishop of Rochester †. Sure, this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being overrun with too much politeness, and cannot regain one great genius, but at the expence of another ‡. I tremble for my Lord Peterborow, (whom I now lodge with), he has too much wit as well as courage, to make a solid general * : and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some account of the manner of my life and conversation; which has been infinitely more various and dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all sexes, parties, and professions. A glut of study and retirement in the first part of my life cast

† Dr. Atterbury.

‡ The Bishop of Rochester thought this to be indeed the case; and that the price agreed on for Lord B.'s return was his banishment: an imagination which so strongly possessed him when he went abroad, that all the expostulations of his friends could not convince him of the folly of it. *Warb.*

* This Mr. Walth seriously thought to be the case, where, in a letter to Mr. Pope, he says, --- " When we were in the north, my Lord Wharton shewed me a letter he had received from a certain great general in Spain, [Lord Peterborow]. I told him, I would by all means have that general recalled, and set to writing here at home; for it was impossible, that a man with so much wit as he shewed, could be fit to command an army, or do any other business."

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me into this ; and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into study and retirement.

The civilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have hindered me from being violent or sour to any party ; but at the same time the observations and experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surpris'd at any. I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the violences and hardships I see practis'd by either. The merry vein you knew me in, is sunk into a turn of reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me ; and yet I have acquired a quietness of mind which by fits improves into a certain degree of chearfulness, enough to make me just so good-humoured as to wish that world well. My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to knaves (for fools I have learned to bear with) ; and such I cannot be commonly civil to ; for I think those men are next to knaves who converse with them. The greatest man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain and how to use the freedom of friendship with men much my superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise ; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse with poets and scribblers, unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally ; none have been enemies, but who were also strangers to me ; and as there is no great need of an eclatissiment with such, whatever they writ or said, I never retaliated ; not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There

are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wish; the strongest I have, would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you; but fate has dispersed them all about the world; and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish to see the millennium and the kingdom of the just upon earth.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand, you will learn to do me justice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.



L E T T E R IX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

I Am not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to laziness: in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge. You will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous tribunals. You resemble perfectly the two ale-house-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time burgo-masters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare before-hand I will not stand to the award. My title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it; but annual acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it; and I begin to suspect, by your defrauding me of them,
that

that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself, since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity, was it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and less dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter with some profusion among the female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes, (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly), and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves; those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me while I stood in the sunshine have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the sake of the hermit; a few philosophical friends come often to mine; and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it; and if the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes, by which it is judged that this illustrious philosopher had like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his persecutors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian seers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there was never any such monster

as party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman historians, by Guicciardine by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no history of our own country, till that body of it, which you promised to finish, appears *.

I am under no apprehension that a glut of study and retirement should call me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is that I fell so late into this course of life: my philosophy grows confirmed by habit; and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all. Some have cured me of my fears, by shewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by shewing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprise. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles, and rank, and estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased at what happens in it, any farther than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it; and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenor of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am

* See the second note, p. 290. above.

sometimes gay, but I am never sad. I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones. My acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly. I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should, methinks, precede them. My losses of this kind give me but little trouble; I contributed nothing to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjustly, is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this town, (which will be in a few days), I shall fall back into that course of life which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me: I have an aversion to them both, but in the ordinary course of life I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool. One must indeed with the former be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cutler's shop in Germany: but even in these constrained postures the witty rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me, does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin. The fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teases me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it.—Adieu, dear Swift; with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

L E T T E R X.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Sept 20. 1723.

Returning from a summer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends; and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shews a mighty difference betwixt friendship and love; for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes me say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here—*Non sum qualis eram*. I left you in a period of life, when one year does more execution than three at yours: to which if you add the dulness of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in your pretenders to retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi et fuga sæculi*; unless a poet grows weary of too much applause, as ministers do of too much weight of business.

Your happiness is greater than your merit, in chusing your favourites so indifferently among either party; this you owe partly to your education, and partly

partly to your genius, employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do ; for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the constitution of church and state, than a Christian at Constantinople ; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both parties will approve your poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

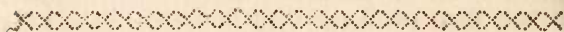
Your notions of friendship are new to me *. I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way ; I am condemned to another scene ; and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least ; and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners, if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them ; which, however, I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome as that of fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius. and would fain have it done : they are seldom above three or four contemporaries ; and if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus ; but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and scribblers, I suppose you mean the fools you are content to see sometimes when they happen to be modest ; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

• Yet they are the Christian notions. *Warb.*

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I chuse my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance. I read the most trifling books; I can find: but riding, walking, and sleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago; and have several things to finish, which I put off to twenty years hence: *Hæc est vita solutorum. &c.* I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country-house, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the court of requests, the park, the operas, and the coffee-house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay.— I think there are no more *codem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last, whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you.

I am ever, &c.



L E T T E R X I.

Sept. 14. 1725.

I Need not tell you with what real delight I should have done any thing you desired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your letter who is this day gone for
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France,

France. Perhaps it is with poets as with prophets; they are so much better liked in another country than their own, that your gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me. However, had he tried, he had found me his friend; I mean, he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort myself only with having got a letter from you; with which, after all, I sit down a gainer; since, to my great pleasure, it confirms my hope of once more seeing you. After so many dispersions and so many divisions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together; not to plot, not to contrive silly schemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others hearts with busy vanities, (such as perhaps at one time of life or other take their tour in every man); but to divert ourselves, and the world too if it pleases, or at worst, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourselves. Your travels * I hear much of; my own, I promise you, shall never more be in a strange land, but a diligent, I hope useful, investigation of my own territories †. I mean no more translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us, I'll find you elderly ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noise; as you will guess, when I tell you they are my own mother and my own nurse. I can also help you to a lady who is as deaf, though not so old, as yourself; you'll be pleased with one another: I'll engage, though you don't hear one another: you'll converse like spirits by intuition. What you'll most wonder at, is, she is considerable at court, yet no party-woman; and lives in court, yet would be easy, and make you easy.

* Gulliver.

† The essay on man.

One of those you mention. (and I dare say, always will remember) Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels ; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be, (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him), he lives or dies your faithful friend ; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life, is the wish to see you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumstance to tell you, he would give you (if he could) such advice as might cure your deafness ; but he could not advise you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it, because you may by that means hear as much as you will, and answer as little as you please. Believe me

Yours, &c.



LETTER XII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 29. 1725.

I Am now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the grand monde, for fear of burying my parts ; to signalize myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter, through those dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (besides ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transferring my travels *, in four parts

* Gulliver's Travels.

complete, newly augmented and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions; but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design, without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations. Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented, that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities; and all my love is towards individuals. For instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers; but I love Counsellor such a one, and Judge such a one. 'Tis so with physicians, (I will not speak of my own trade) soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called *man*, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years, (but do not tell) and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a treatise, proving the falsity of that definition, *animal rationale*, and to shew it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion. By consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear, that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will

hold a hundred pounds, that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your *Odyſſey* was finiſhed, being yet in the country, which I ſhall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the preſent, but ſhall like it three fourths the leſs, for the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you ſaved yourſelf ſo much drudgery.—I have been told by Mr. Ford of your great atchievements in building and planting, and eſpecially of your ſubterranean paſſage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *ars poetica*.

I have almoſt done with Harridans, and ſhall ſoon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The lady whom you deſcribe to live at court, to be deaf, and no party-woman, I take to be Mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be mercy: for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at court: Juſtice is blind, and perhaps deaf; but neither is ſhe a court-lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a court-lady; but then ſhe is a moſt damnable party-woman, and will never make me eaſy, as you promiſe. It muſt be riches, which answers all your deſcription. I am glad ſhe viſits you; but my voice is ſo weak, that I doubt ſhe will never hear me.

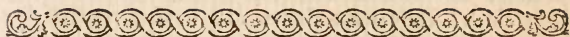
Mr. Lewis ſent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illneſs; which is a very ſenſible affliction to me who, by living ſo long out of the world, have loſt that hardneſs of heart contracted by years and general converſation. I am daily loſing friends, and neither ſeeking nor getting others. Oh, if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my travels! But however he is not without fault. There is a paſſage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Iriſh in that age; where, after abundance of
praiſes

praises, he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas ! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our Doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful ; but, alas, he hath a sort of slouch in his walk ! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, tho' not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our friend Gay, but I find the court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a Lord Lieutenant. Philips writes little flams (as Lord Leicester called those sort of verses) on Miss Carteret. A Dublin blacksmith, a great poet, hath imitated his manner in a poem to the said Miss. Philips is a complainer ; and on this occasion I told Lord Carteret, that complainers never succeeded at court, though railers do.

Are you altogether a country-gentleman, that I must address to you out of London, to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, although so much paper is left ? I have an ill name, and therefore shall not subscribe it, but you will guess it comes from one who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern at what I am just told is in some of the news papers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has so much youth and vigour left, (of which he hath not been thrifty) ; but I wonder he has no more discretion.



L E T T E R XIII.

Oct. 15. 1725.

I Am wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends, in proportion as you draw nearer to them, and are getting into our vortex. Here is one who was once a powerful planet, but has (after long experience of all that comes of shining) learned to be content with returning to his first point, without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is another, who thinks one of the greatest glories of his father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again, than of reviewing a world; every part of which he has long despised, but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more chearful than ever health can make a man; (for he has a good conscience into the bargain, which is the most catholic of all remedies, though not the most universal). I knew it would be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you.

I am sorry poor P. is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his rewards be of the next, he is of all poets the most miserable. I am also sorry for another reason; if they don't promote him, they'll spoil the conclusion of one of my satires, where having endeavoured to correct the taste of the town in wit and criticism, I end thus,

But

*But what avails to lay down rules for sense?
In ——'s reign these fruitless lines were writ.
When Ambrose Philips was preferr'd for wit!*

Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs (and generally by Tories too). Because he had humour, he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift: in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the devil. He puts his whole trust at court in that lady whom I described to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy. I wish she really were riches for his sake; though as for your's, I question whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other.

Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall. I wish he had received no more by his other fall. Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved mind since you saw him, that ever was improved, without shifting into a new body or being; *paulo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same; I've fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our former passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the just in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay, would make them *eat your book*, which you have made, I doubt not, as bitter a pill for them as possible.

I won't tell you what designs I have in my head (besides writing a set of maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucault's principles *) till I see you here, face to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me, for want of a generous disdain of this world, though I have not lost my ears in yours and their service. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this letter, and he deserves to be always mentioned in every thing that is addressed to you, or comes from you) expects you: that ought to be enough to bring you hither: 'tis a better reason than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can desire, into your principle of love of individuals; and I think the way to have a public spirit, is first to have a private one: for who can believe, (said a friend of mine), that any man can care for a hundred thousand people, who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend.

I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill; but he is so touched with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. He too is busy about a book, which I guess he will tell you of. So adieu——What remains worth telling you? Dean Berkley is well, and happy in the prosecution of his scheme. Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke in health; Duke Disney so also; Sir William Wyndham better; Lord Barthurst well. These, and some others, preserve their ancient honour and ancient friendship. Those who do neither, if they were d — d, what is it to a Protestant priest, who has nothing to do with the dead? I answer,

* This is only said as an oblique reproof of the horrid misanthropy in the foregoing letter; and which he supposed might be chiefly occasioned by the Dean's fondness for Rochefoucault, whose maxims are founded on the principle of an universal selfishness in human nature. *Warb.*

for my own part, as a Papist, I would not pray them out of purgatory.

My name is as bad an one as yours, and hated by all bad poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon and Cibber. The first prayed against me with the Turk, and a modern imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Christian to them, with proper definitions of each, in this manner;

The Pope's the whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew;
The Christian is an infidel
That sitteth in a pew.



L E T T E R XIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 26. 1725.

I Should sooner have acknowledged yours, if a feverish disorder, and the relics of it, had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; because if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face; for my face and letters are counter-parts of my heart. I fear I have not expressed that right; but I mean well, and I hate blots. I look in your letter, and in my conscience you say the same thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke, that I wish he were banished again; for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi*.

mundi. My Lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his son's birth: which I immediately acknowledged; but before my letter could reach him, I wished it in the sea. I hope I was more afflicted than his Lordship. 'Tis hard that parsons and beggars should be overrun with brats, while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's picture, but I lament (*sub sigillo confessionis*) that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an hospital built for its despisers, where one might act with safety; and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed. P** is *fort chancellor*, whether he shall turn parson or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast wits and cast beaux have a proper sanctuary in the church: yet we think it a severe judgement, that a fine gentleman, and so much the finer for hating ecclesiastics, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish prelate. He is neither secretary nor gentleman-usher, yet serves in both capacities. He hath published several reasons why he never came to see me; but the best is, that I have not waited on his Lordship. We have had a poem sent from London, in imitation of that on Miss Carteret. It is on Miss Hervey of a day old; and we say and think it is yours. I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies.— You might have spared me a few more lines of your satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. To hear boys like you talk of milleniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we last were together; and we should differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my Lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I
desire

desire you and all my friends will take a special care, that my disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my age; for I have credible witnesses ready to depose, that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the f--ty-eighth year of my life, (pray fill that blank charitably). I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind; it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable animals, and are angry at being disappointed. I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with ——— than I was with the kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say, because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write maxims in opposition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character in him*: however, I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alteration. — Take care the bad poets do not outwit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mœvius is as well known as Virgil; and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame, 'tis a perfect trifle. I ask a thousand pardons, and so leave you for this time, and will write again, without concerning myself whether you write or no.

I am, &c.

* This methinks, is no great compliment to his own heart. *Warb.*

soldiers, and such as had been disabled in its service. I would rather have those that, out of such generous principles as you and I, despise it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger against the great; my spleen is at the little rogues of it. It would vex one more to be knocked on the head with a piss-pot, than by a thunder-bolt. As to great oppressors, they are like kites or eagles; one expects mischief from them: but to be squirted to death (as poor Wycherly said to me on his deathbed) by apothecaries apprentices, by the under-strappers of under-secretaries to secretaries who were no secretaries—this would provoke as dull a dog as Ph——s himself.

So much for enemies: now for friends Mr. L— thinks all this indiscreet: the Doctor not so: he loves mischief the best of any good-natured man in England. Lord B. is above trifling. When he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal; “if ever he trifles, it must be when “he turns a divine.” Gay is writing tales for Prince William. I suppose Mr. Philips will take this very ill, for two reasons; one, that he thinks all childish things belong to him; and the other, because he’ll take it ill to be taught, that one may write things to a child, without being childish. What have I more to add, but that Lord Oxford desires earnestly to see you; and that many others, whom you do not think the worst of, will be gratified by it; None more, be assured, than

Your’s, &c.

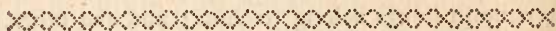
P. S. Pope and you are very great wits, and, I think, very indifferent philosophers. If you despised the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be so angry with it. The founder of your sect, that noble original whom you think it so great an honour to resemble*, was a

* Seneca.

slave to the worst part of the world, to the court; and all his big words were the language of a slighted lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rupture. I believe the world hath used me as scurvily as most people; and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike, to be discovered fond of the world, or picqued at it. Your definition of *animal rationis capax*, instead of the common one *animal rationale*, will not bear examination. Define but reason, and you will see why your distinction is no better than that of the Pontiff Cotta, between *mala ratio*, and *bona ratio*. But enough of this. Make us a visit; and I'll subscribe to any side of these important questions which you please. We differ less than you imagine perhaps, when you wished me banished again; but I am not less true to you and to philosophy in England, than I was in France.

Your's, &c.

B.



L E T T E R XVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

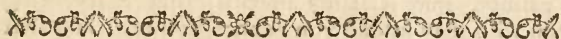
London, May 4. 1726.

I had rather live in forty Irelands, than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it most after a great dinner; for the least transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sip more than your stint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than those fots who are carried dead drunk to bed.

My

My Lord Peterborow spoiled every body's dinner, but especially mine, with telling us, that you were detained by sickness. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pot-hook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, because I love and esteem you for reasons that most others have little to do with, and would be the same although you had never touched a pen, further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey. I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can; and when I write to you, I will strive not to think of you. This I intend in return to your kindness; and further, I know no body has dealt with me so cruelly as you; the consequences of which usage I fear will last as long as my life; for so long shall I be, in spite of my heart, entirely your's.



L L T T E R XVII.

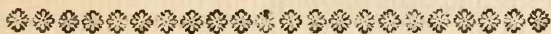
Aug. 22. 1726.

MAny a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me, till the day you return, I really walked about like a man banished; and when I came home, found it no home. 'Tis a sensation like that of a limb lopped off; one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you. Habitude itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Besides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me

in every place I frequent. I shall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter, or the pleasing prospect of Byberry, but your idea must be joined with them; nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house, without a phantom of you, sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Chester, I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wished a hundred times I had either a deanery or a horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me, from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of myself to no purpose. and cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure. I wish I could think no more of it, but lie down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far soever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends, that every thing you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there in the state you wish him or her; so that your visits to us may have no other effect, than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should chuse to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But indeed I cannot express the warmth with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you are ingraved elsewhere than on the cups you sent me, (with so kind an inscription), and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleased with them, but take them very kindly too: and had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did; for at this rate I may say,

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the deanry of St. Patrick's: which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem pateras*, &c. Till then I'll drink (or Gay shall drink) daily healths to you, and I'll add to your inscription the old Roman vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My mother's age gives me authority to hope it for your's. Adieu.



L E T T E R XVIII.

Sept. 3. 1726.

YOur's to Mr. Gay gave me greater satisfaction than that to me (though that gave me a great deal); for to hear that you were safe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it: otherwise believe me, every title of each is important to me, which sets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I write you a long letter, which I guess reached you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir ———, who expressed his desire of having seen you again before you left us. He said, he observed a willingness in you to live among us; which I did not deny; but at the same time told him, you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved: but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly Lord Peterborow and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more. I said nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I:

plain truth, did they know either it or you. I can't help thinking (when I consider the whole short list of our friends), that none of them except you and I, are qualified for the mountains of Wales. The Doctor goes to cards, Gay to court; one loses money, one loses his time: another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling soil. One lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales: Another is too much a subject to princes and potentates, to relish that wild taste of liberty and poverty. Mr. Congreve is too sick to bear a thin air: and she that leads him, too rich to enjoy any thing. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too great a husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too honest to live in the world; but yet 'tis fit, for its example, he should. We are left to ourselves, in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas: and for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps 'tis a mistake, but however there's something in it generous. Mr. * * * takes it extremely kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank his ill fortune; for, if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power, than out.

To shew you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will, with great truth, apply to myself an old sentence: "Those that are in, may abide in; " and those that are out, may abide out: yet to " me, those that are in shall be as those that are

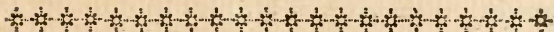
" out,

“ out, and those that are out shall be as those that
“ are in.”

I am indifferent as to all those matters ; but I miss you as much as I did the first day, when (with a short sigh) I parted. Where-ever you are, (or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coast of Dublin,

*Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis aquoris——*),

I am, and ever shall be your's, &c.



L E T T E R XIX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 17. 1726.

ABout ten days ago a book was published here of the travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the conversation of the whole town ever since. The whole impression sold in a week ; and nothing is more diverting, than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally said that you are the author ; but I am told, the bookseller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the the cabinet counsel to the nursery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search for particular applications in every leaf ; and 'tis highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord —— is
the

the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature; at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man*. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The Duchess dowager of Marlborough is in rapture at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it; she declares, that she hath now found out, that her whole life hath been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes; and that if she knew Gulliver, though he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she would give up her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this, that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disobliged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it, while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says, 'tis ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among lady-critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour, Those of them who frequent the church, say his design is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the Princess hath read it with great pleasure. As to other critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all be-

* It is no wonder a man of worth should condemn a satire on his species; as it injures virtue, and violates truth; and as little, that a corrupt man should approve it, because it justifies his principles, and tends to excuse his practice. *Warb.*

low himself, 'tis agreed that was not writ by the same hand, though this hath its defenders too. It hath passed Lords and Commons *nemine contradicente*: and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps, I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland. If it hath not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

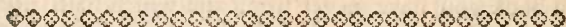
We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*; which we modern naturalists pronounce ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, styl. Greg. at farthest. But to us your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The princess is cloathed with Irish silk; pray give our service to the weavers. We are strangely surprised to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B — hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Houyhnhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give
you

you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken : we envy those you are with ; for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.



L E T T E R XX.

Nov. 16. 1726.

I Have resolved to take time ; and, in spite of all misfortunes and demurs, which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letters. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the others *, like useless dependents, who only take up room, and never are active or assistant to our wants. I shall never be much the better for them. I congratulate you first upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen, is delightful ; I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I've never been a night in London since you left me, till now for this very end ; and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the

* This was occasioned by a bad accident as he was returning home in a friend's chariot : which in passing a bridge was overturned, and thrown with the horses into the river. The glasses being up, and Mr. Pope unable to break them, he was in immediate danger of drowning ; when the postilion, who had just recovered himself, beat the glass which lay uppermost to pieces, a fragment of which cut one of Mr. Pope's hands very dangerously. *Warb.*

book. Some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a satire: but none, that I hear of, accuse it of particular reflections; (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgement; the mob of critics, you know, always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them): so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte received the copy, he tells me, he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney-coach. By computing the time, I found it was after you left England: so, for my part, I suspend my judgement.

I am pleased with the nature and quality of your present to the princess. The Irish stuff you sent to Mrs. H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determined to be national in every thing, even in your civilities? You are the greatest politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician, there is no great fear of you, you will never succeed.

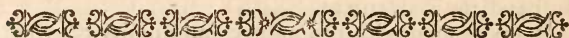
Another thing in which you have pleased me, was what you say to Mr. P.; by which it seems to me, that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men; and it is high time to be so, after twenty or thirty years observation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest: but God forbid any honest or witty man should be of any but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs; let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write about politicks at all, (but perhaps 'tis full as wise to play the fool any other

ther way), surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those times to come, which will most impartially judge of you,

I wish you had writ to Lord Peterborow : no man is more affectionate towards you. Don't fancy none but Tories are your friends ; for at that rate I must be, at most, but half your friend, and sincerely I am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon ; for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.



L E T T E R X X I.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Nov. 17. 1726.

I Am just come from answering a letter of Mrs. H——'s, writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a book had not been sent me, called *Gulliver's Travels*, of which you say so much in yours. I read the book over ; and in the second volume observe several passages which appear to be patched and altered *, and the style of a different sort, unless I am much mistaken. Dr. Arbuthnot likes the projectors least † ; others, you tell me, the flying island : some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations ; yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed : so that, in these cases, I think the best method

* This was the fact, which is complained of and redressed in the Dublin edition of the Dean's works. *Warb.*

† Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the Royal Society. *Warb.*

is, to let censure and opinion take their course. A bishop here said, that book was full of improbable lies; and, for his part, he hardly believed a word of it. And so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance, of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but a court-expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but, at the same time, I must tell you, that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? Another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can fifty fables.

I am just going to perform a very good office; it is to assist with the Archbishop, in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars; by which I shall make one happy man; and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion. This I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favour, as a point of merit; so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries. He declared to us, that he resolved to be hanged; only desired, that when he was to go to the gallows, the Archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice.—Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend, I would desire all my acquaintance to give out, that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out, by the printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly. Adieu.



L E T T E R XXII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Decem. 5. 1726.

I Believe the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourself; and with reason, because I may probably be a greater loser by it. What have accidents to do with those who are neither jockeys nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a rascally groom shall gallop a foundered horse ten miles upon a causey, and get home safe.

I am very much pleased that you approve what was sent; because I remember to have heard a great man say, that nothing required more judgement than making a present; which when it was done to those of high rank, ought to be of something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the same time do me justice, in what you observe as to Mr. P. Besides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwise; and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue, and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependence a state of slavery? We care not three-pence whether a prince or minister will see us or no: we are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree, that riches are liberty; but then we are to put into the balance, how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verses, I most earnestly intreat you to burn those which you do not approve, and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes (though

(though it be against the laziness of your nature) be so kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have some few of those things I call thoughts moral and diverting; if you please I will send the best I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reason to chuse the method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby, among the bad critics, to be intitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am so happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I intreat you will present him with my humble respects and thanks, though he all-to-be-Gullivers me by very strong insinuations. Though you despise riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel to be printed by themselves, and make a nine-penny job for the bookseller. There are some of my own, wherein I exceed mankind; *mira poemata!* the most solemn that ever were seen; and some writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine; but I will not praise myself. You approve that writer who laughs, and makes others laugh: but why should I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it so happy? therefore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects, *nisi quid tu, docte Trubati, dissentis.*

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R XXIII.

March 8. 1726-7.

MR. Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whose acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you: and I think the acquaintance of so valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the least obligations.

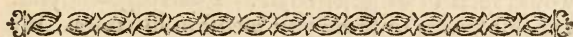
Our miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint volume ; in which methinks we look like friends, side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity ; not in the stiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought ; but in a free, unimportant, natural, easy manner, diverting others just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of verses ; but I would chuse to print none but such as have some peculiarity, and may be distinguished for ours from other writers. There's no end of making books, Solomon said, and, above all, of making miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the elect, I should not care to be one of the twelve thousand signed.

You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a horse and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver, and an heroic epistle of Mrs. Gulliver. The bookseller would fain have printed them before the second edition of the book ; but I would not permit it without your approbation ; nor do I much like them. You see how much like a poet I write ; and yet if you were with us, you'd be deep in politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpose ; but therefore the more warm and the more angry. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* I stay at Twitnam, without so much as reading news-papers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets. Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are sent for your diversion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubdubdrib, with none but ancients and spirits about me.

I am rather better than I use to be at this season ; but my hand (though, as you see, it has not lost its cunning) is frequently in very awkward sensations,
rather

rather than pain. But, to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long lively letter, which will attend this. She has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you. We fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them; for if so, you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vexed at losing Mr. Stopford as soon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of them, and I forgive you this one.



L E T T E R XXIV.

Oct. 2. 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you; and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I can't tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not; and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to

find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine ; though at the same time I can allow for a tendernefs in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tendernefs. I can't explain my meaning ; perhaps you know it. But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your so sudden departure : for the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unless your health grew better ; and I don't find it did so. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so entirely from you ; nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised, that before you went we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours. We are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state ; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe we shall have something better than even a friend there ; but certainly here we have nothing so good. Adieu for this time. May you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy, as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled.

Yours, &c.



L E T T E R XXV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Oct. 12. 1727.

I Have been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune hath made my home. I have there a large house, and servants and conveniencies about me. I may be worse than I am; and I have no where to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part, as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged: and if you ever made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished, that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unsociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely, besides all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness.

kindness. But it hath pleased God, that you are not in a state of health, to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent, whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see any body; and here is a large house, where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy, and would sleep.

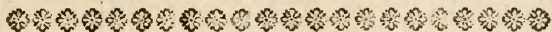
I had another reason for my haste hither; which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which however I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myself with accounts; so that I am very well qualified to be a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment; though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher said, "the day of judgement was nearer than ever it had been before."

Pray God send you health, *det salutem, det opes; animam æquam tibi ipse parabis*. You see Horace wished for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the court till you do so too.

Yours, &c.



L E T T E R XXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 30. 1727.

THE first letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay ; but it would have been wiser to direct it to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the post-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the deanery, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected, in how few hours, with a swift horse, or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness than by your letter, I might be base enough to suspect; that in point of friendship, you acted like some philosophers who writ much better upon virtue than they practised it. In answer, I can only swear, that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpressible nonsense ; but now I can every night distinctly see Twickenham, and the grotto, and Dawley, and many other *et ceteras*, and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs. Pope. I must needs confess, that the pleasure I take in thinking on you, is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health. You pay dearly for the great talents God hath given you ; and for the consequences of them, in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health ; in which pursuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather intreat you would mend it

it, by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke, and your other physicians. When you talked of cups and impressions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting scripture, not to your advantage. I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers ; “ I knew thy pride, and “ the naughtiness of thy heart.” I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board ; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have cost me a hundred pounds ; for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider, that I am for life almost twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do Port, and have neither coach chair, nor mother ? As to the world, I think you ought to say to it with St. Paul, “ If we have sown unto you “ spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap “ your carnal things ?” This is more proper still, if you consider the French word *spiritual*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of a thousand pound, I would not allow myself to be in your debt ; and if I made you a present of two, I would not allow myself to be out of it. But I have not half your pride : witness what Mr. Gay says in his letter, that I was censured for begging presents, though I limited them to ten shillings. I see no reason (at least my friendship and vanity see none) why you should not give me a visit, when you shall happen to be disengaged. I will send a person to Chester to take care of you, and you shall be used by the best folks we have here, as well as civility and good-nature can contrive. I believe local motion will be no ill physic ; and I will have your coming inscribed on my tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers ; but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance, who
used

used to correspond with the last Great Duke of Tuscany, shewing one of the Duke's letters to a friend, and professing great sense of his Highness's friendship, read this passage out of the letters, "I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good." The person to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well, said, the meaning of *real good* was only, that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray ask Mrs. Pope, whether this story is applicable to her and me? I pray God bless her, for I am sure she is a good Christian, and (which is almost as rare) a good woman.

Adieu.



LETTER XXVII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 22. 1727.

THE Queen's family is at last settled; and in the list I was appointed Gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, the youngest Princess; which, upon account that I am so far advanced in life, I have declined accepting; and have endeavoured, in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by a letter to her Majesty. So now all my expectations are vanished; and I have no prospect but in depending wholly upon myself, and my own conduct. As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed; so that I am in a blessed condition.— You remember you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly.— I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my opera is already finished. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr. Pope.

Gay

Gay is a free man, and I writ him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the same. It will mend him, and make him a better man than a court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Augustus time, if he pleased; but I won't in the time of our Augustus. My poem, (which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curlls and Dennises of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of traitors, our friends and admirers), my poem, I say, will shew what a distinguishing age we lived in. Your name is in it, with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bless you, and give you health and spirits,

Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais easy chair,
Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
Or, silent let thy morals tell thy mind.

These two verses are over and above what I have said of you in the poem. Adieu.



L E T T E R XXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 23. 1727.

I Entirely approve your refusal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the ministry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you some-

something ; which, although much less than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumstantiated ; and since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable. Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a court. A minister is always seventy : you are thirty years younger ; and consider, Cromwell himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr. Birch said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your 1000 l. and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good-natured man I ever have known. I could argue out this paper.—I am very glad your opera is finished, and hope your friends will join the reader to make it succeed, because you are ill-used by others.

I have known courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ ; but in some things they are extremely constant. First, in the trite old maxim of a minister's never forgiving those he hath injured. Secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends. Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing. Fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well, to a point of interest or intrigue. Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for those who can do service or disservice.

Now, why does not Pope publish his Dulness * ? The rogues he marks will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends, and so there will be neither punishment nor reward.—Pray inquire how my Lord St. John does ? There's no man's health in England I am more concerned about

* The Dunciad.

than his.—I wonder whether you begin to taste the pleasure of independence ; or whether you do not sometimes leer upon the court, *oculo retorto*. Will you not think of an annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchase-money ? Have you dedicated your opera, and got the usual dedication-fee of twenty guineas ? How is the Doctor ? Does he not chide, that you never called upon him for hints ? Is my Lord Bolingbroke, at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philosopher, or a writer ? Is Mr. Pultney in expectation of a son, or my Lord Oxford of a new old manuscript ?

I bought your opera to-day for sixpence ; a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface ; both which wants I approve ; it is in the *grand goût*.

We are as full of it, *pro modulo nostro*, as London can be ; continually acting, and houses cramm'd, and the Lord Lieutenant several times there laughing his heart out. I did not understand, that the scene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius till I was told it. I wish Mackheath, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying. I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a successor, and he to answer, Let it be the most worthy, &c. We hear a million of stories about the opera, of the applause at the song, *that was levelled at me*, when two great ministers were in a box together, and all the world staring at them. I am heartily glad your opera hath mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court.

Will you desire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pultney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thousand pounds, that you may laugh at courts, and bid ministers——

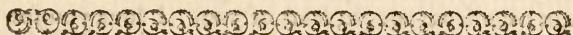
Ever

Ever preserve some spice of the aldermen, and prepare against age and dulness, and sickness, and coldness, or death of friends. A whore has a resource left, that she can turn bawd; but an old decayed poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's mezzotinto. Lord, how the schoolboys at Westminster, and university-lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh as ministers can make weep?

I will excuse Sir — the trouble of a letter. When ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew, after two years; the Emperor answered, that he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever; and it is a return sufficient, if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The Beggar's opera hath knocked down Gulliver; I hope to see Pope's Dulness * knock down the Beggar's opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public service than all the ministers of state from Adam to Walpole and so adieu.



LETTER XXIX.

Lord BOLINBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

POpe charges himself with this letter. He has been two days; he is now hurrying to London; he will hurry back to Twickenham in two

* The Dunciad.

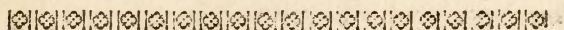
days more; and, before the end of the week, he will be, for ought I know, at Dublin. In the mean time, his *Dulness* * grows and flourishes, as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work. The many will stare at it, the few will smile, and all his patrons, from Bickerstaff to Gulliver, will rejoice, to see themselves adorned in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had some return of your illness which carried you so suddenly from us, if indeed it was your own illness which made you in such haste to be at Dublin. Dear Swift, take care of your health. I'll give you a receipt for it, *à la Montagne*, or, which is better, *à la Bruyere*. *Nourrir bien votri corps; ne le fatiguer jamais; Laisser rouiller l'esprit, meub'le inutile, voire inutile dangereux: laisser sonner vos cloches le matin, pour eveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un sommeil doux et profond, qui lui procure de beaux songes: lever vous tard, et aller à l'église, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien dejeuné.* As to myself, (a person about whom I concern myself very little), I must say a word or two out of complaisance to you. I am in my farm, and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots. I have caught hold of the earth, (to use a gardener's phrase), and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again. Adieu. Let me hear from you, at least of you. I love you for a thousand things; for none more than for the just esteem and love which you have for all the sons of Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account, I shall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to desire you to expect my soul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tacked to it, I fear there will

* The Dunciad,

be no dragging it after. I assure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at court absolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the gynocracy are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber, and the British journalist; so that we may live at quiet. and apply ourselves to our more abstruse studies. The only courtiers I know, or have honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr. Bow'ry. The former is at present so employed in the elevated airs of his opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity, (that of her Majesty's waterman), that I can scarce obtain a categorical answer from either to any thing I say to them. But the opera succeeds extremely, to yours and my extreme satisfaction, of which he promises this post to give you a full account. I have been in a worse condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment; so it must be in you, and in posterity, to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am your's. Pray love me, and take care of yourself.



L E T T E R XXX.

March 23. 1727-8.

I Send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in new England, wherein you'll find a real person, a member of their parliament, of the name of *Jonathan Gulliver*. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author. But if you object, that no child so lately christened, could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected in parliament; I

reply, (to solve the riddle), that the person is an *Anabaptist*, and not christened till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pound * : he'll soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar,—as Cato said ; for ambitious, false, or flattering people, to domineer in. Nay, they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words in quiet. I despise the world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the court more than all the rest of the world. As for these scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my *Dulness*, (which, by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name, *The Dunciad*), how much that nest of hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you, when you read the treatise of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and, as Tully calls it, *in consuetudine studiorum*. Would to God our persons could but as well and as surely be inseparable ! I find my other ties dropping from me : some worn off, some torn

* Before Mr. Gay had fenced this thousand pounds, he had a consultation with his friends about the disposal of it. Mr. L. advised him to intrust it to the funds, and live upon the interest. Dr. Arbuthnot, to intrust it to Providence, and live upon the principal ; and Mr. Pope was for purchasing an annuity for life. In this uncertainty he could only say with the old man in Terence, *Periculis probe ;*

Invenior sum multo, quam dudum. Warb.

off, others relaxing daily: my greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long helped and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the less fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend, to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay, as well as my spirits; and I am as much in the decline at forty, as you at sixty. I believe we should be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable. Your deafness would agree with my dulness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life, as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly, as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or say in this kind, obliges me, nay, delights me, to see the justice you do me in thinking me concerned in all your concerns, so that though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier, next to that it pleases me, that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is, to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I can't but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not

greater

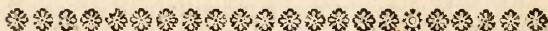
greater than their insincerity; and of whom I have always found, (if I may quote myself),

“ That each bad author is as bad a friend.”

This poem will rid me of those insects.

*Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii;
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade;*

I mean than my Iliad; and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but however, if it silence these fellows *, it must be something greater than any Iliad in Christendom.



L E T T E R XXXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 10. 1728.

I Have with great pleasure shewn the New-England news-paper with the two names Jonathan Gulliver; and I remember Mr. Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver, who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for historians. Mr. Gay's opera hath been acted here twenty times; and my Lord Lieutenant † tells me, it is very well performed; he hath seen it often, and approves it much.

* It did, in a little time, effectually silence them. *W. b.*

† Lord Carteret,

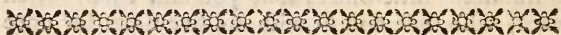
You

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon, that a man subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easiness, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges; I mean a middle kind both for understanding and fortune; who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence, that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those that either you or I, or both, are acquainted with on your side; who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland, (*quanquam O!*); and for England I despair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible, whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly housekeeper*, who hath been my W—lp—le above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villa's near this town: you have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess

* Mrs. Brent,

freely that I have no discontent at living here; besides what arises from a silly spirit of liberty, which as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad: but I am impatient to have it *valere per ora* — there is now a vacancy for fame. The Beggar's Opera hath done its task; *discedat, uti conviva satur*. Adieu.



LETTER XXXII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

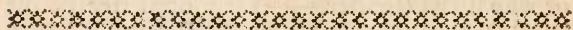
June 1. 1728.

I Look upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar triumvirate, who have nothing to expect, or to fear; and so far fittest to converse with one another: only he and I are a little subject to schemes, and one of us (I won't say which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profess, without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a patriot, (since you call it so), is what I do not deserve; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly, and baseness about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath, that you have more virtue in an hour, than I in seven years: for you dispise the follies, and hate the vices of mankind, without the least ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better; whereas with me 'tis always directly contrary. I hope, however, this is not in you from a superior principle of virtue, but from
your

your situation ; which hath made all parties and interests indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low church, Whig and Tory, or who is first minister. — Your long letter was the last I received till this day by Dr. Delany, although you mention another since. The Doctor told me your secret about the Dunciad ; which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it. As to one of your inquiries, I am easy enough in great matters ; but I have a thousand paltry vexations in my little station ; and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin writ upon the tricks used by my chapter to tease me. I do not converse with one creature of station or title, but I have a set of easy people whom I entertain when I have a mind. I have formerly described them to you ; but when you come, you shall have the honours of the country as much as you please ; and I shall, on that account, make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preserve Mrs. Pope for your sake and ease ; I love and esteem her too much to wish it for her own ; if I were five and twenty, I would wish to be of her age, to be as secure as she is of a better life. Mrs. P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the best letter writers I know ; very good sense, civility, and friendship, without any stiffness or constraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here ; but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the university-lads will croud to kiss the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me not, is Temperance a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of Ease and Liberty ? so necessary for the use and improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life ? I believe, had health been given so liberally to you,

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it would have been better husbanded without shame to your parts.



L E T T E R XXXIII.

Dawley, June 28. 1728.

I Now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two hay-cocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted, by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate between yourself and me; though he says, that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm; and you will agree, that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him, and his great temperance and œconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishopric in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can answer, that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for 200 l. to paint his country-hall with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments, merely to coun-

tenance his calling this place a farm.—Now turn over a new leaf.——

He bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends, than of ambition for himself. There, though his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong. And he says further, if you could bear as great a fall and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *Proeme*, *Prolegomena*, *Testimonia Scriptorum*, *Index Authorum*, and notes *Variorum*. As to the latter, I desire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like best*, whether dry raillery, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients Adieu I am pretty well, my mother not ill; Dr. Arbuthnot vexed with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, &c.

* Dr. Swift did so.



L E T T E R XXXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

July 16. 1728.

I Have often run over the Dunciad in an Irish edition, (I suppose full of faults), which a gentleman sent me. The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concerned; for I have long observed, that twenty miles from London no body understands hints, initial letters, or town facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of those scribblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the parodies (as they are called) referred to the author they imitate. — When I began this long paper, I thought I should have filled it with setting down the several passages I had marked in the edition I had; but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never, in my opinion, saw so much good satire, or more good sense, in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the poem, that the persons and facts will not be understood, till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be published till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again, I insist, you must have your asterisks filled up with real names of real dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter of June 28. and find, that all I have advised above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the

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the quarto edition is to come out anonymously, as published by the commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, &c. and among many complaints of spurious editions. I am thinking whether the editor should not follow the old style of this excellent author, &c. and refine in many places when you meant no refinement; and into the bargain, take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, histories, and performances.

As to yourself, I doubt you want a spurrier-on to exercise and to amusements; but to talk of decay at your season of life, is a jest. But you are not so regular as I. You are the most temperate man God-ward, and the most intemperate yourself-ward, of most I have known. I suppose Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more flesh, and two hundred less in money. Providence never designed him to be above two and twenty, by his thoughtlessness and cullibility. He hath as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I must observe, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindness to me) argues most sophistically: the fall from a million to a hundred thousand pounds is not so great, as from eight hundred pounds a-year to one; besides he is a controller of fortune, and poverty dares not look a great minister in the face under his lowest declension. I never knew him live so great and expensively as he hath done since his return from exile; such mortals have resources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bless you, whose great genius has not so transported you as to leave you to the courtesy of mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher, — and Gay is a slave just by two thousand pounds too little. — And Horace was of my mind, and let my Lord contradict him if he dares —



L E T T E R XXXV.

Bath, Nov 12. 1728.

I Have passed six weeks in quest of health, and found it not; but I found the folly of solicitude about it in a hundred instances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of physicians, the blind obedience of some patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a certain time of life, men are either fools or physicians for themselves, and zealots or divines for themselves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's visit; but last week I repented that wish, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am just relieved, by an assurance that you are still at Sir A——'s planting and building; two things that I envy you for, besides a third, which is the society of a valuable lady. I conclude, (though I know nothing of it), that you quarrel with her, and abuse her every day, if she is so. I wonder I hear of no lampoons upon her, either made by yourself, or by others, because you esteem her. I think it a vast pleasure, that whenever two people of merit regard one another, so many scoundrels envy and are angry at them: it is bearing testimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have received of late, at the finding yours and my name constantly united in any silly scandal, I think you would go near to sing *Io triumphe!* and celebrate my happiness in verse; and I believe, if you will not, I shall. The inscription to the Dunciad is now printed, and inserted in the poem. Do you care I should say any thing further how much that
poem

poem is yours ? since certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives ! The whole weight of scribblers would just serve to find us amusement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them. Every stick you plant, and every stone you lay, is to some purpose ; but the business of such lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raising nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities ; and let those who have so great a mind to have more wit than we, win it, and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather ! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life ; my humour and health ; I am so atmospherical a creature.

I must not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the drawing-room, was not true. The sayings of princes are generally as ill related, as the sayings of wits. To such reports little of our regard should be given, and less of our conduct influenced by them.



L E T T E R XXXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Feb. 13. 1728.

I Lived very easily in the country. Sir A. is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice, and my Lady a better ; she is perfectly well bred, and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid
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when

when she read wrong. With that, and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family-verses of mirth by way of libels on my lady, my time passed very well, and in very great order ; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants, and my old Presbyterian housekeeper, denying myself to every body, till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord Lieutenant was only in a common news-paper when I was in the country ; and if it should have happened to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him, as the situation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who surely, besides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days ; and I think a man of sense and merit like him, is bound in conscience to preserve his health, for the sake of his friends, as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me ; and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him ; though I saw him so seldom ; and possibly, if he had lived on, should never have seen him more. I do not only wish, as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured physician *, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally ; they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together ; he loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of these at command,

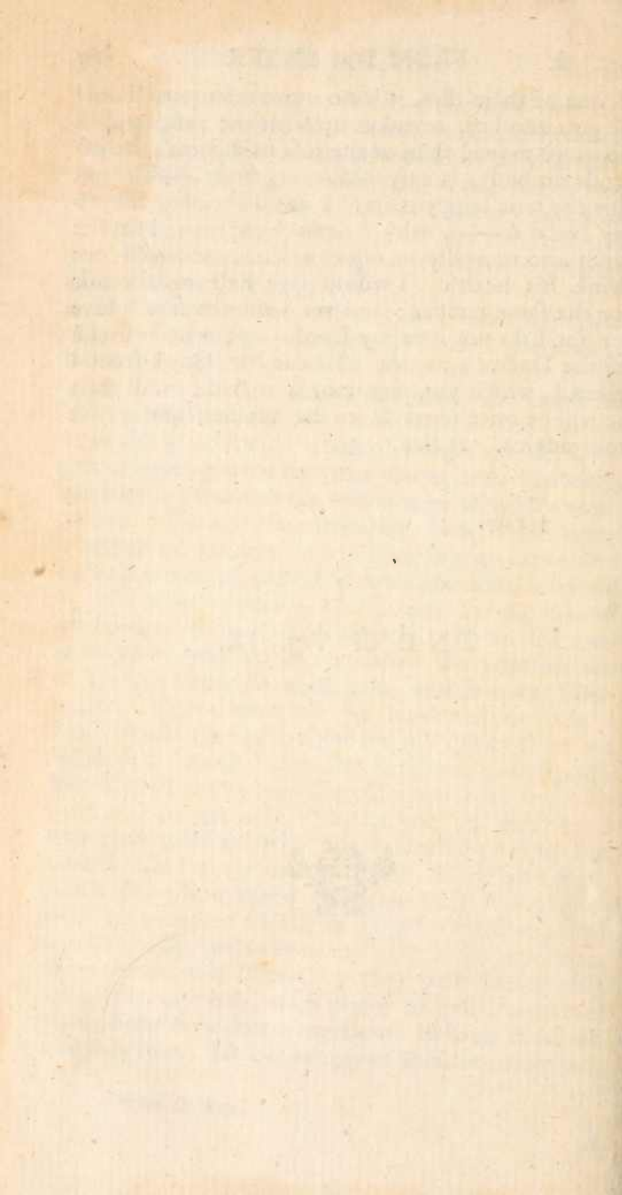
* Dr. Helsham.

if one of them dies, it is no more than poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the rest, and is no more moved than at the loss of his cat; he offends no body, is easy with every body.—Is not this the true happy man? I was describing him to my Lady A——, who knows him too; but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health. I would give half my fortune for the same temper; and yet I cannot say I love it; for I do not love my Lord ——, who is much of the Doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's second opera †, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be advised, and reject your advice. Adieu.

† Polly.

END of VOL. IX.



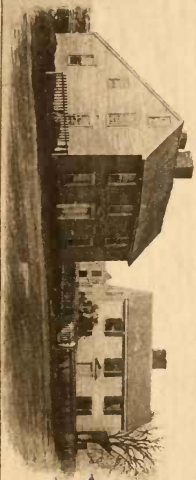




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